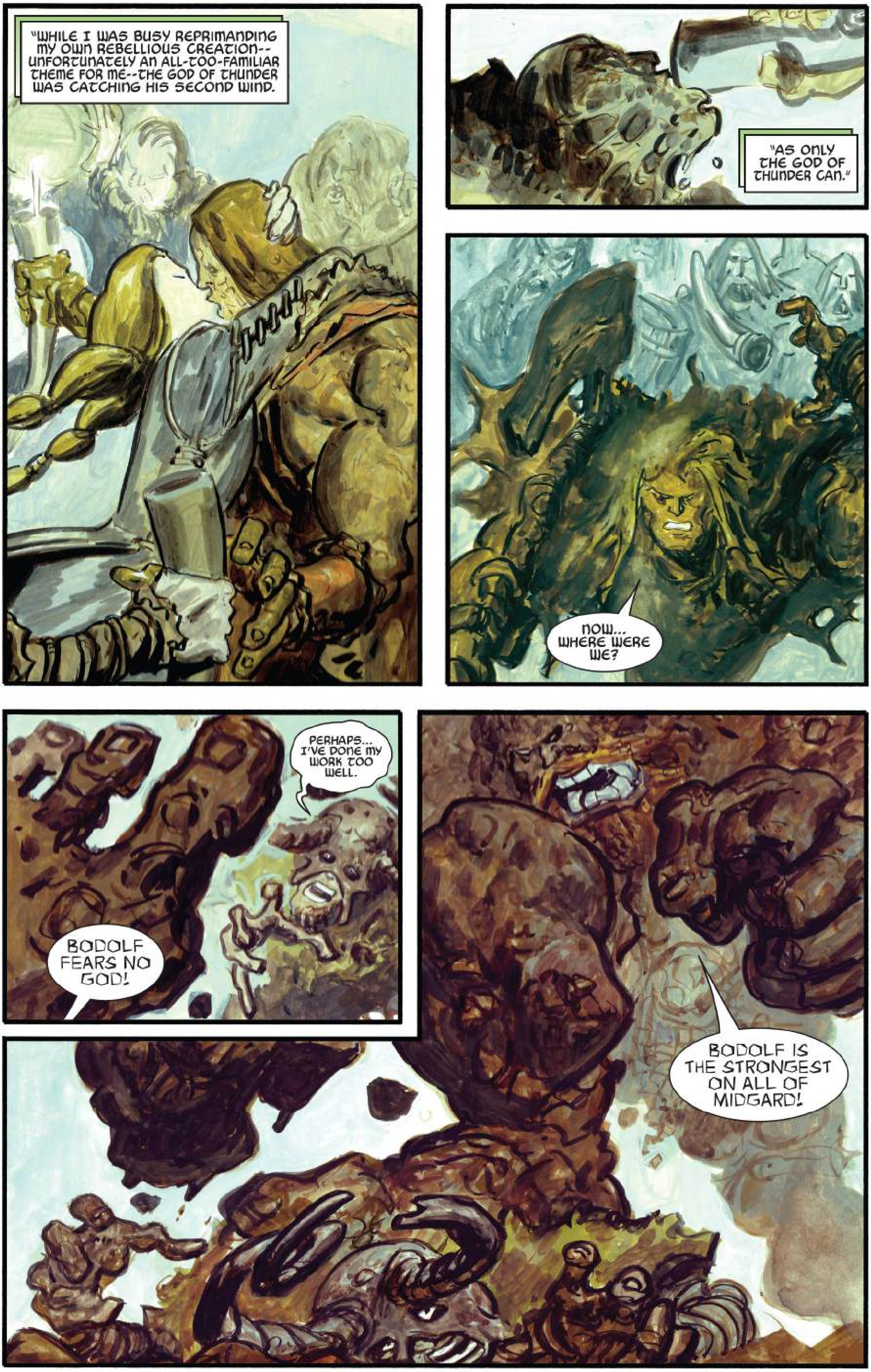
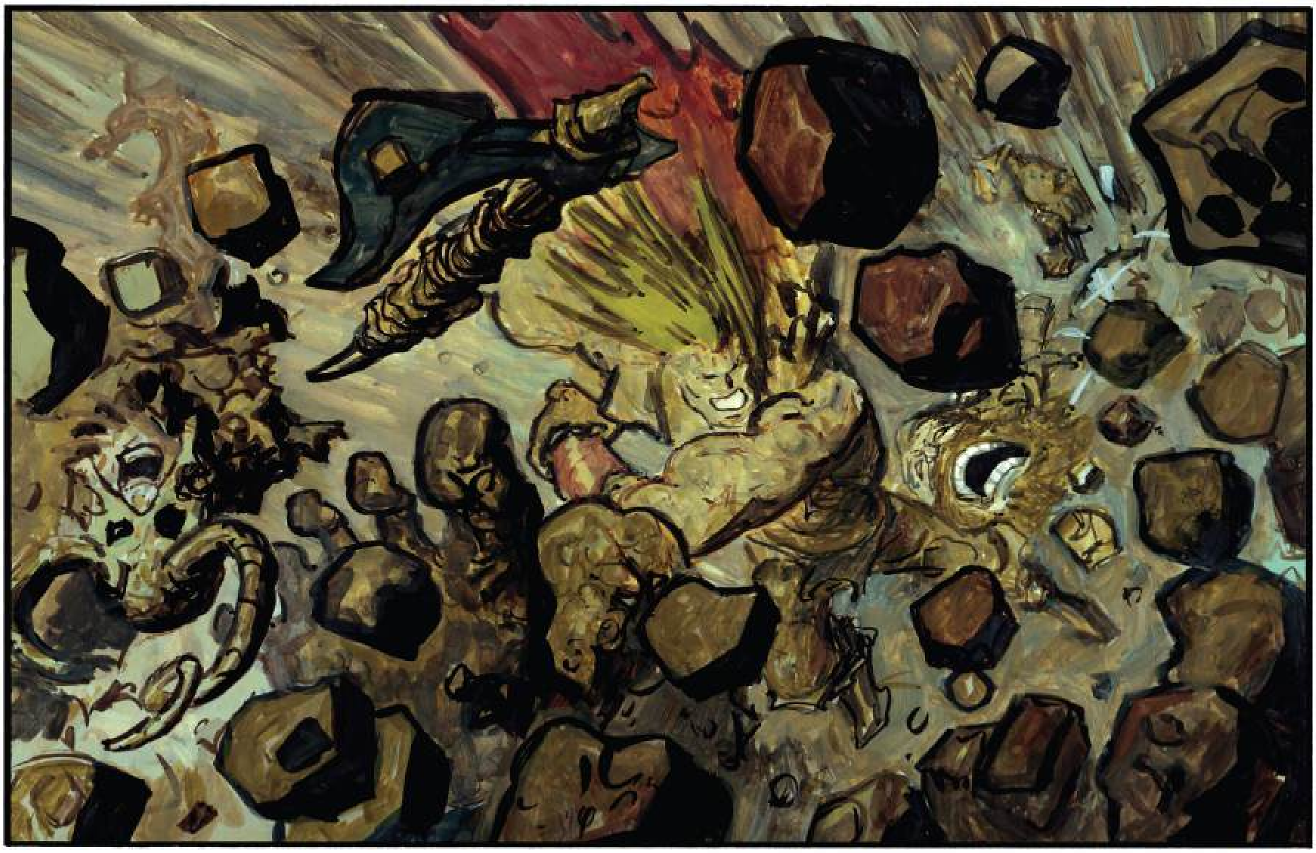
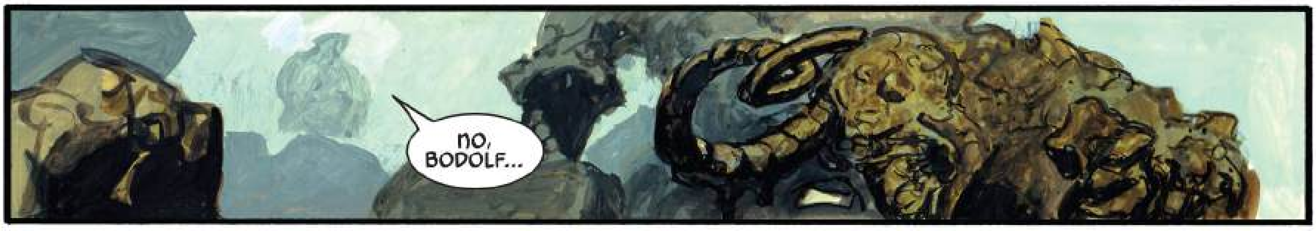
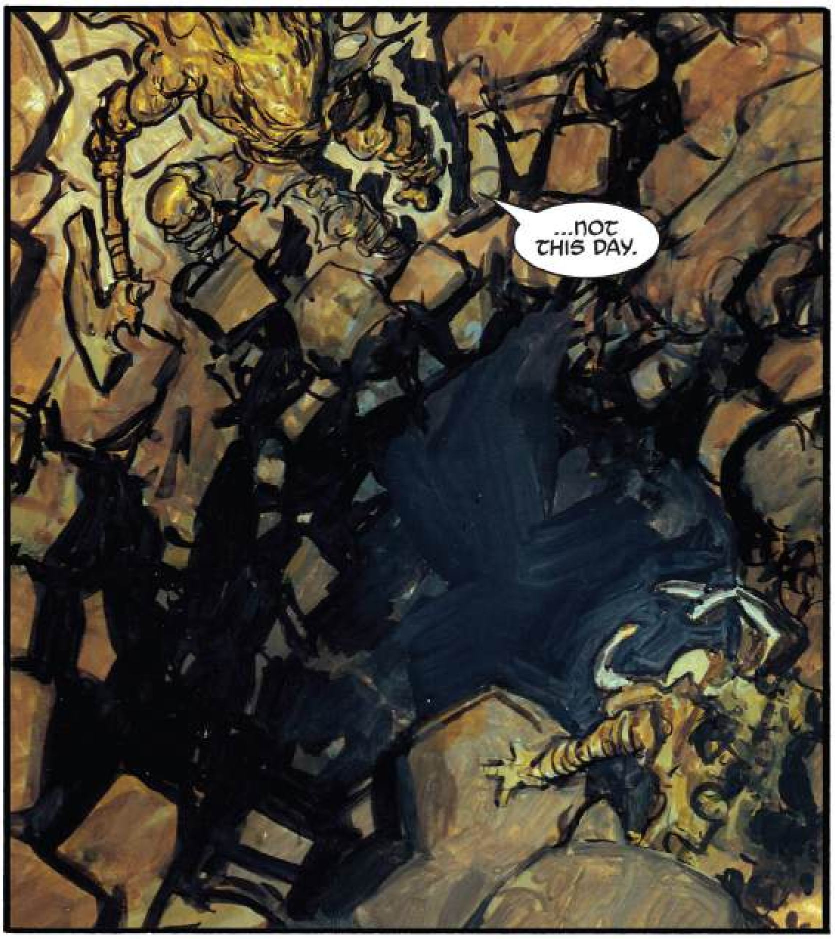
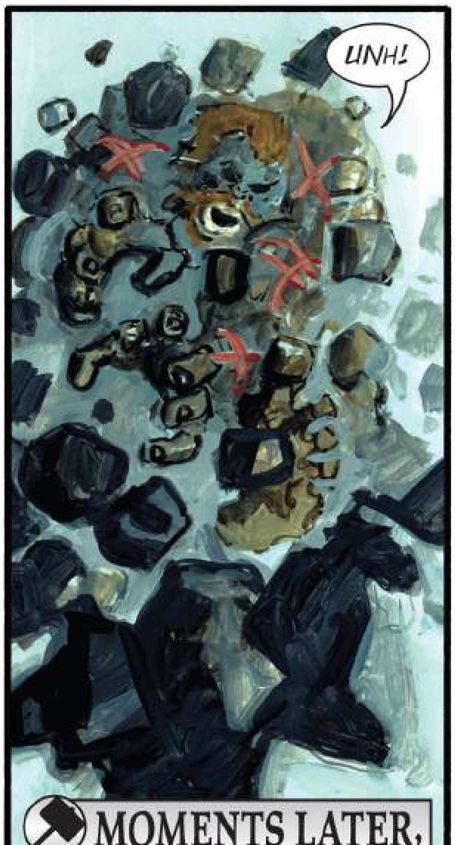
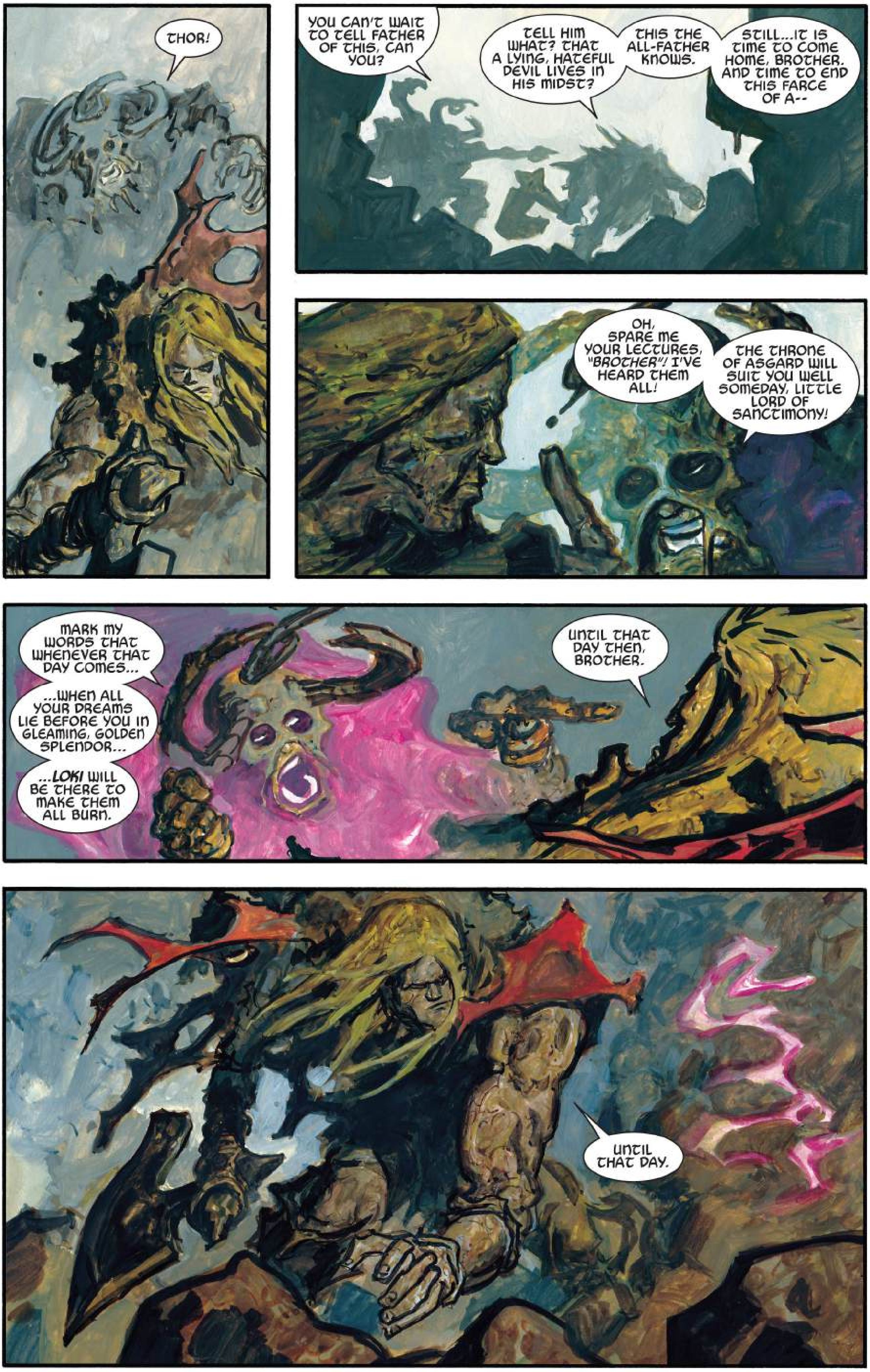

"WHILE I WAS BUSY REPRIMANDING MY OWN REBELLIOUS CREATION--UNFORTUNATELY AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR THEME FOR ME--THE GOD OF THUNDER WAS CATCHING HIS SECOND WIND.
"AS ONLY THE GOD OF THUNDER CAN."
NOW... WHERE WERE WE?
PERHAPS... I'VE DONE MY WORK TOO WELL.
BODOLF FEARS NO GOD!
BODOLF IS THE STRONGEST ON ALL OF MIDGARD!

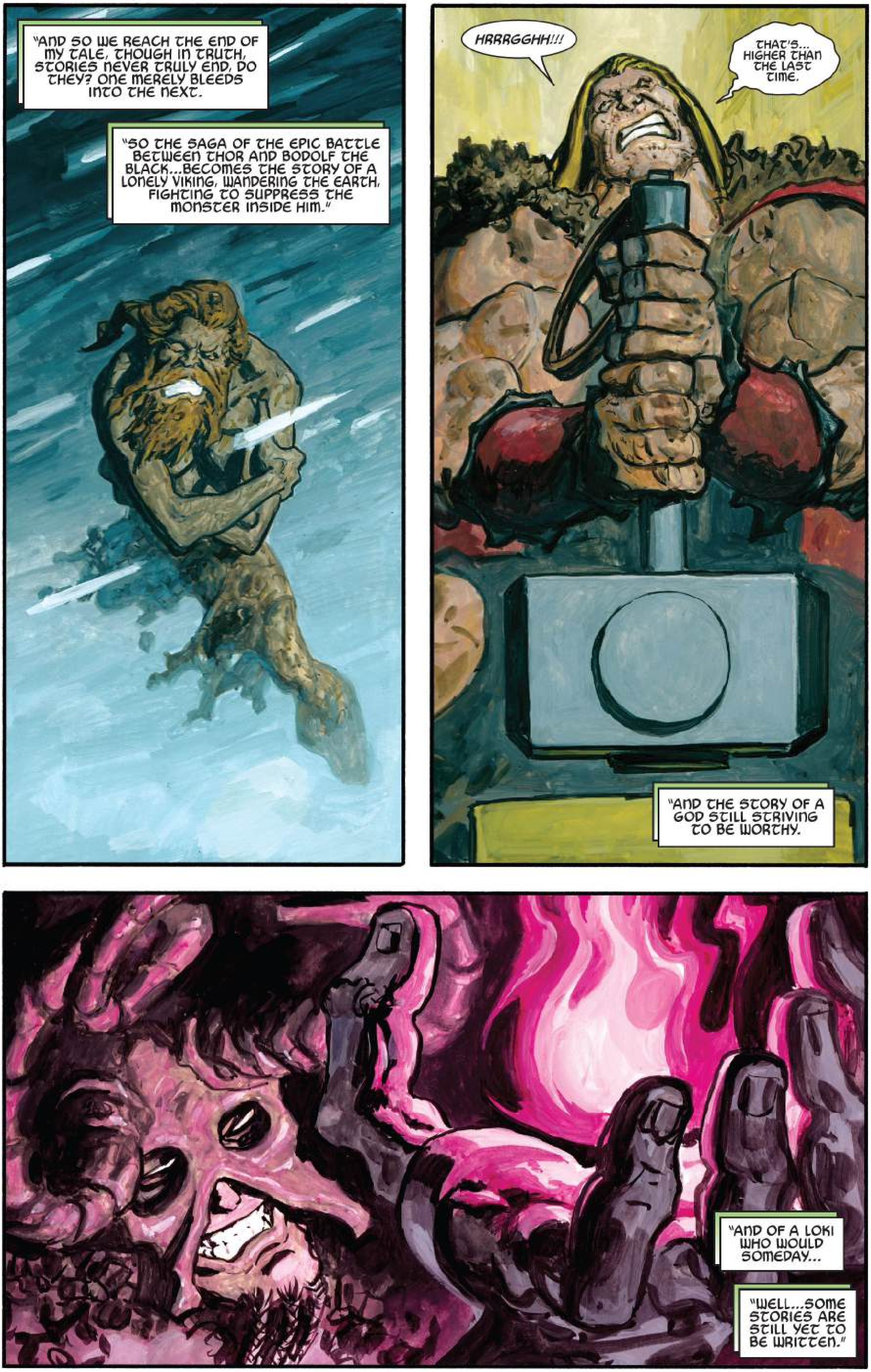


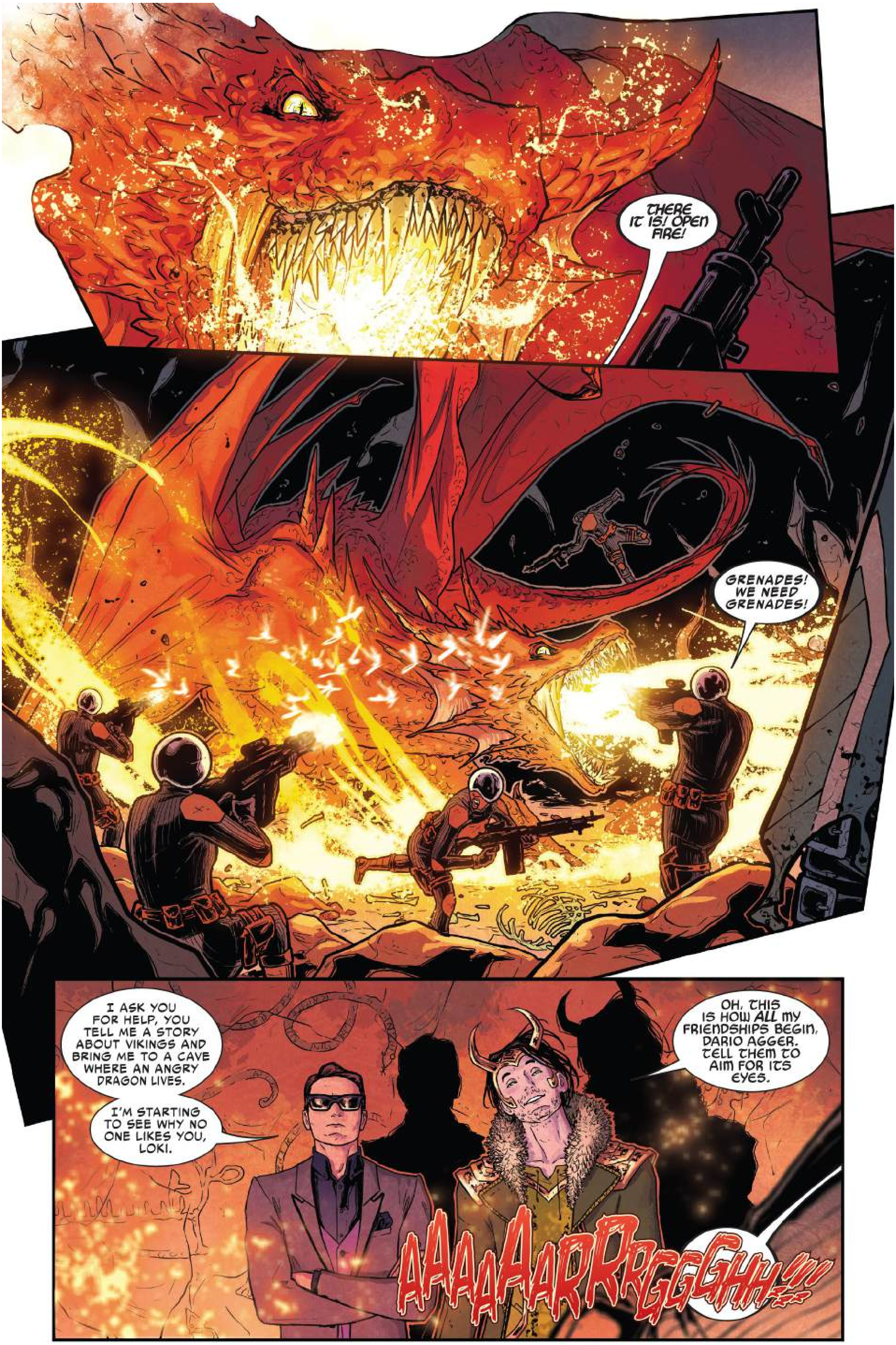

no, Bodolf...

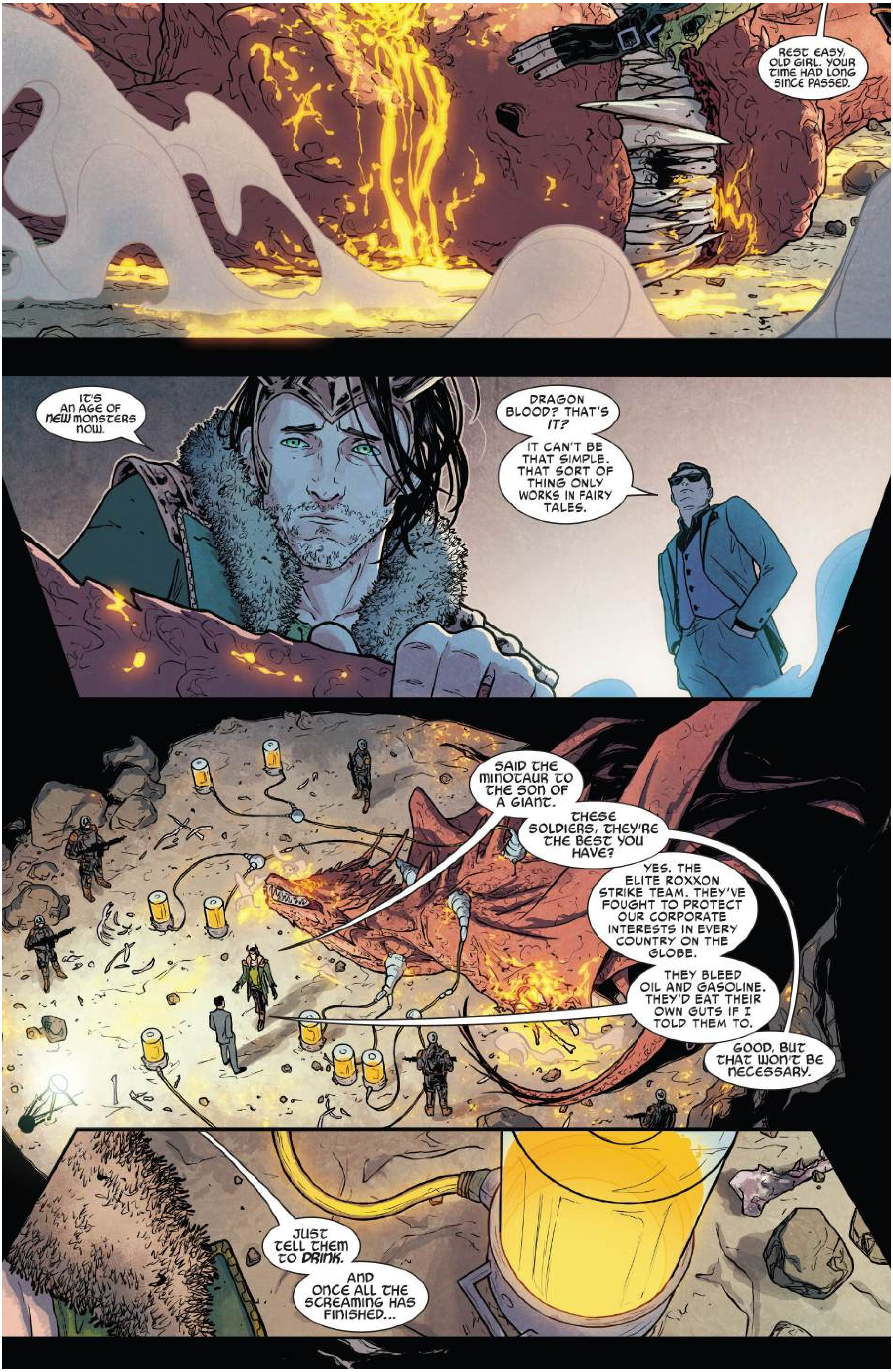

...not this day.

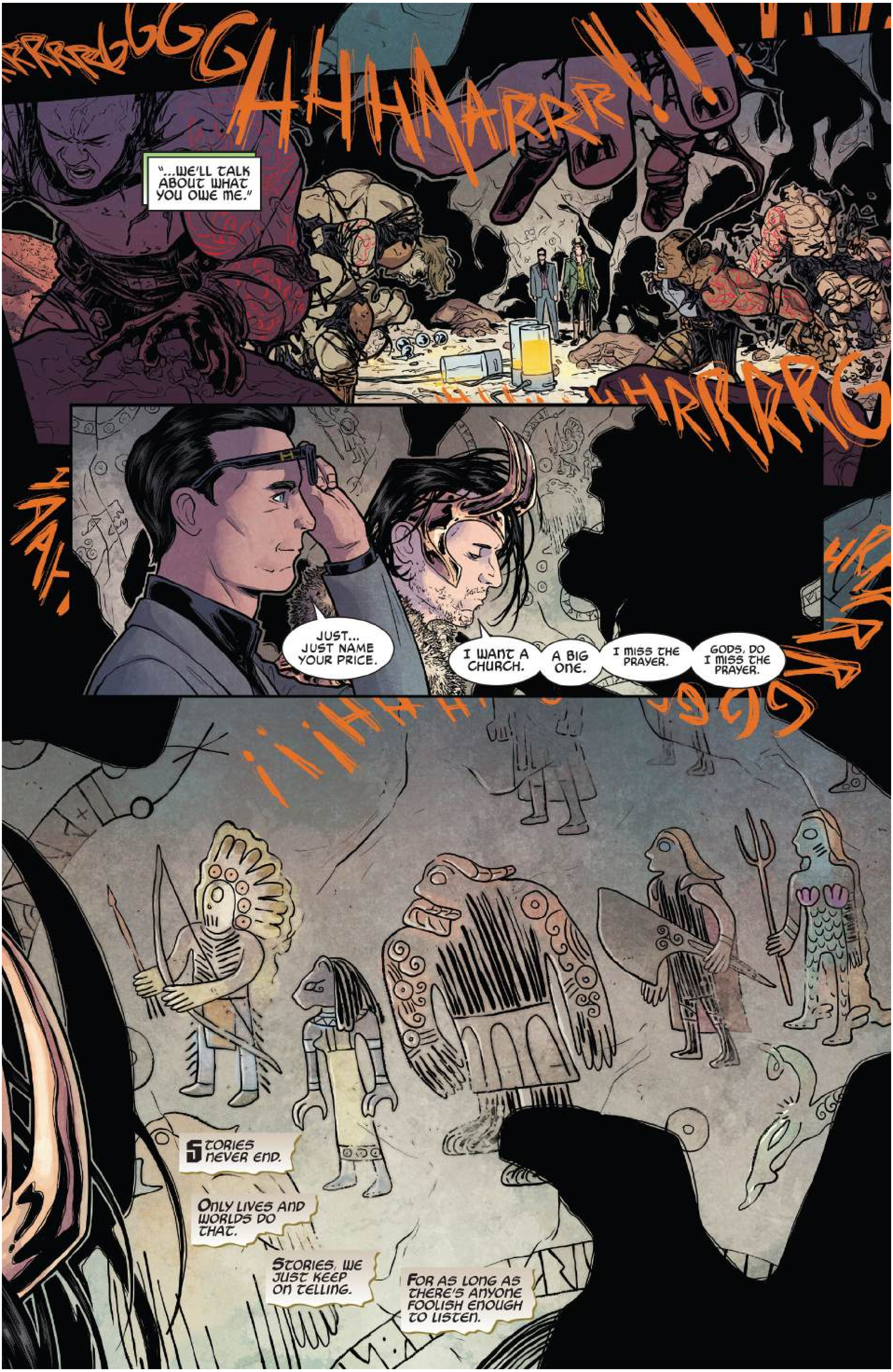

UNH!
MOMENTS LATER, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE.


THOR!
YOU CAN'T WAIT TO TELL FATHER OF THIS, CAN YOU?
TELL HIM WHAT? THAT A LYING, HATEFUL DEVIL LIVES IN HIS MIDST?
THIS THE ALL-FATHER KNOWS.
STILL...IT IS TIME TO COME HOME, BROTHER. AND TIME TO END THIS FARCE OF A--
OH, SPARE ME YOUR LECTURES, "BROTHER"! I'VE HEARD THEM ALL!
THE THRONE OF ASGARD WILL SUIT YOU WELL SOMEDAY, LITTLE LORD OF SANCTIMONY!
MARK MY WORDS THAT WHENEVER THAT DAY COMES...
...WHEN ALL YOUR DREAMS LIE BEFORE YOU IN GLEAMING, GOLDEN SPLENDOR...
...**LOKI** WILL BE THERE TO MAKE THEM ALL BURN.
UNTIL THAT DAY THEN, BROTHER.
UNTIL THAT DAY.

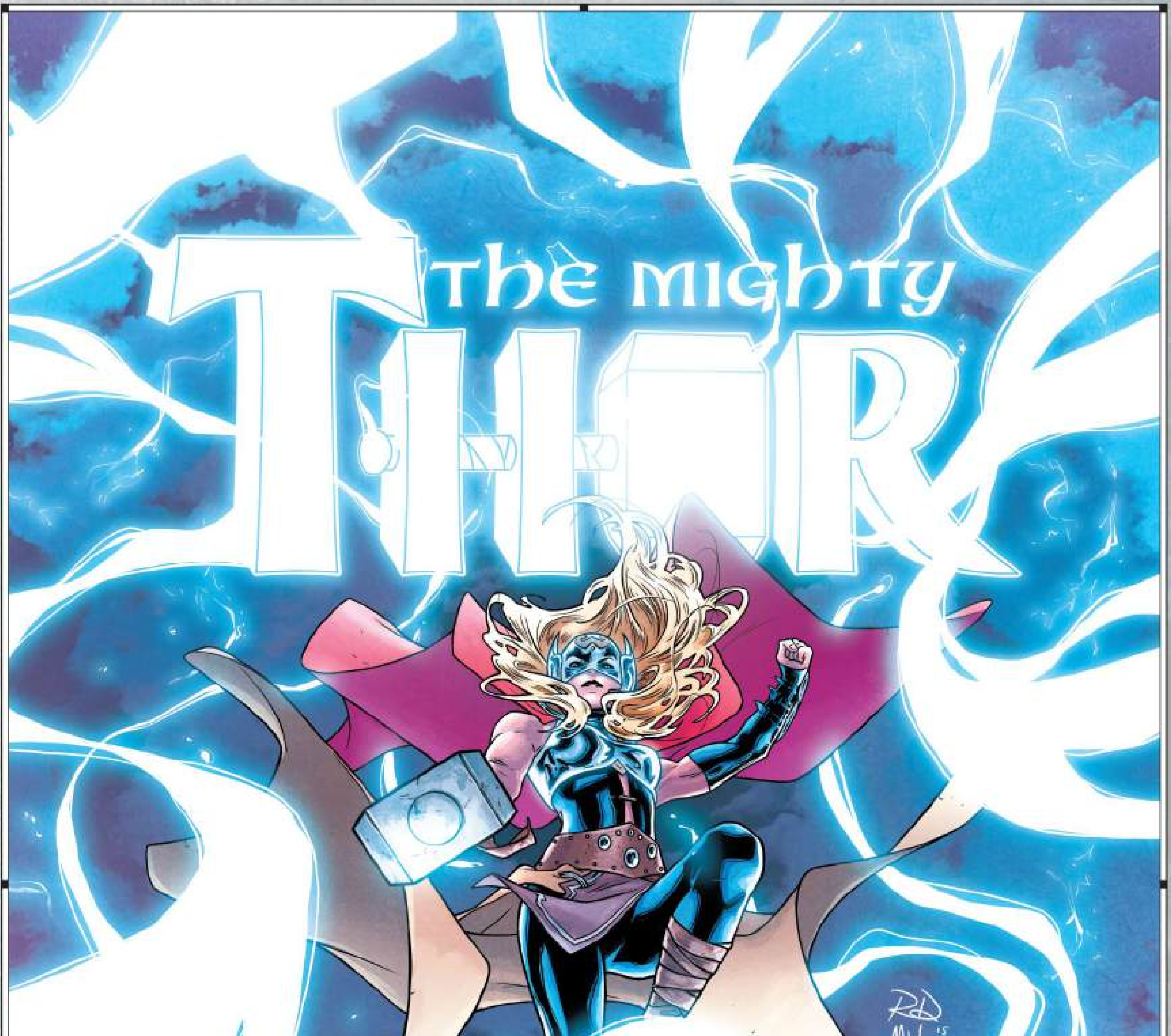

"AND SO WE REACH THE END OF MY TALE, THOUGH IN TRUTH, STORIES NEVER TRULY END, DO THEY? ONE MERELY BLEEDS INTO THE NEXT.
"SO THE SAGA OF THE EPIC BATTLE BETWEEN THOR AND BODOLF THE BLACK...BECOMES THE STORY OF A LONELY VIKING, WANDERING THE EARTH, FIGHTING TO SUPPRESS THE MONSTER INSIDE HIM."
HRRRGGHH!!!
THAT'S... HIGHER THAN THE LAST TIME.
"AND THE STORY OF A GOD STILL STRIVING TO BE WORTHY.
"AND OF A LOKI WHO WOULD SOMEDAY...
"WELL...SOME STORIES ARE STILL YET TO BE WRITTEN."


THERE IT IS! OPEN FIRE!
GRENADES! WE NEED GRENADES!
I ASK YOU FOR HELP, YOU TELL ME A STORY ABOUT VIKINGS AND BRING ME TO A CAVE WHERE AN ANGRY DRAGON LIVES.
I'M STARTING TO SEE WHY NO ONE LIKES YOU, LOKI.
OH, THIS IS HOW *ALL* MY FRIENDSHIPS BEGIN, DARIO AGGER. TELL THEM TO AIM FOR ITS EYES.
AAAAAARRRGGGHH!!!


REST EASY, OLD GIRL. YOUR TIME HAD LONG SINCE PASSED.
IT'S AN AGE OF *NEW* MONSTERS NOW.
DRAGON BLOOD? THAT'S *IT?*
IT CAN'T BE THAT SIMPLE. THAT SORT OF THING ONLY WORKS IN FAIRY TALES.
SAID THE MINOTAUR TO THE SON OF A GIANT.
THESE SOLDIERS, THEY'RE THE BEST YOU HAVE?
YES. THE ELITE ROXXON STRIKE TEAM. THEY'VE FOUGHT TO PROTECT OUR CORPORATE INTERESTS IN EVERY COUNTRY ON THE GLOBE.
THEY BLEED OIL AND GASOLINE. THEY'D EAT THEIR OWN GUTS IF I TOLD THEM TO.
GOOD, BUT THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.
JUST TELL THEM TO *DRINK.*
AND ONCE ALL THE SCREAMING HAS FINISHED...

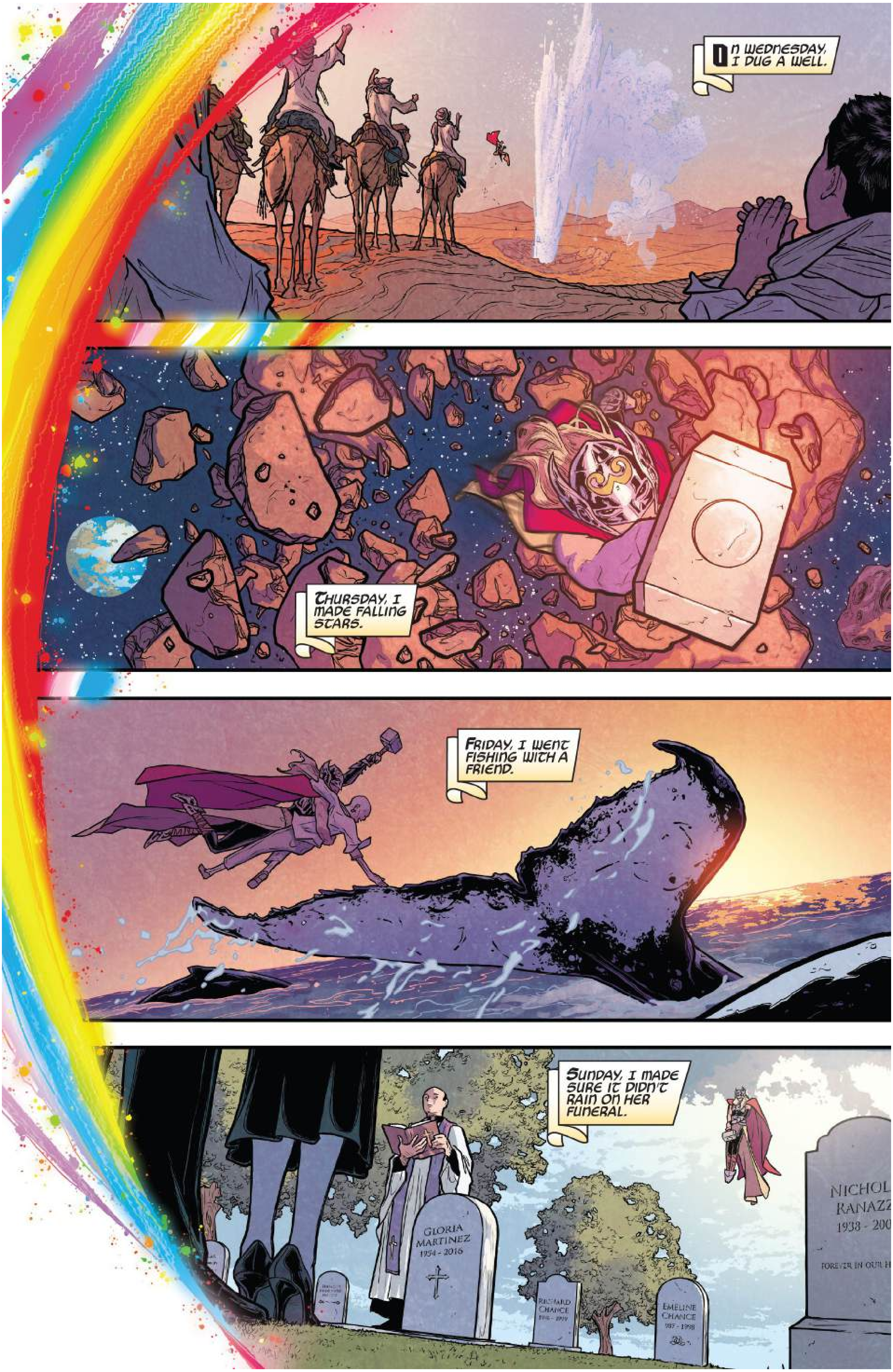

RRRRRGGG
HHHHARRR!!!
"...WE'LL TALK ABOUT WHAT YOU OWE ME."
HHHHHHRRRRRG
YAAA!
JUST... JUST NAME YOUR PRICE.
I WANT A CHURCH.
A BIG ONE.
I MISS THE PRAYER.
GODS, DO I MISS THE PRAYER.
¡¡¡HHHH
STORIES NEVER END.
ONLY LIVES AND WORLDS DO THAT.
STORIES, WE JUST KEEP ON TELLING.
FOR AS LONG AS THERE'S ANYONE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO LISTEN.

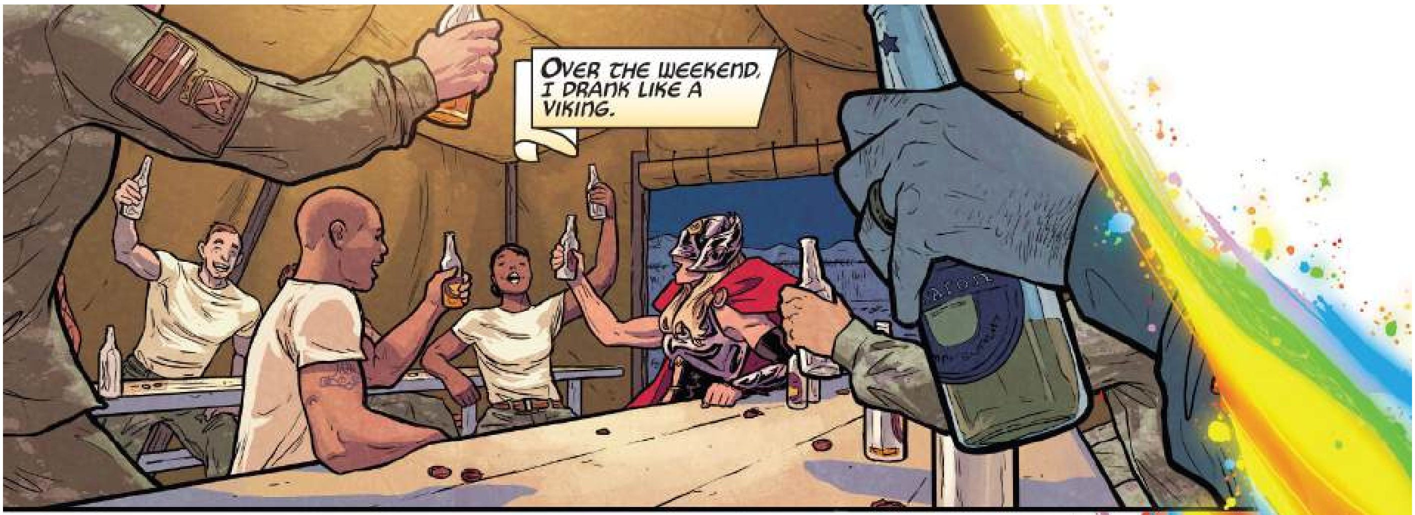
MIGHTY THOR #8 STORY THUS FAR VARIANT BY Marguerite Sauvage

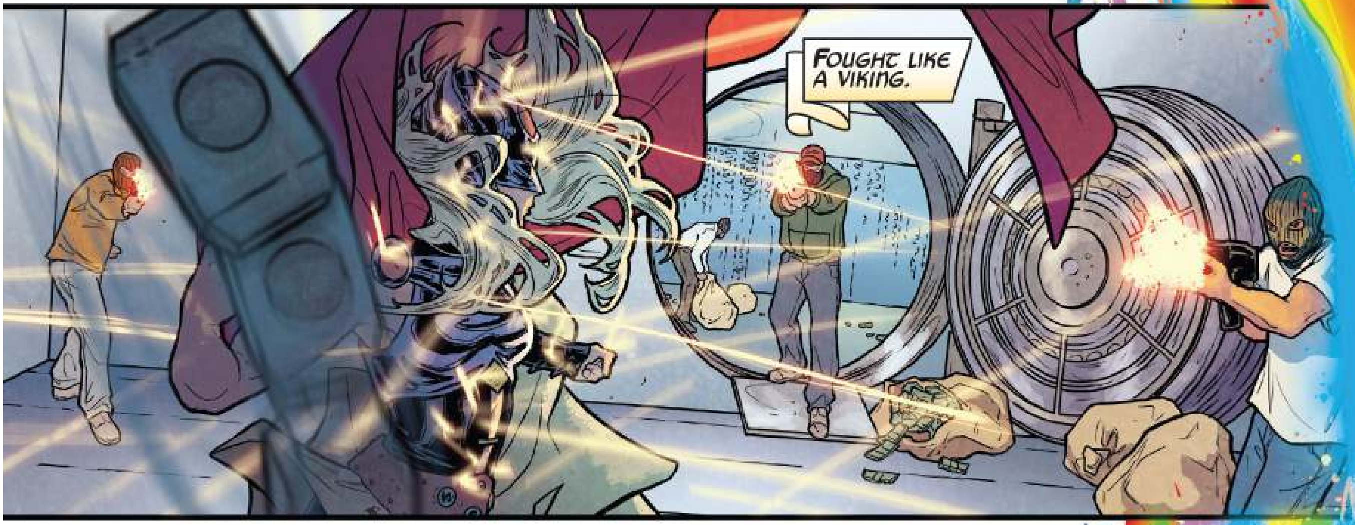

THE MIGHTY
THOR
RD
MW '15

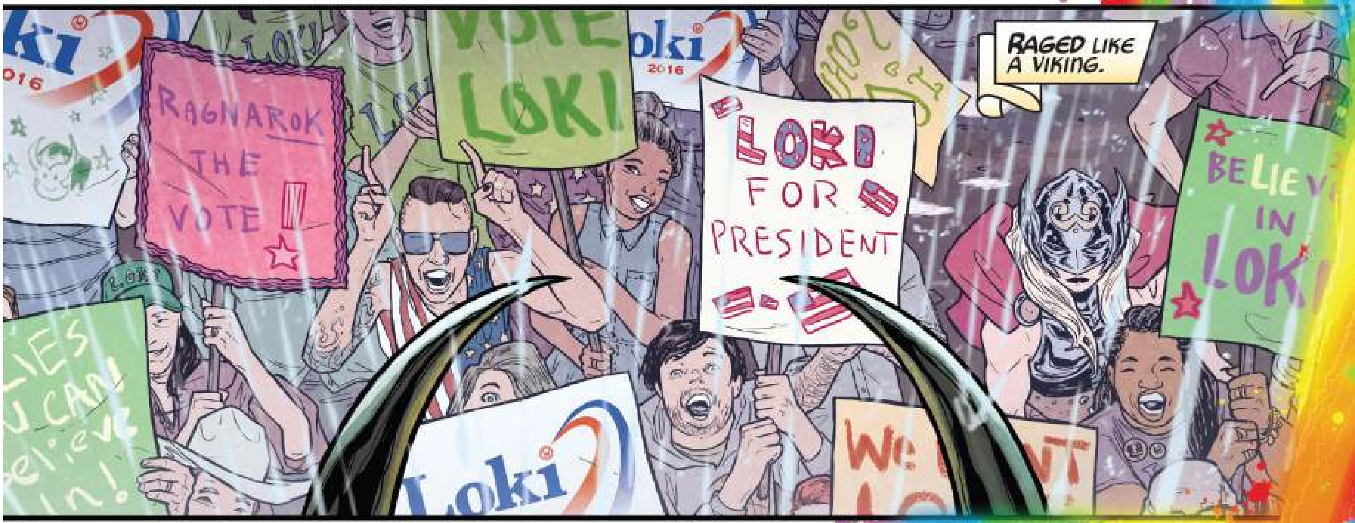
MIGHTY THOR | 8

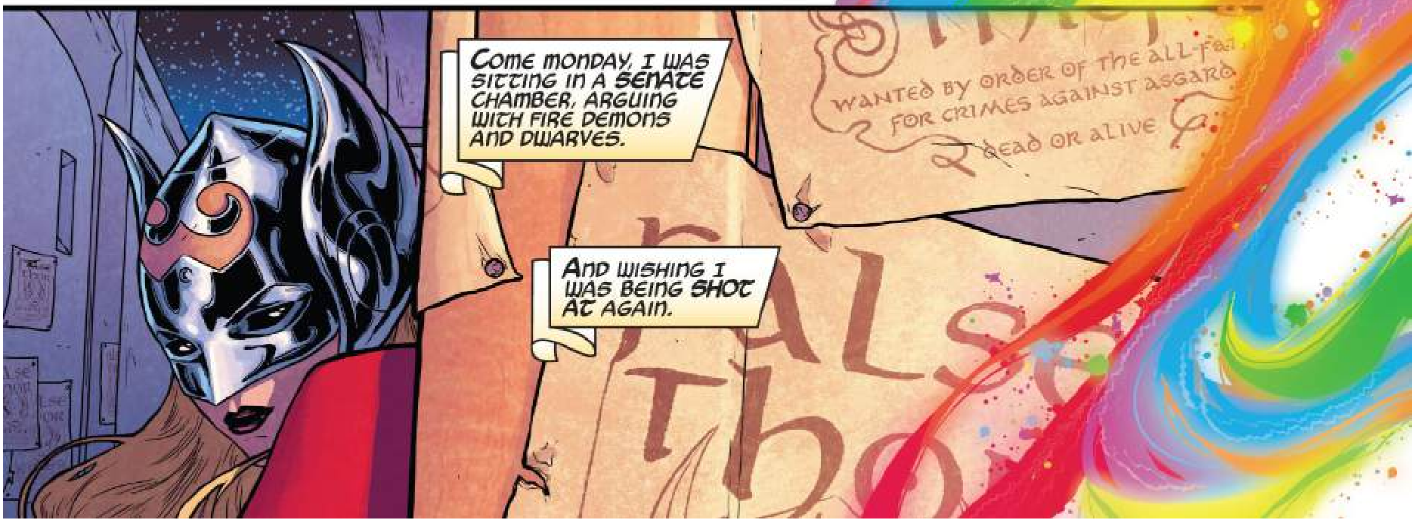
Lords of Midgard

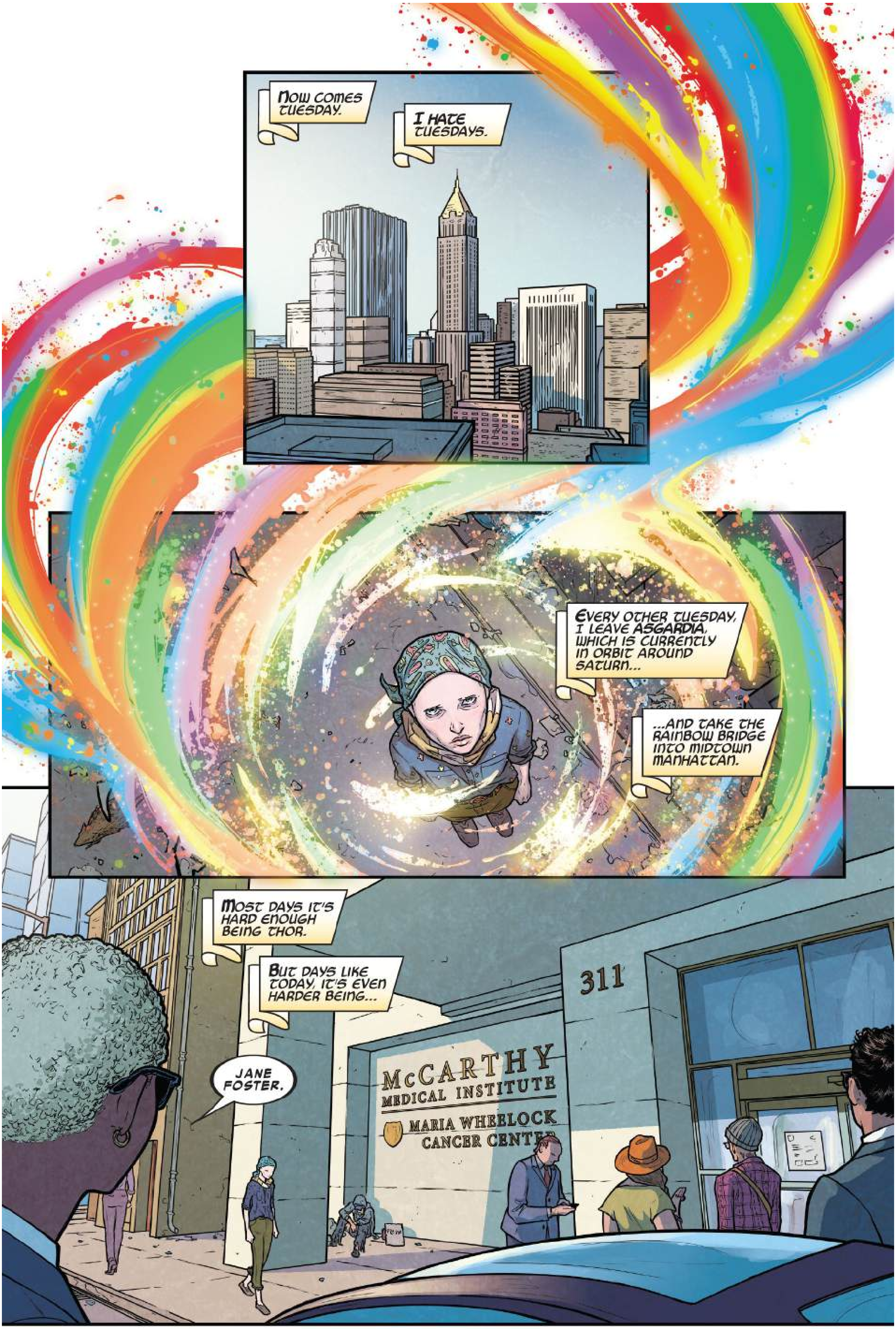

On Wednesday, I dug a well.
Thursday, I made falling stars.
Friday, I went fishing with a friend.
Sunday, I made sure it didn't rain on her funeral.
GLORIA MARTINEZ 1954 - 2016
RICHARD CHANCE
EMELINE CHANCE
NICHOL
RANAZZ
1938 - 200
FOREVER IN OUR H

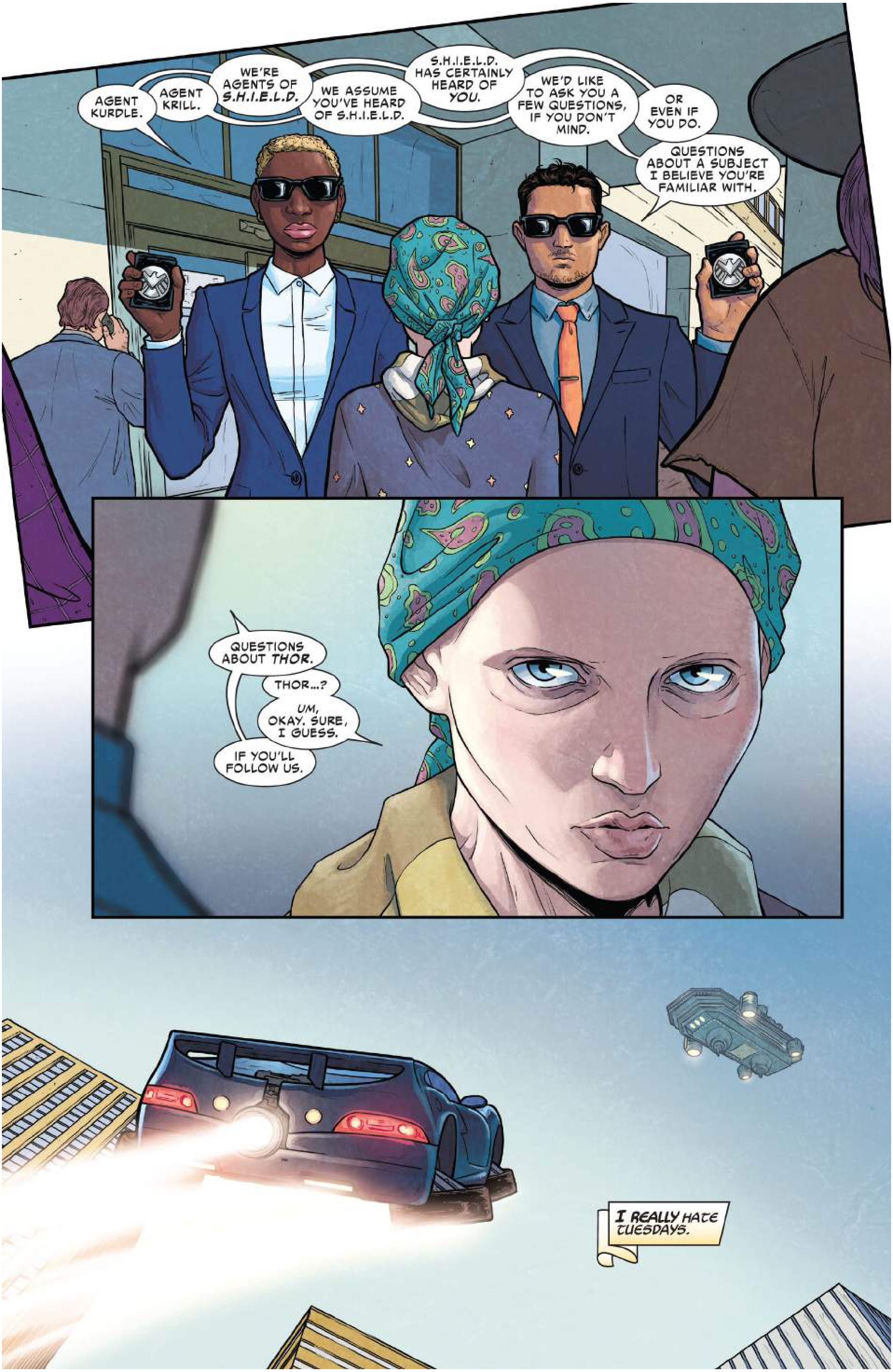

OVER THE WEEKEND, I DRANK LIKE A VIKING.

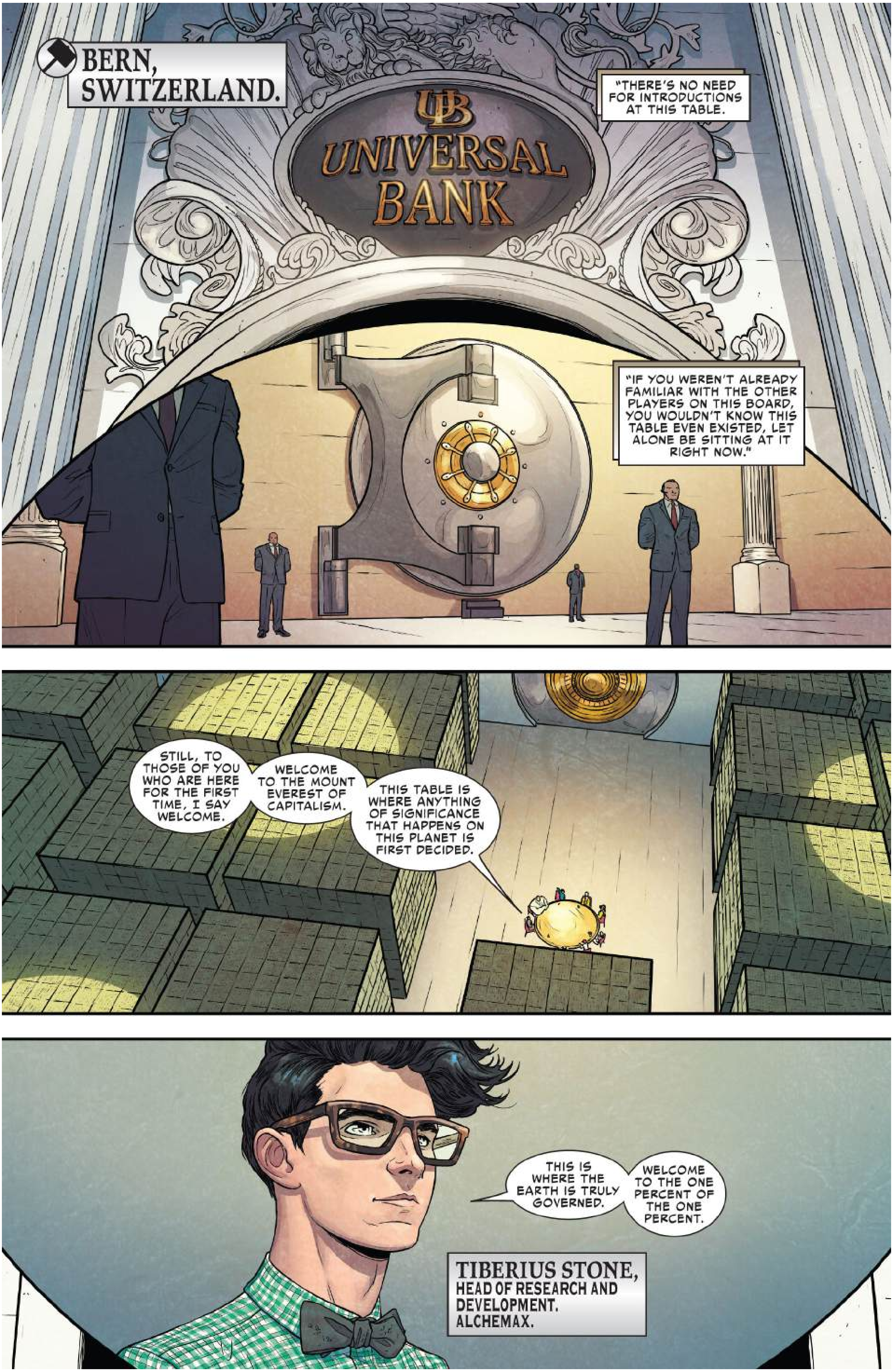

FOUGHT LIKE A VIKING.

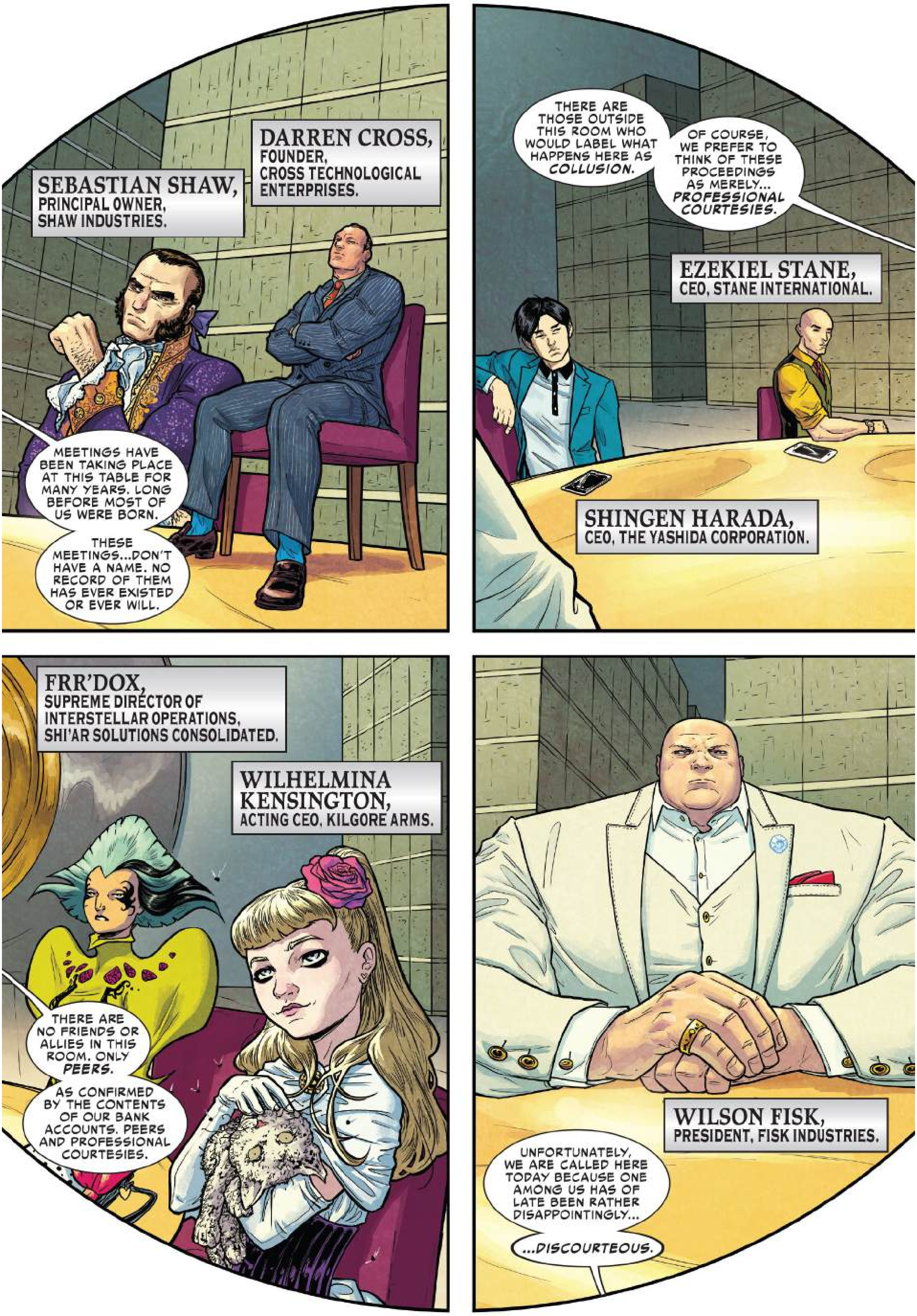

RAGED LIKE A VIKING.
Loki 2016
RAGNAROK THE VOTE!
VOTE LOKI
LOKI FOR PRESIDENT
Loki 2016
Loki

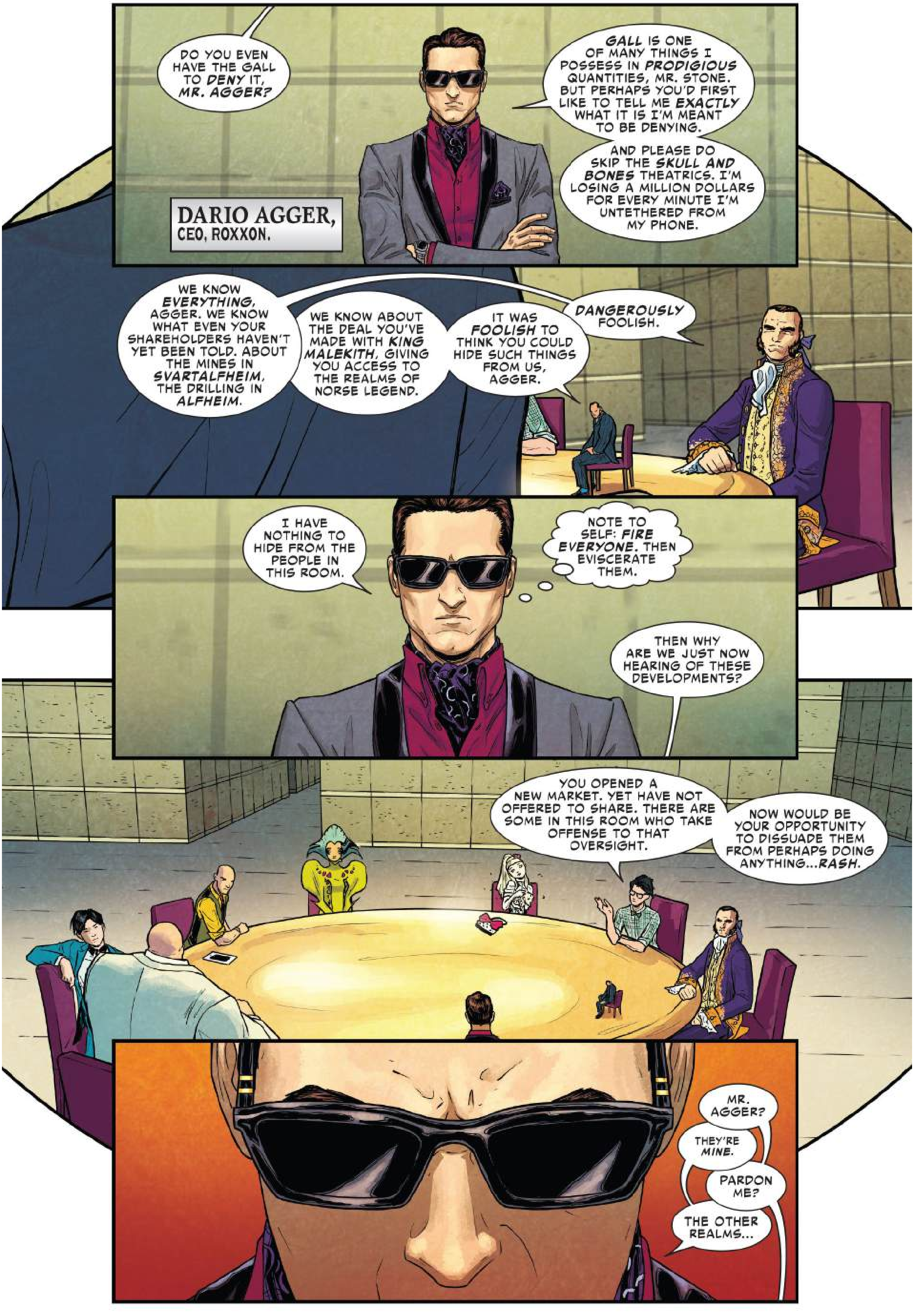

COME MONDAY, I WAS SITTING IN A SENATE CHAMBER, ARGUING WITH FIRE DEMONS AND DWARVES.
AND WISHING I WAS BEING SHOT AT AGAIN.
WANTED BY ORDER OF THE ALL-FA
FOR CRIMES AGAINST ASGARD
DEAD OR ALIVE

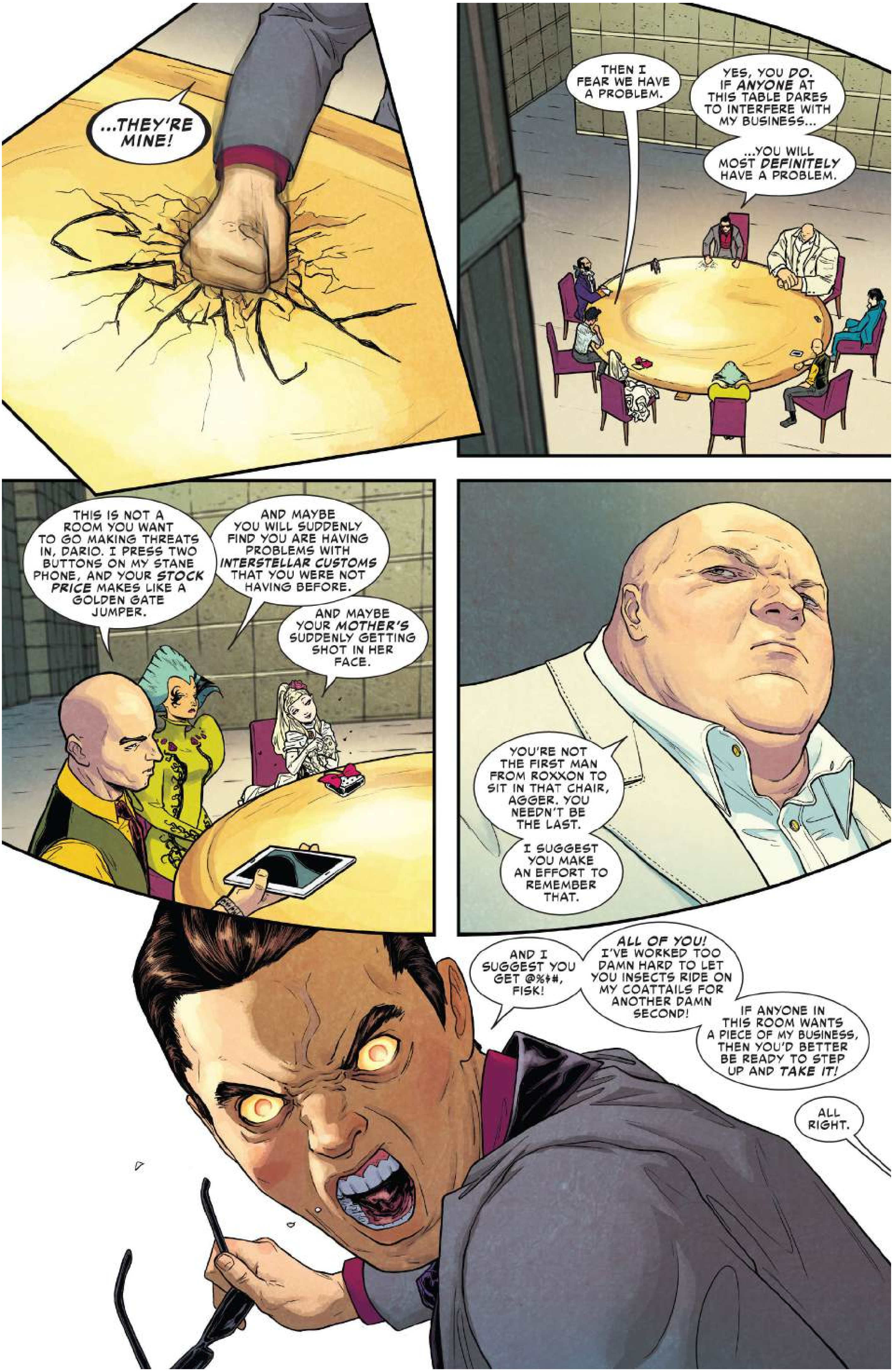

Now comes Tuesday.
I hate Tuesdays.
Every other Tuesday, I leave ASGARDIA, which is currently in orbit around Saturn...
...and take the Rainbow Bridge into midtown Manhattan.
Most days it's hard enough being Thor.
But days like today, it's even harder being...
JANE FOSTER.
311
McCARTHY MEDICAL INSTITUTE
MARIA WHEELOCK CANCER CENTER

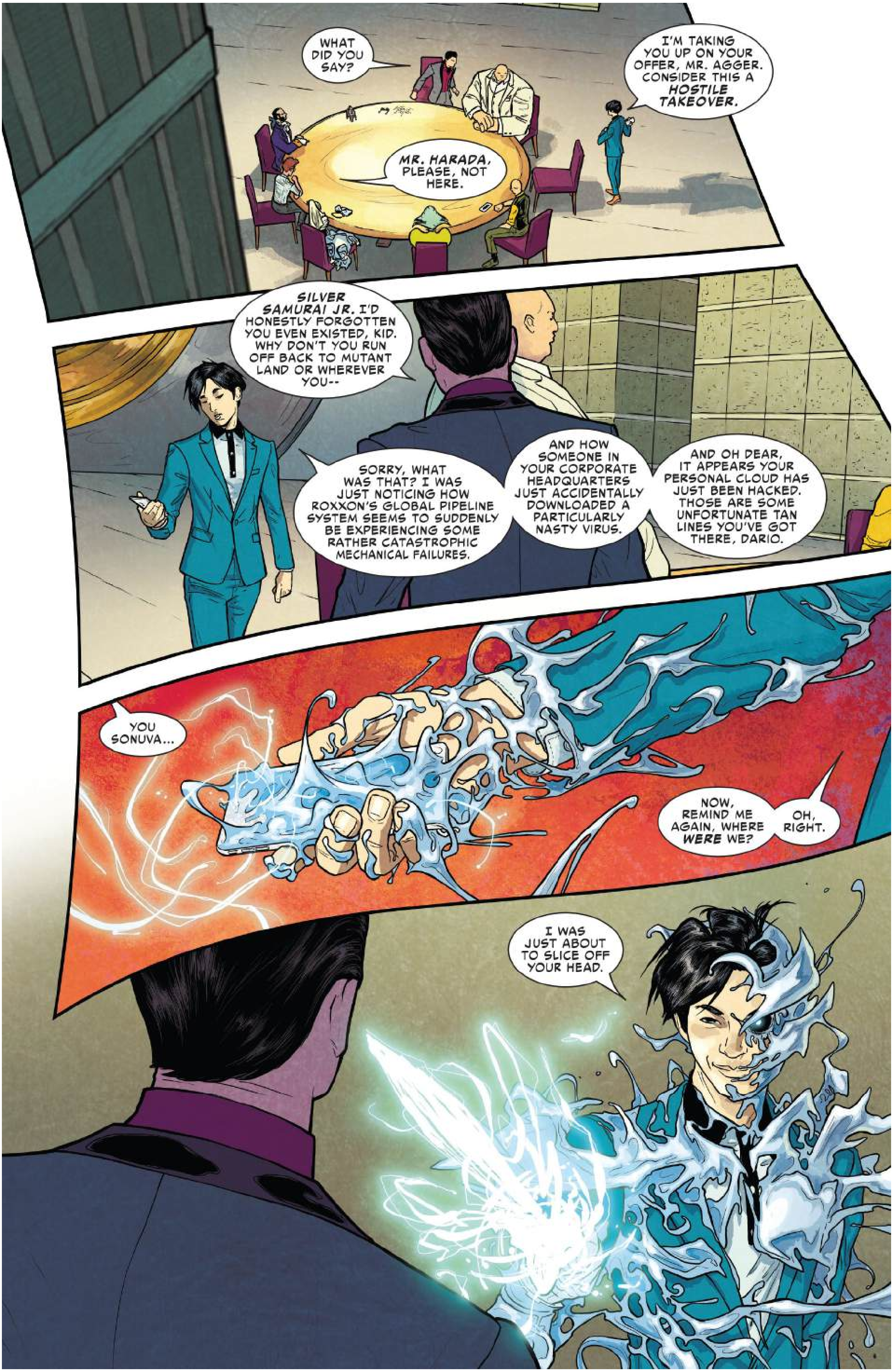

AGENT KURDLE.
AGENT KRILL.
WE'RE AGENTS OF *S.H.I.E.L.D.*
WE ASSUME YOU'VE HEARD OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS CERTAINLY HEARD OF *YOU.*
WE'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
OR EVEN IF YOU DO.
QUESTIONS ABOUT A SUBJECT I BELIEVE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH.
QUESTIONS ABOUT *THOR.*
THOR...?
UM, OKAY. SURE, I GUESS.
IF YOU'LL FOLLOW US.
I REALLY HATE TUESDAYS.

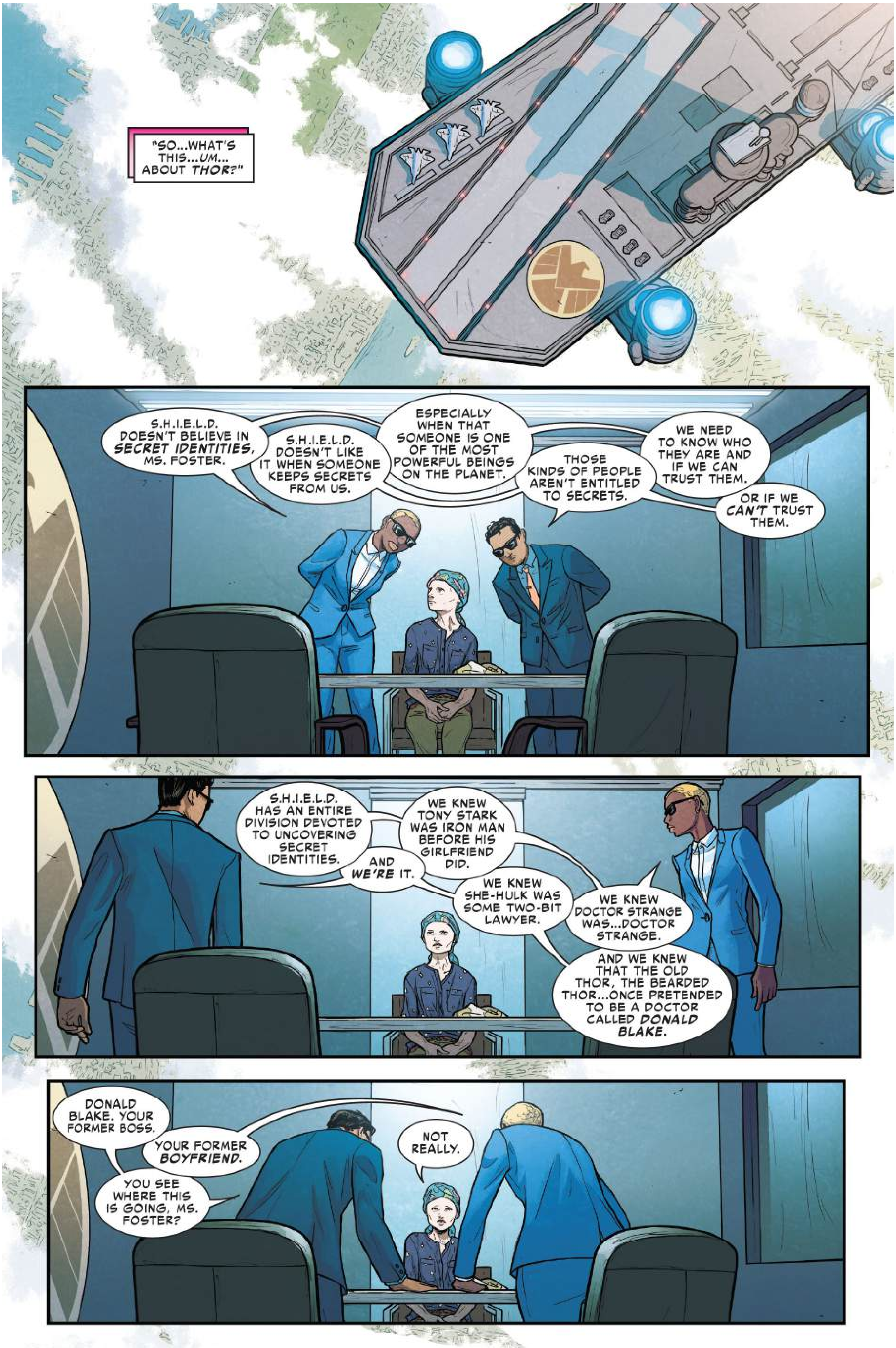

BERN, SWITZERLAND.
UB
UNIVERSAL BANK
"THERE'S NO NEED FOR INTRODUCTIONS AT THIS TABLE.
"IF YOU WEREN'T ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH THE OTHER PLAYERS ON THIS BOARD, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THIS TABLE EVEN EXISTED, LET ALONE BE SITTING AT IT RIGHT NOW."
STILL, TO THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME, I SAY WELCOME.
WELCOME TO THE MOUNT EVEREST OF CAPITALISM.
THIS TABLE IS WHERE ANYTHING OF SIGNIFICANCE THAT HAPPENS ON THIS PLANET IS FIRST DECIDED.
THIS IS WHERE THE EARTH IS TRULY GOVERNED.
WELCOME TO THE ONE PERCENT OF THE ONE PERCENT.
TIBERIUS STONE, HEAD OF RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT. ALCHEMAX.

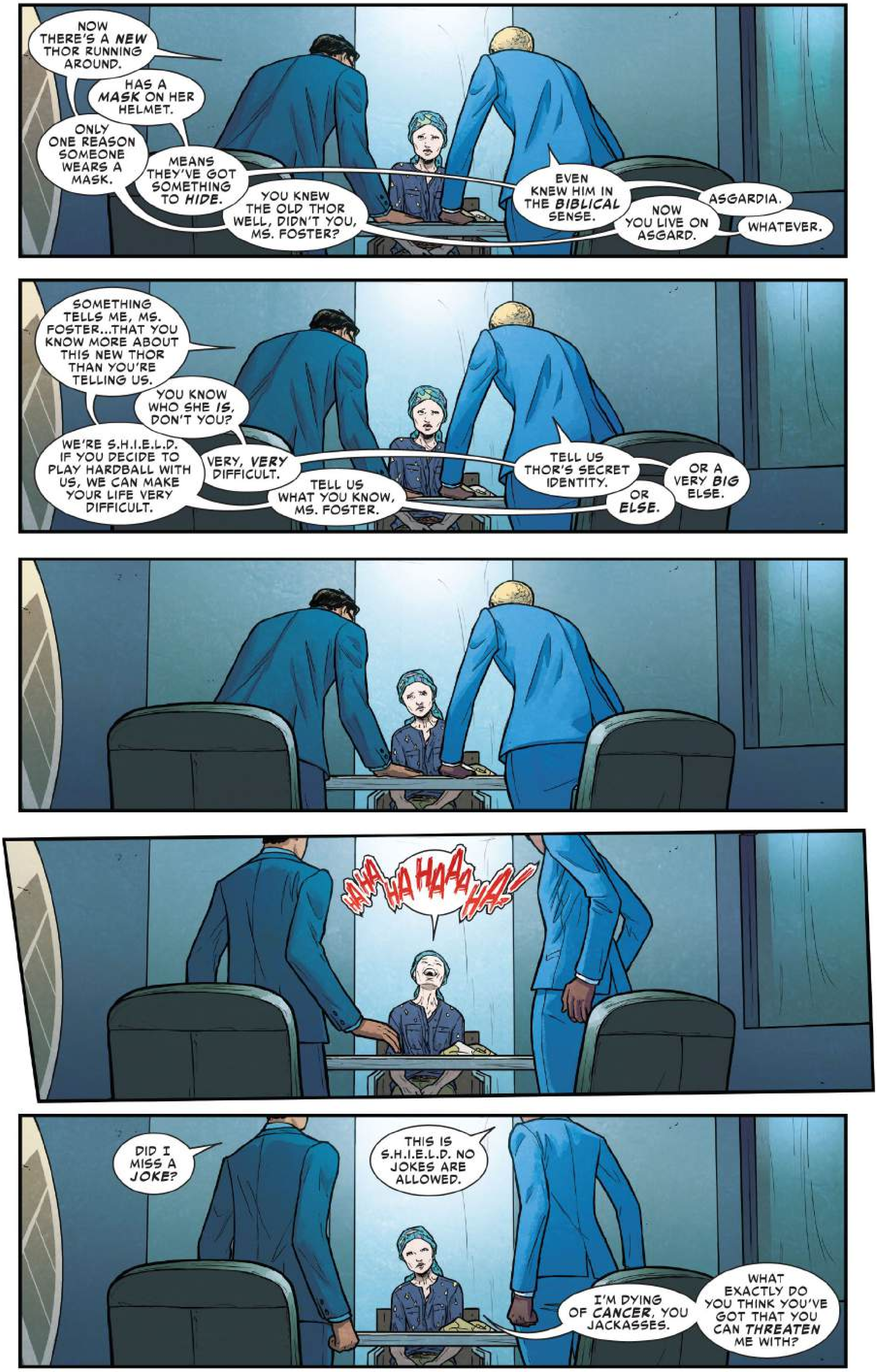

SEBASTIAN SHAW, PRINCIPAL OWNER, SHAW INDUSTRIES.
DARREN CROSS, FOUNDER, CROSS TECHNOLOGICAL ENTERPRISES.
MEETINGS HAVE BEEN TAKING PLACE AT THIS TABLE FOR MANY YEARS. LONG BEFORE MOST OF US WERE BORN.
THESE MEETINGS...DON'T HAVE A NAME. NO RECORD OF THEM HAS EVER EXISTED OR EVER WILL.
THERE ARE THOSE OUTSIDE THIS ROOM WHO WOULD LABEL WHAT HAPPENS HERE AS *COLLUSION*.
OF COURSE, WE PREFER TO THINK OF THESE PROCEEDINGS AS MERELY... *PROFESSIONAL COURTESIES*.
EZEKIEL STANE, CEO, STANE INTERNATIONAL.
SHINGEN HARADA, CEO, THE YASHIDA CORPORATION.
FRR'DOX, SUPREME DIRECTOR OF INTERSTELLAR OPERATIONS, SHI'AR SOLUTIONS CONSOLIDATED.
WILHELMINA KENSINGTON, ACTING CEO, KILGORE ARMS.
THERE ARE NO FRIENDS OR ALLIES IN THIS ROOM. ONLY *PEERS*.
AS CONFIRMED BY THE CONTENTS OF OUR BANK ACCOUNTS. PEERS AND PROFESSIONAL COURTESIES.
WILSON FISK, PRESIDENT, FISK INDUSTRIES.
UNFORTUNATELY, WE ARE CALLED HERE TODAY BECAUSE ONE AMONG US HAS OF LATE BEEN RATHER DISAPPOINTINGLY...
...DISCOURTEOUS.

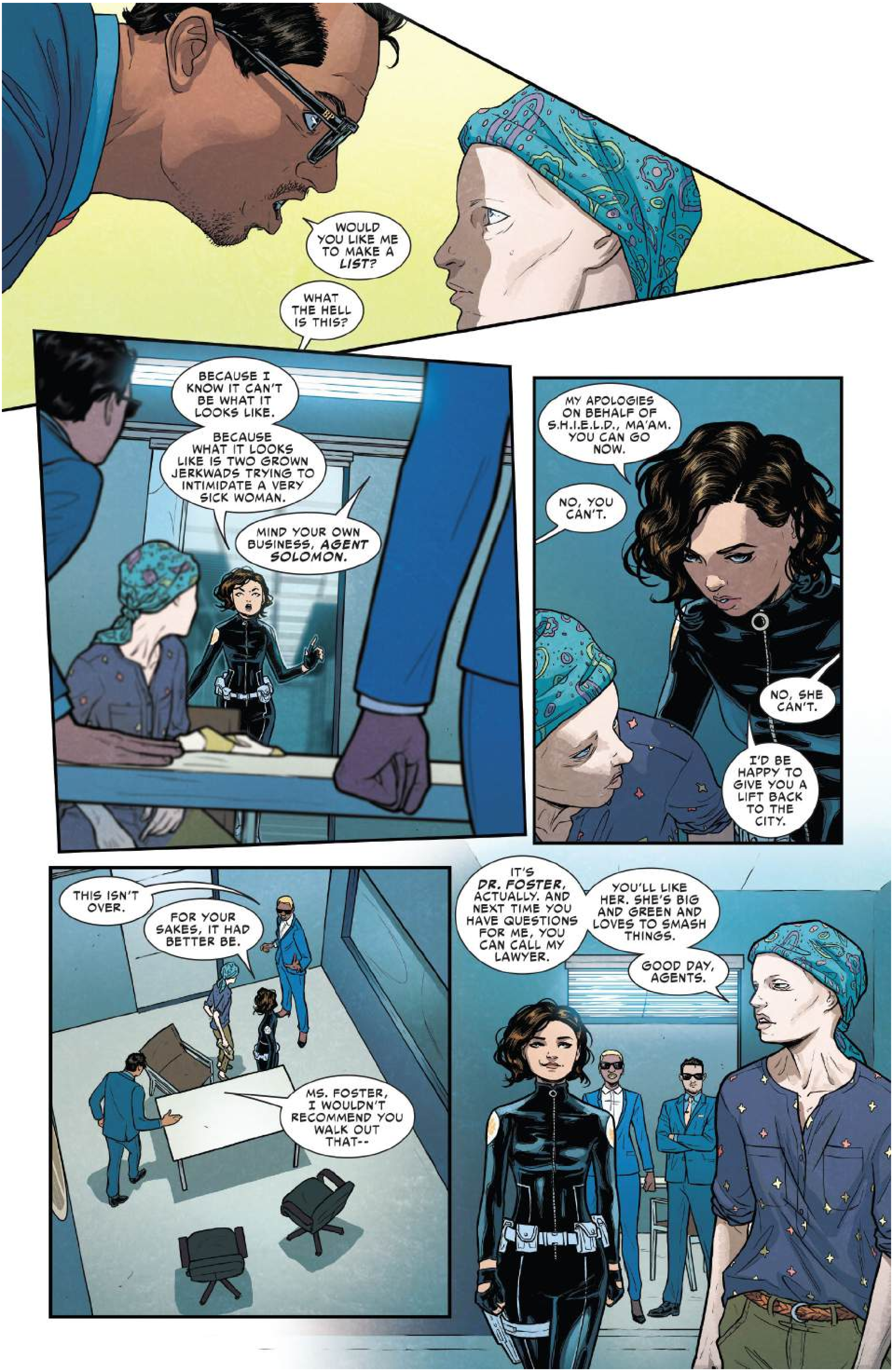

DO YOU EVEN HAVE THE GALL TO *DENY* IT, *MR. AGGER?*
GALL IS ONE OF MANY THINGS I POSSESS IN *PRODIGIOUS* QUANTITIES, MR. STONE. BUT PERHAPS YOU'D FIRST LIKE TO TELL ME *EXACTLY* WHAT IT IS I'M MEANT TO BE DENYING.
AND PLEASE DO SKIP THE *SKULL AND BONES* THEATRICS. I'M LOSING A MILLION DOLLARS FOR EVERY MINUTE I'M UNTETHERED FROM MY PHONE.
DARIO AGGER, CEO, ROXXON.
WE KNOW *EVERYTHING*, AGGER. WE KNOW WHAT EVEN YOUR SHAREHOLDERS HAVEN'T YET BEEN TOLD. ABOUT THE MINES IN *SVARTALFHEIM*, THE DRILLING IN *ALFHEIM*.
WE KNOW ABOUT THE DEAL YOU'VE MADE WITH *KING MALEKITH*, GIVING YOU ACCESS TO THE REALMS OF NORSE LEGEND.
IT WAS *FOOLISH* TO THINK YOU COULD HIDE SUCH THINGS FROM US, AGGER.
DANGEROUSLY FOOLISH.
I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE FROM THE PEOPLE IN THIS ROOM.
NOTE TO SELF: *FIRE EVERYONE*. THEN EVISCERATE THEM.
THEN WHY ARE WE JUST NOW HEARING OF THESE DEVELOPMENTS?
YOU OPENED A NEW MARKET. YET HAVE NOT OFFERED TO SHARE. THERE ARE SOME IN THIS ROOM WHO TAKE OFFENSE TO THAT OVERSIGHT.
NOW WOULD BE YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO DISSUADE THEM FROM PERHAPS DOING ANYTHING...*RASH*.
MR. AGGER?
THEY'RE *MINE*.
PARDON ME?
THE OTHER REALMS...

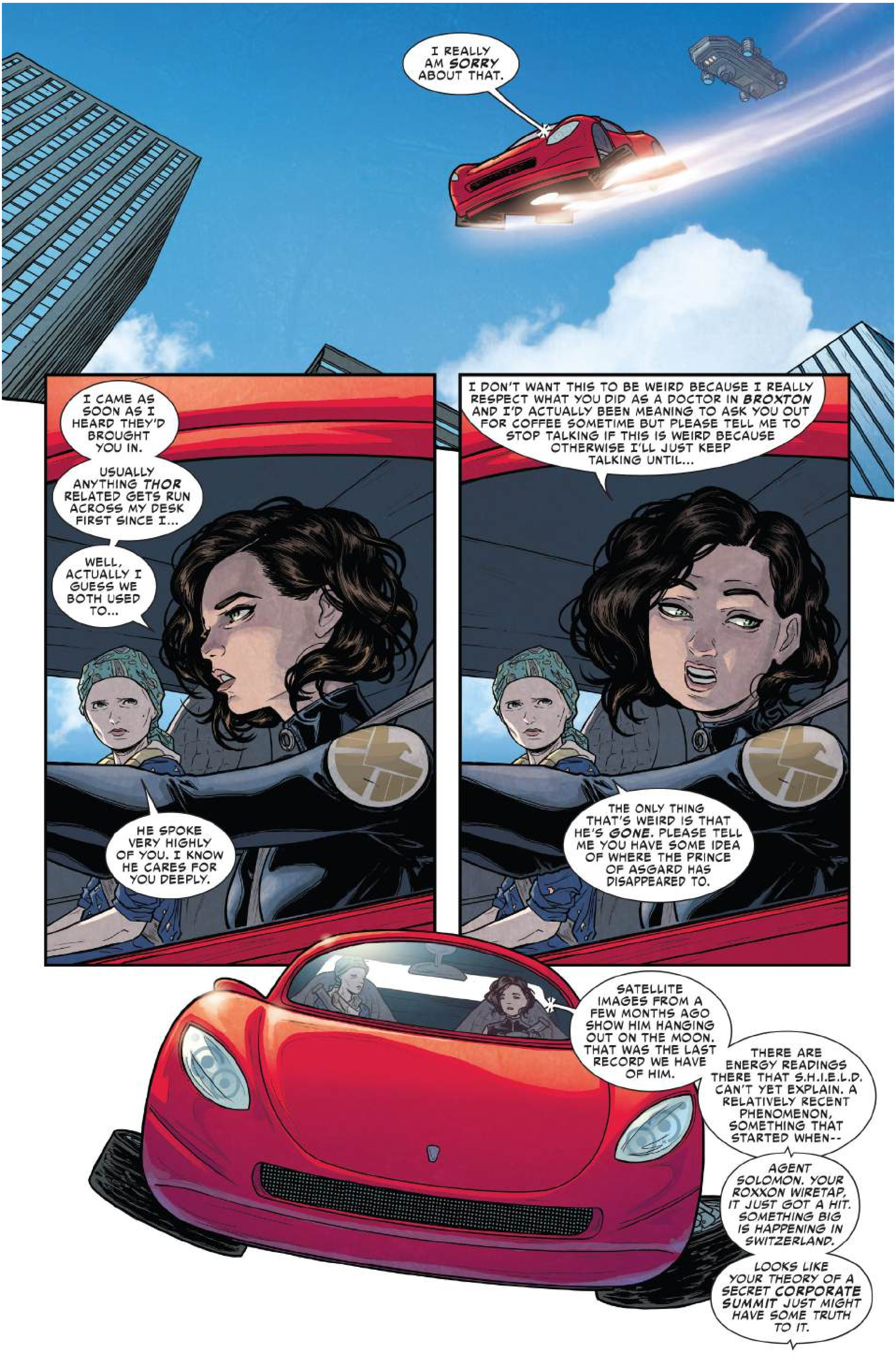

...THEY'RE MINE!
THEN I FEAR WE HAVE A PROBLEM.
YES, YOU DO. IF ANYONE AT THIS TABLE DARES TO INTERFERE WITH MY BUSINESS...
...YOU WILL MOST DEFINITELY HAVE A PROBLEM.
THIS IS NOT A ROOM YOU WANT TO GO MAKING THREATS IN, DARIO. I PRESS TWO BUTTONS ON MY STANE PHONE, AND YOUR STOCK PRICE MAKES LIKE A GOLDEN GATE JUMPER.
AND MAYBE YOU WILL SUDDENLY FIND YOU ARE HAVING PROBLEMS WITH INTERSTELLAR CUSTOMS THAT YOU WERE NOT HAVING BEFORE.
AND MAYBE YOUR MOTHER'S SUDDENLY GETTING SHOT IN HER FACE.
YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST MAN FROM ROXXON TO SIT IN THAT CHAIR, AGGER. YOU NEEDN'T BE THE LAST.
I SUGGEST YOU MAKE AN EFFORT TO REMEMBER THAT.
AND I SUGGEST YOU GET @%$#, FISK!
ALL OF YOU! I'VE WORKED TOO DAMN HARD TO LET YOU INSECTS RIDE ON MY COATTAILS FOR ANOTHER DAMN SECOND!
IF ANYONE IN THIS ROOM WANTS A PIECE OF MY BUSINESS, THEN YOU'D BETTER BE READY TO STEP UP AND TAKE IT!
ALL RIGHT.

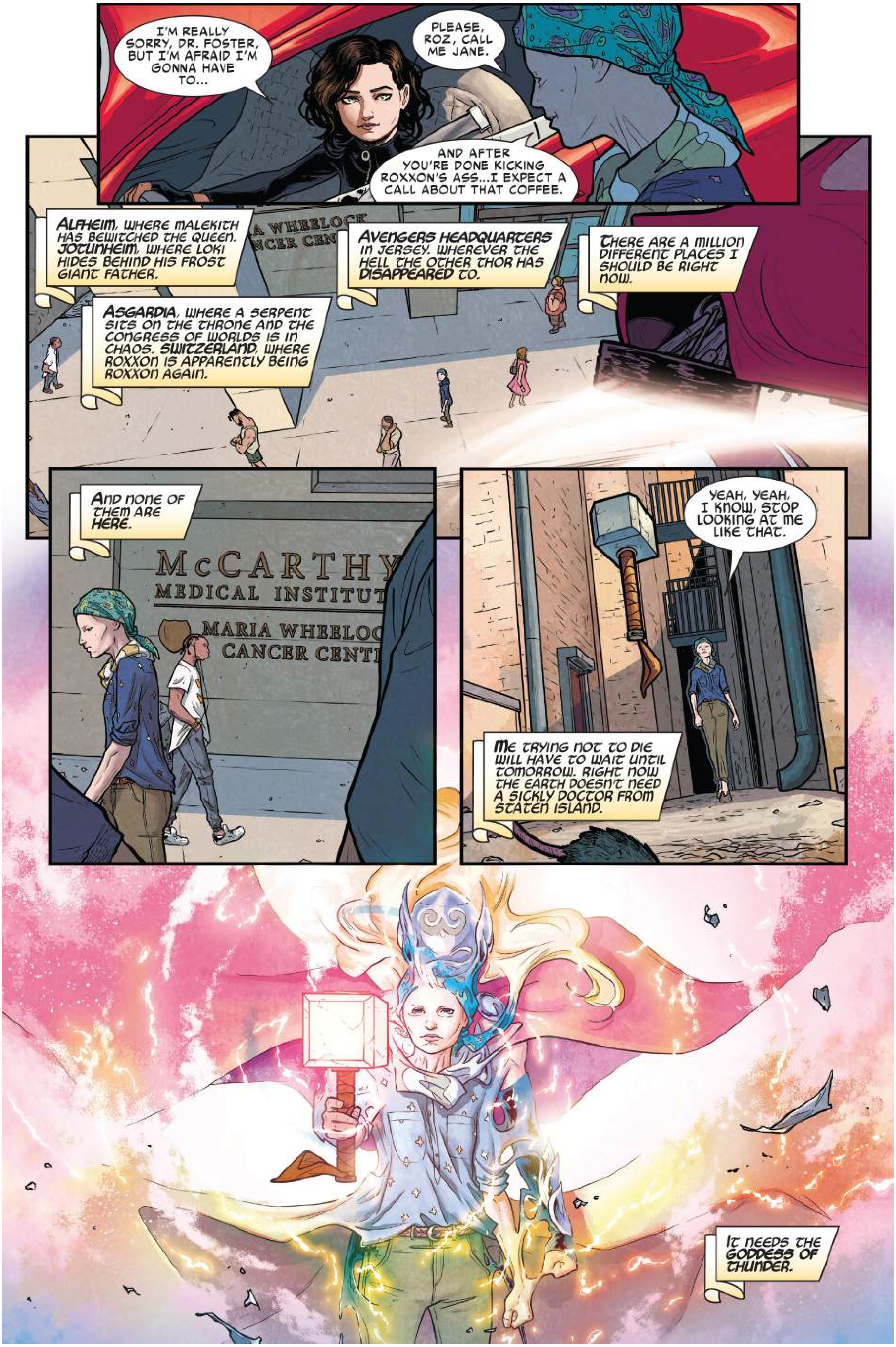

WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I'M TAKING YOU UP ON YOUR OFFER, MR. AGGER. CONSIDER THIS A ***HOSTILE TAKEOVER.***
MR. HARADA, PLEASE, NOT HERE.
SILVER SAMURAI JR. I'D HONESTLY FORGOTTEN YOU EVEN EXISTED, KID. WHY DON'T YOU RUN OFF BACK TO MUTANT LAND OR WHEREVER YOU--
SORRY, WHAT WAS THAT? I WAS JUST NOTICING HOW ROXXON'S GLOBAL PIPELINE SYSTEM SEEMS TO SUDDENLY BE EXPERIENCING SOME RATHER CATASTROPHIC MECHANICAL FAILURES.
AND HOW SOMEONE IN YOUR CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS JUST ACCIDENTALLY DOWNLOADED A PARTICULARLY NASTY VIRUS.
AND OH DEAR, IT APPEARS YOUR PERSONAL CLOUD HAS JUST BEEN HACKED. THOSE ARE SOME UNFORTUNATE TAN LINES YOU'VE GOT THERE, DARIO.
YOU SONUVA...
NOW, REMIND ME AGAIN, WHERE ***WERE*** WE?
OH, RIGHT.
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SLICE OFF YOUR HEAD.

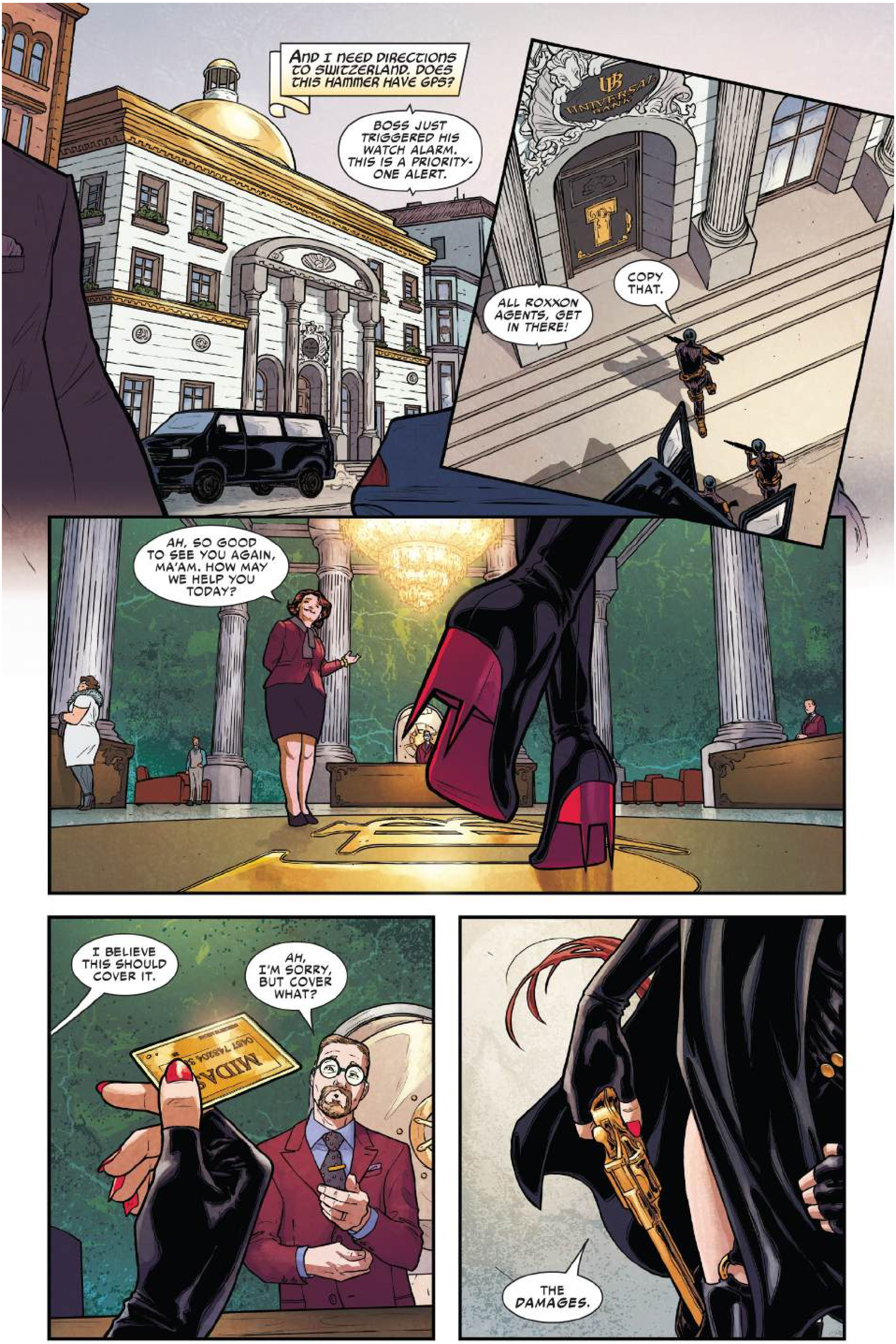

"SO...WHAT'S THIS...*UM*... ABOUT *THOR?*"
S.H.I.E.L.D. DOESN'T BELIEVE IN ***SECRET IDENTITIES,*** MS. FOSTER.
S.H.I.E.L.D. DOESN'T LIKE IT WHEN SOMEONE KEEPS SECRETS FROM US.
ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT SOMEONE IS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL BEINGS ON THE PLANET.
THOSE KINDS OF PEOPLE AREN'T ENTITLED TO SECRETS.
WE NEED TO KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND IF WE CAN TRUST THEM.
OR IF WE ***CAN'T*** TRUST THEM.
S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS AN ENTIRE DIVISION DEVOTED TO UNCOVERING SECRET IDENTITIES.
AND ***WE'RE*** IT.
WE KNEW TONY STARK WAS IRON MAN BEFORE HIS GIRLFRIEND DID.
WE KNEW SHE-HULK WAS SOME TWO-BIT LAWYER.
WE KNEW DOCTOR STRANGE WAS...DOCTOR STRANGE.
AND WE KNEW THAT THE OLD THOR, THE BEARDED THOR...ONCE PRETENDED TO BE A DOCTOR CALLED ***DONALD BLAKE.***
DONALD BLAKE. YOUR FORMER BOSS.
YOUR FORMER ***BOYFRIEND.***
YOU SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING, MS. FOSTER?
NOT REALLY.

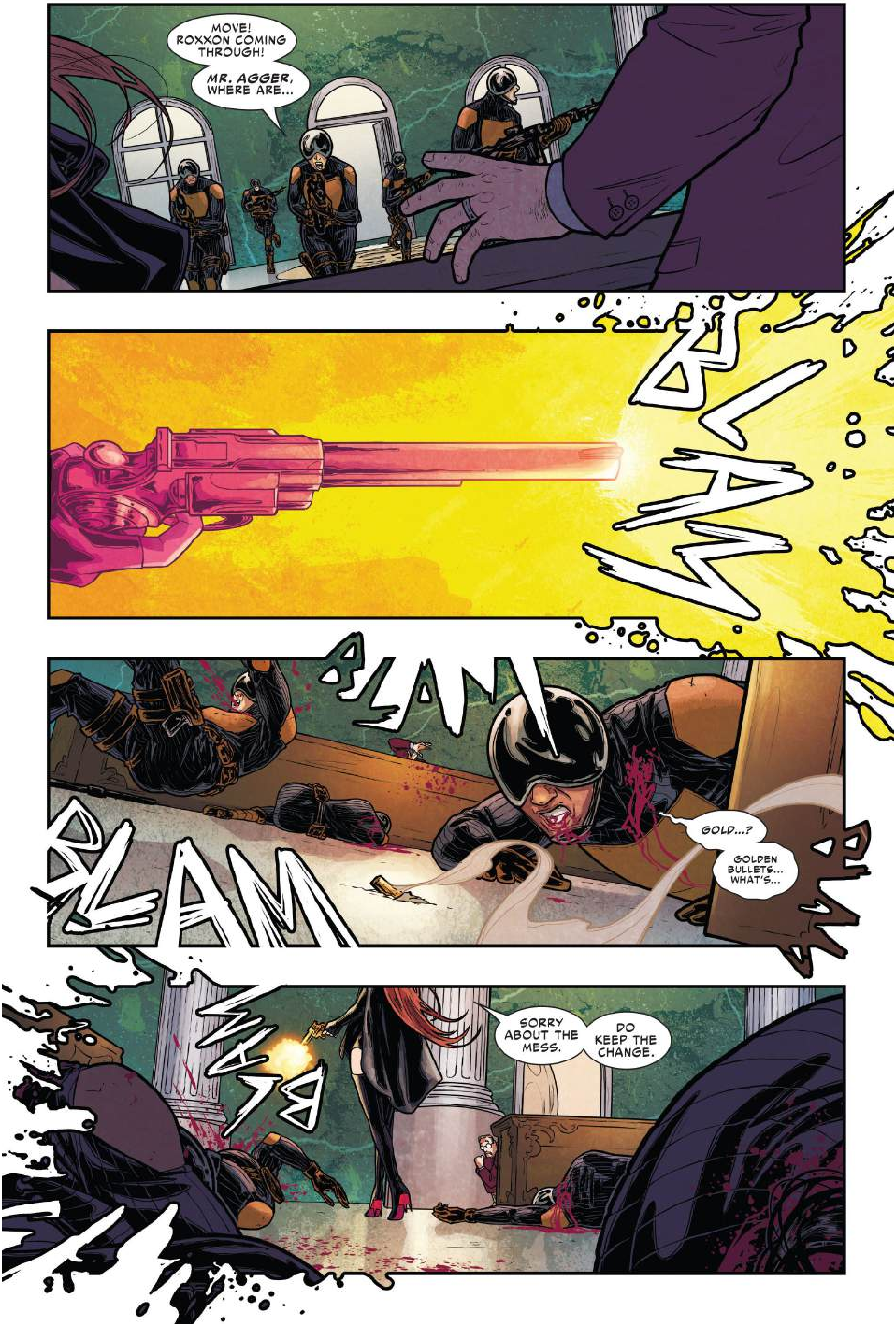

NOW THERE'S A *NEW* THOR RUNNING AROUND.
HAS A *MASK* ON HER HELMET.
ONLY ONE REASON SOMEONE WEARS A MASK.
MEANS THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING TO *HIDE*.
YOU KNEW THE OLD THOR WELL, DIDN'T YOU, MS. FOSTER?
EVEN KNEW HIM IN THE *BIBLICAL* SENSE.
NOW YOU LIVE ON ASGARD.
ASGARDIA.
WHATEVER.
SOMETHING TELLS ME, MS. FOSTER...THAT YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS NEW THOR THAN YOU'RE TELLING US.
YOU KNOW WHO SHE *IS*, DON'T YOU?
WE'RE S.H.I.E.L.D. IF YOU DECIDE TO PLAY HARDBALL WITH US, WE CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE VERY DIFFICULT.
VERY, *VERY* DIFFICULT.
TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, MS. FOSTER.
TELL US THOR'S SECRET IDENTITY.
OR *ELSE*.
OR A VERY *BIG* ELSE.
HA HA HA HAAAA HA!
DID I MISS A *JOKE*?
THIS IS S.H.I.E.L.D. NO JOKES ARE ALLOWED.
I'M DYING OF *CANCER*, YOU JACKASSES.
WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT THAT YOU CAN *THREATEN* ME WITH?

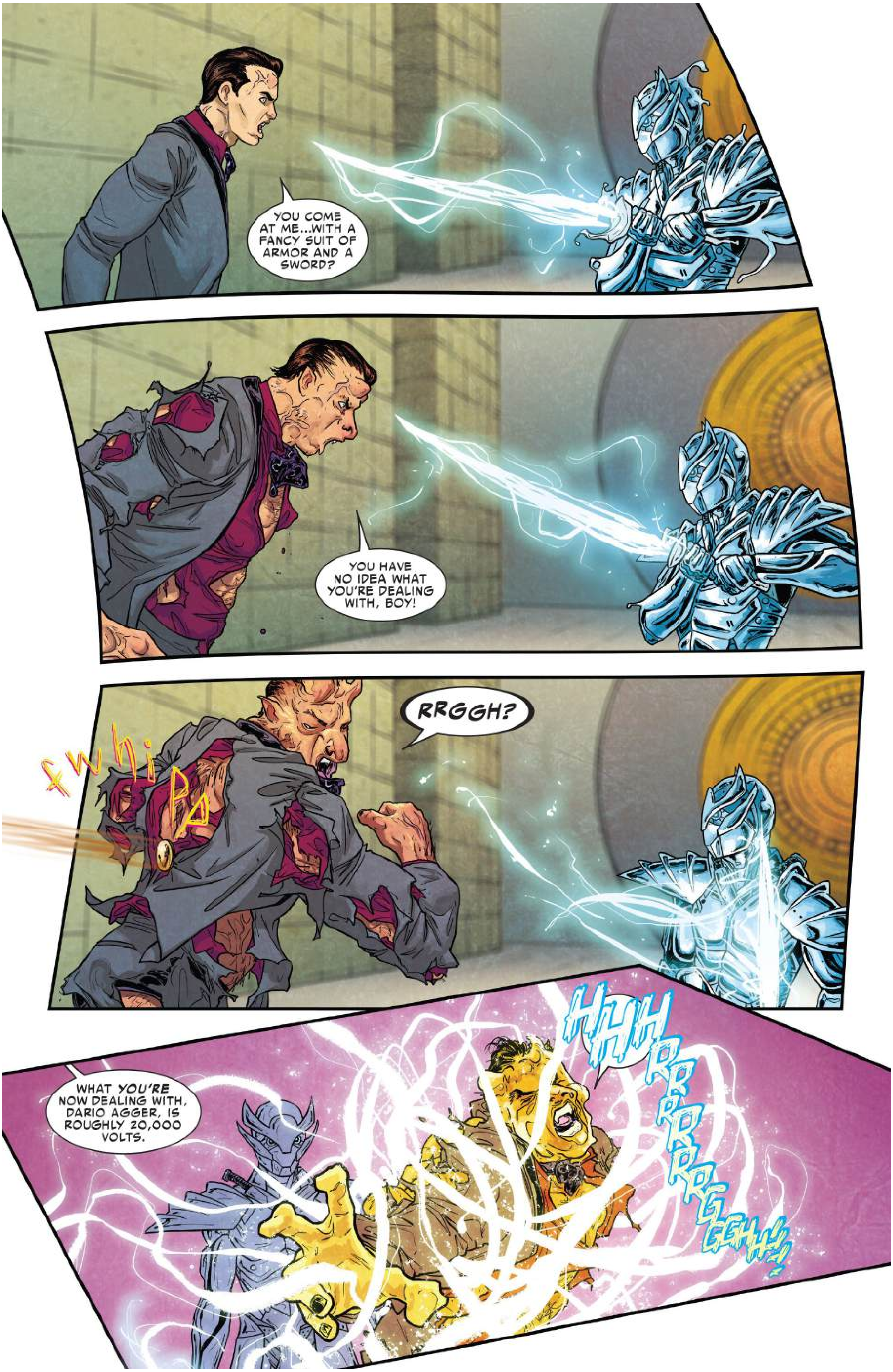

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO MAKE A *LIST*?
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
BECAUSE I KNOW IT CAN'T BE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.
BECAUSE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IS TWO GROWN JERKWADS TRYING TO INTIMIDATE A VERY SICK WOMAN.
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, ***AGENT SOLOMON.***
MY APOLOGIES ON BEHALF OF S.H.I.E.L.D., MA'AM. YOU CAN GO NOW.
NO, YOU CAN'T.
NO, SHE CAN'T.
I'D BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A LIFT BACK TO THE CITY.
THIS ISN'T OVER.
FOR YOUR SAKES, IT HAD BETTER BE.
MS. FOSTER, I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND YOU WALK OUT THAT--
IT'S ***DR. FOSTER,*** ACTUALLY. AND NEXT TIME YOU HAVE QUESTIONS FOR ME, YOU CAN CALL MY LAWYER.
YOU'LL LIKE HER. SHE'S BIG AND GREEN AND LOVES TO SMASH THINGS.
GOOD DAY, AGENTS.

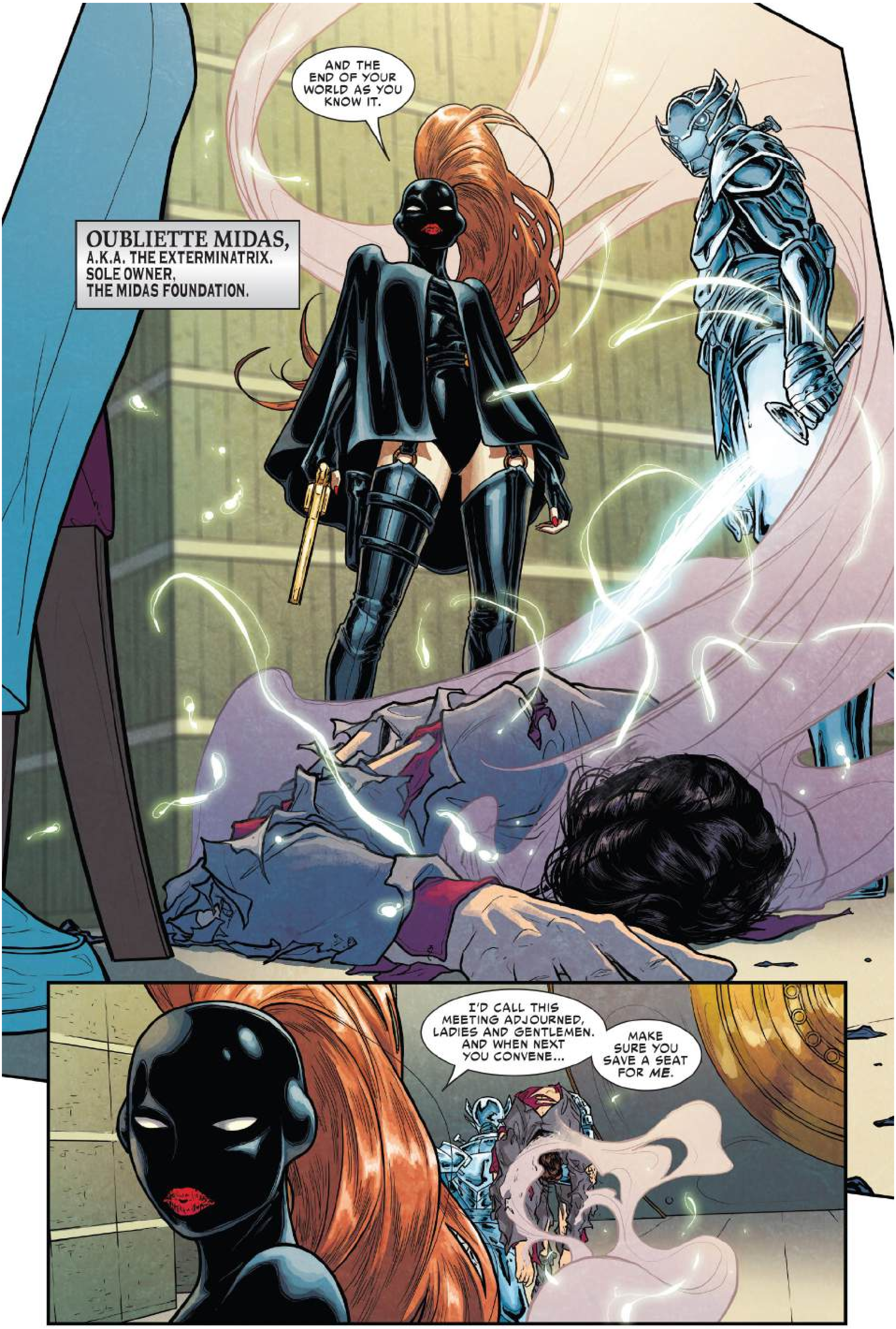

I REALLY AM **SORRY** ABOUT THAT.
I CAME AS SOON AS I HEARD THEY'D BROUGHT YOU IN.
USUALLY ANYTHING ***THOR*** RELATED GETS RUN ACROSS MY DESK FIRST SINCE I...
WELL, ACTUALLY I GUESS WE BOTH USED TO...
HE SPOKE VERY HIGHLY OF YOU. I KNOW HE CARES FOR YOU DEEPLY.
I DON'T WANT THIS TO BE WEIRD BECAUSE I REALLY RESPECT WHAT YOU DID AS A DOCTOR IN ***BROXTON*** AND I'D ACTUALLY BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU OUT FOR COFFEE SOMETIME BUT PLEASE TELL ME TO STOP TALKING IF THIS IS WEIRD BECAUSE OTHERWISE I'LL JUST KEEP TALKING UNTIL...
THE ONLY THING THAT'S WEIRD IS THAT HE'S **GONE**. PLEASE TELL ME YOU HAVE SOME IDEA OF WHERE THE PRINCE OF ASGARD HAS DISAPPEARED TO.
SATELLITE IMAGES FROM A FEW MONTHS AGO SHOW HIM HANGING OUT ON THE MOON. THAT WAS THE LAST RECORD WE HAVE OF HIM.
THERE ARE ENERGY READINGS THERE THAT S.H.I.E.L.D. CAN'T YET EXPLAIN. A RELATIVELY RECENT PHENOMENON, SOMETHING THAT STARTED WHEN--
AGENT SOLOMON. YOUR ROXXON WIRETAP, IT JUST GOT A HIT. SOMETHING BIG IS HAPPENING IN SWITZERLAND.
*LOOKS LIKE YOUR THEORY OF A SECRET **CORPORATE SUMMIT** JUST MIGHT HAVE SOME TRUTH TO IT.*

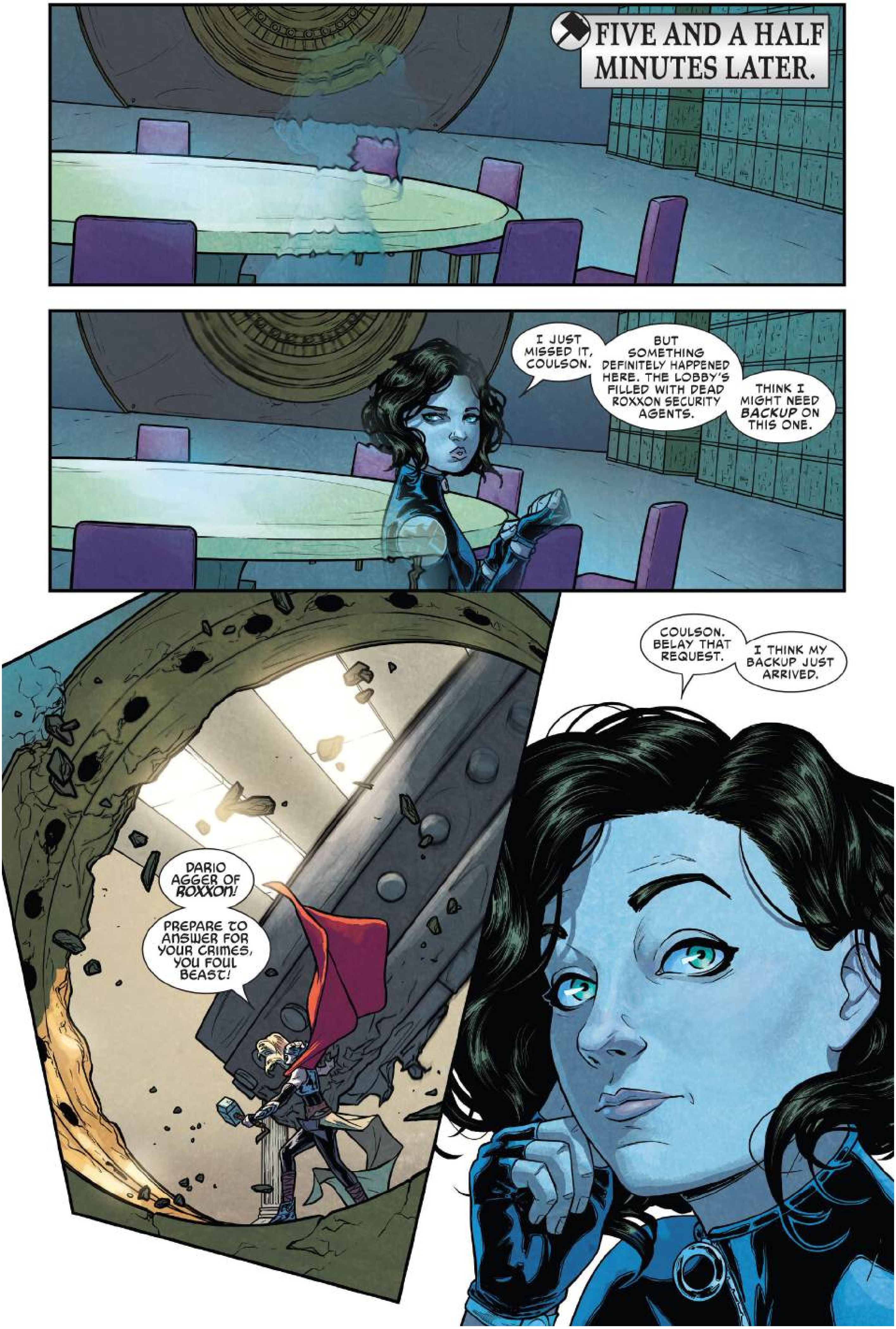

I'M REALLY SORRY, DR. FOSTER, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA HAVE TO...
PLEASE, ROZ, CALL ME JANE.
AND AFTER YOU'RE DONE KICKING ROXXON'S ASS...I EXPECT A CALL ABOUT THAT COFFEE.
ALFHEIM, WHERE MALEKITH HAS BEWITCHED THE QUEEN. JOTUNHEIM, WHERE LOKI HIDES BEHIND HIS FROST GIANT FATHER.
ASGARDIA, WHERE A SERPENT SITS ON THE THRONE AND THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS IS IN CHAOS. SWITZERLAND, WHERE ROXXON IS APPARENTLY BEING ROXXON AGAIN.
AVENGERS HEADQUARTERS IN JERSEY. WHEREVER THE HELL THE OTHER THOR HAS DISAPPEARED TO.
THERE ARE A MILLION DIFFERENT PLACES I SHOULD BE RIGHT NOW.
AND NONE OF THEM ARE HERE.
McCARTHY MEDICAL INSTITUT
MARIA WHEELOC CANCER CENT
YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW, STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT.
ME TRYING NOT TO DIE WILL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW. RIGHT NOW THE EARTH DOESN'T NEED A SICKLY DOCTOR FROM STATEN ISLAND.
IT NEEDS THE GODDESS OF THUNDER.

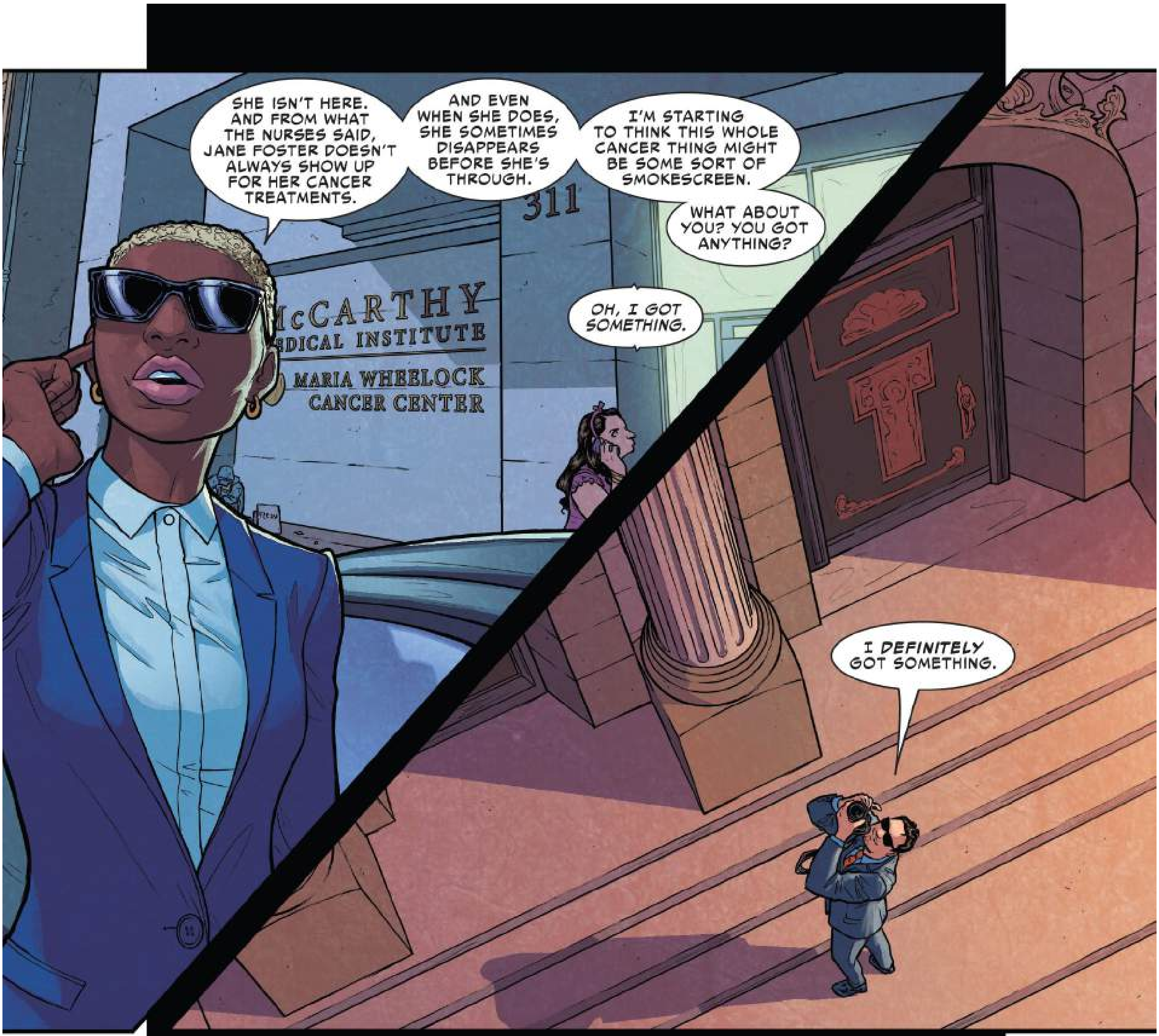

And I need directions to Switzerland. Does this hammer have GPS?
Boss just triggered his watch alarm. This is a priority-one alert.
UB
UNIVERSAL BANK
All Roxxon agents, get in there!
Copy that.
Ah, so good to see you again, ma'am. How may we help you today?
I believe this should cover it.
Ah, I'm sorry, but cover what?
MIDAS
The damages.

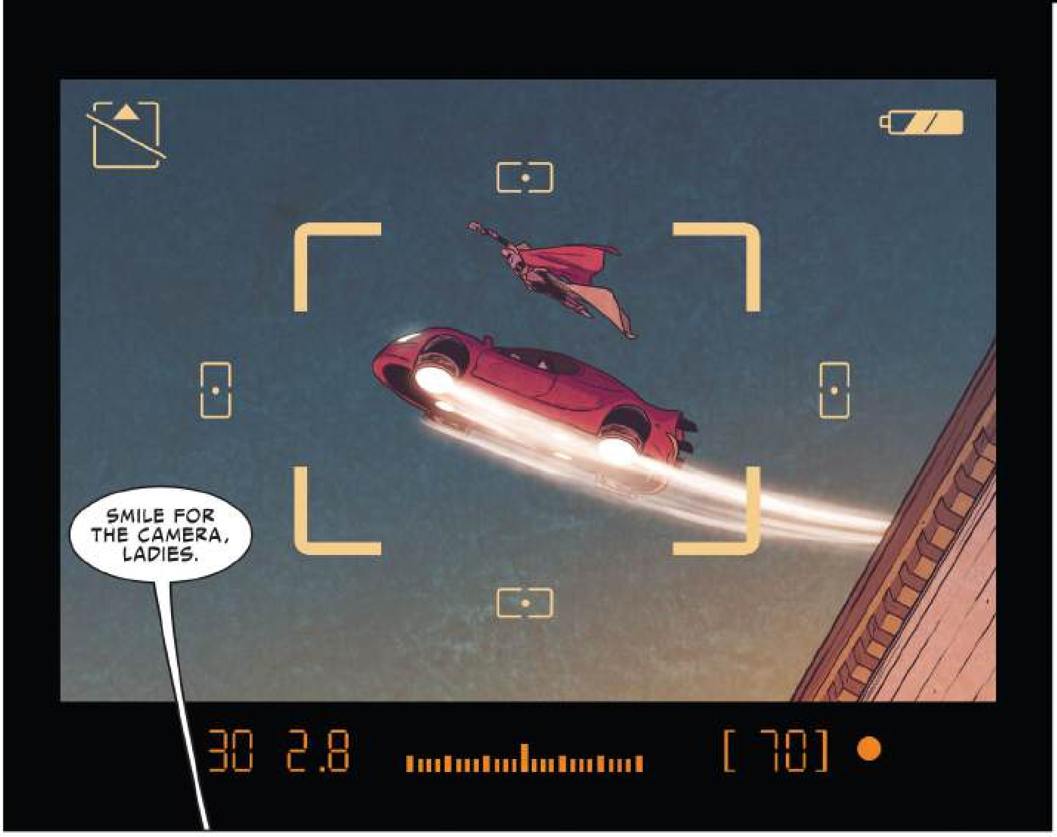

MOVE! ROXXON COMING THROUGH!
MR. AGGER, WHERE ARE...
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
GOLD...?
GOLDEN BULLETS... WHAT'S...
BLAM
SORRY ABOUT THE MESS.
DO KEEP THE CHANGE.

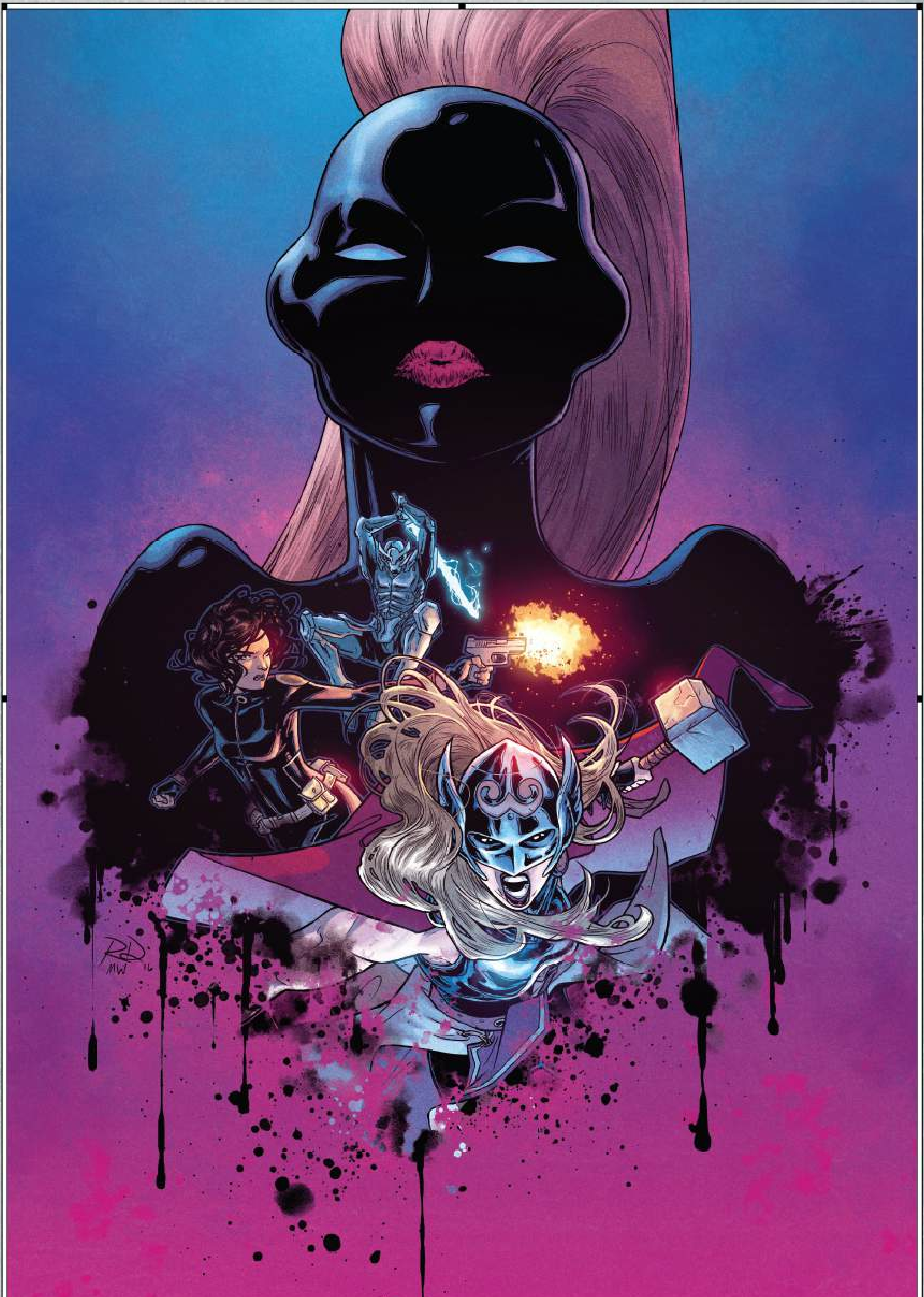

YOU COME AT ME...WITH A FANCY SUIT OF ARMOR AND A SWORD?
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH, BOY!
RRGGH?
fwhipp
WHAT *YOU'RE* NOW DEALING WITH, DARIO AGGER, IS ROUGHLY 20,000 VOLTS.
HHHRRRRRGGHH!!


AND THE END OF YOUR WORLD AS YOU KNOW IT.
OUBLIETTE MIDAS, A.K.A. THE EXTERMINATRIX. SOLE OWNER, THE MIDAS FOUNDATION.
I'D CALL THIS MEETING ADJOURNED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. AND WHEN NEXT YOU CONVENE...
MAKE SURE YOU SAVE A SEAT FOR *ME*.


FIVE AND A HALF MINUTES LATER.
I JUST MISSED IT, COULSON.
BUT SOMETHING DEFINITELY HAPPENED HERE. THE LOBBY'S FILLED WITH DEAD ROXXON SECURITY AGENTS.
THINK I MIGHT NEED *BACKUP* ON THIS ONE.
COULSON. BELAY THAT REQUEST.
I THINK MY BACKUP JUST ARRIVED.
DARIO AGGER OF *ROXXON!*
PREPARE TO ANSWER FOR YOUR CRIMES, YOU FOUL BEAST!

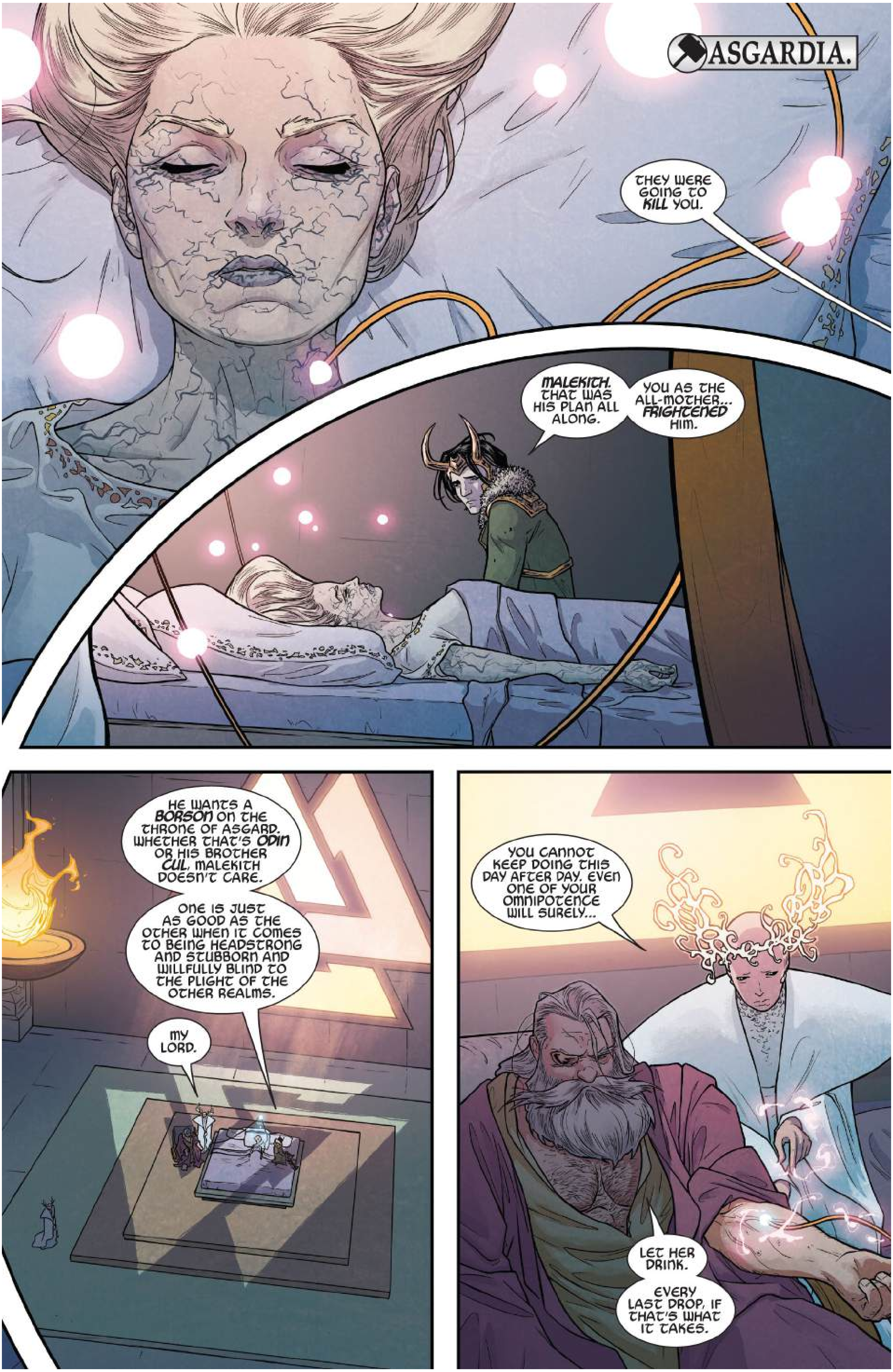

SHE ISN'T HERE. AND FROM WHAT THE NURSES SAID, JANE FOSTER DOESN'T ALWAYS SHOW UP FOR HER CANCER TREATMENTS.
AND EVEN WHEN SHE DOES, SHE SOMETIMES DISAPPEARS BEFORE SHE'S THROUGH.
I'M STARTING TO THINK THIS WHOLE CANCER THING MIGHT BE SOME SORT OF SMOKESCREEN.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU GOT ANYTHING?
311
McCARTHY
EDICAL INSTITUTE
MARIA WHEELOCK
CANCER CENTER
OH, I GOT SOMETHING.
I *DEFINITELY* GOT SOMETHING.

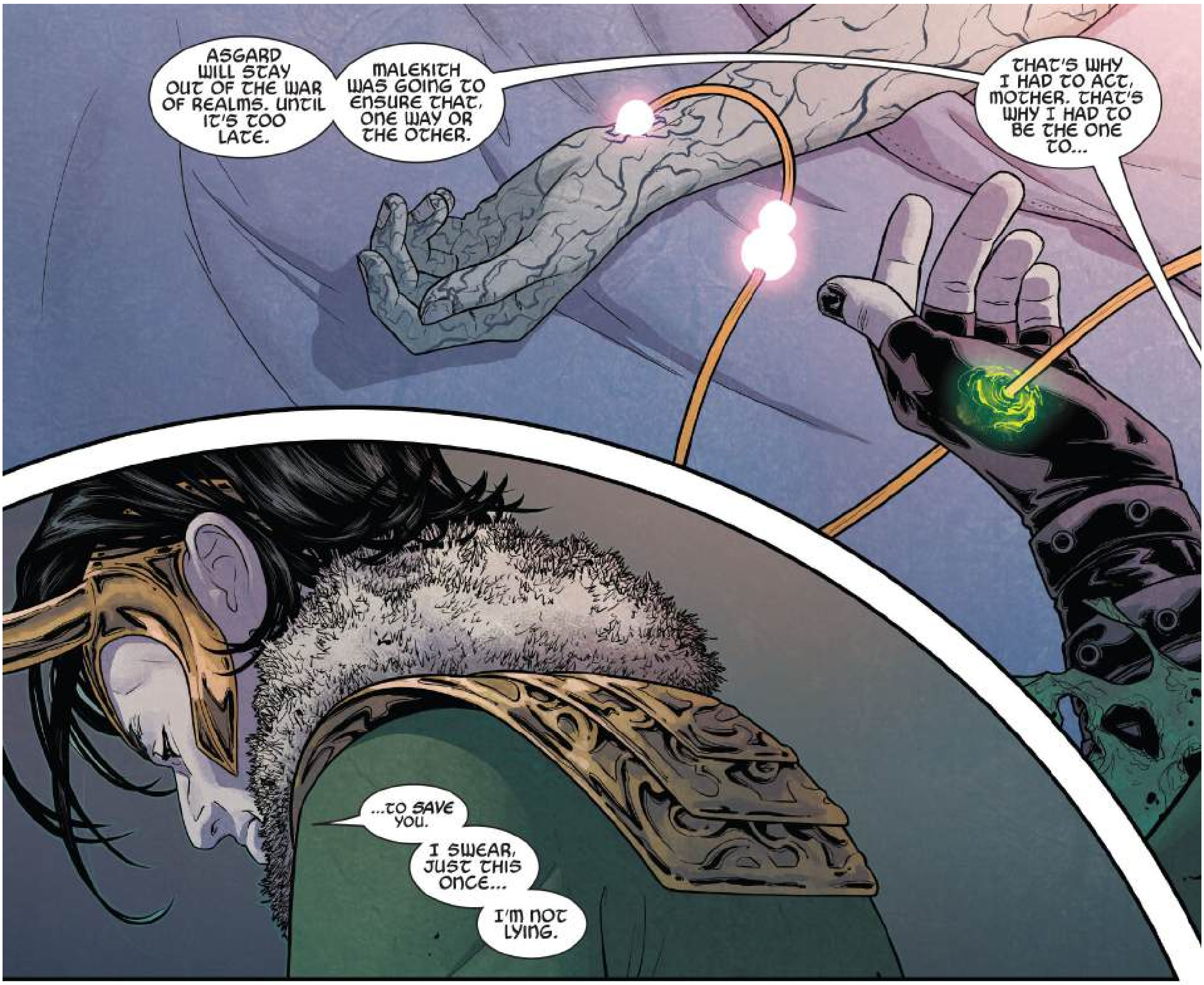

SMILE FOR THE CAMERA, LADIES.
30 2.8
[70]

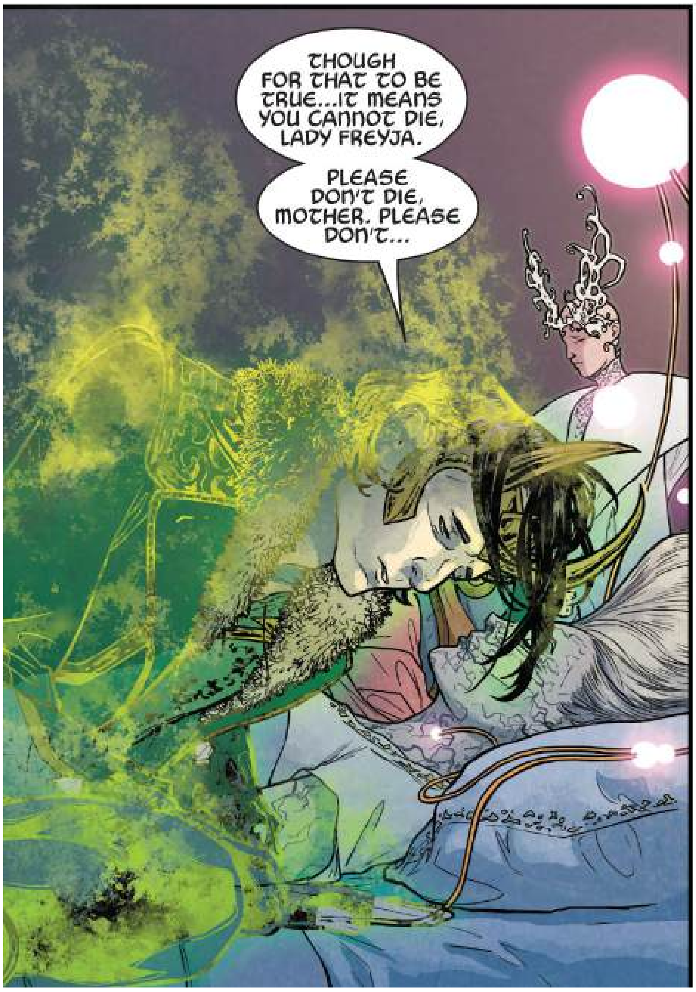


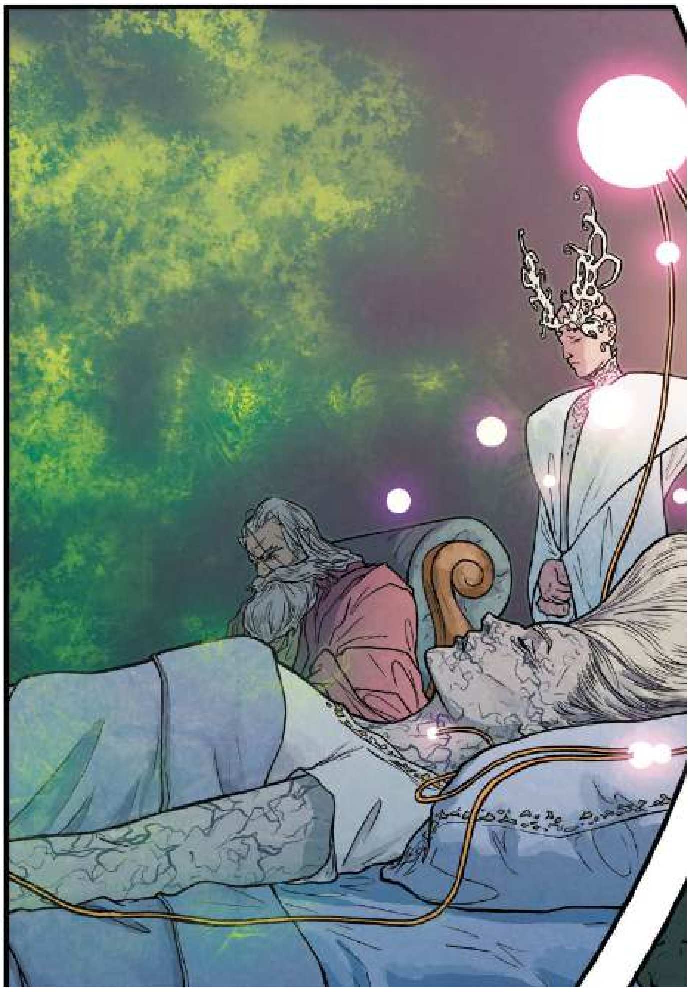
MIGHTY THOR | 9

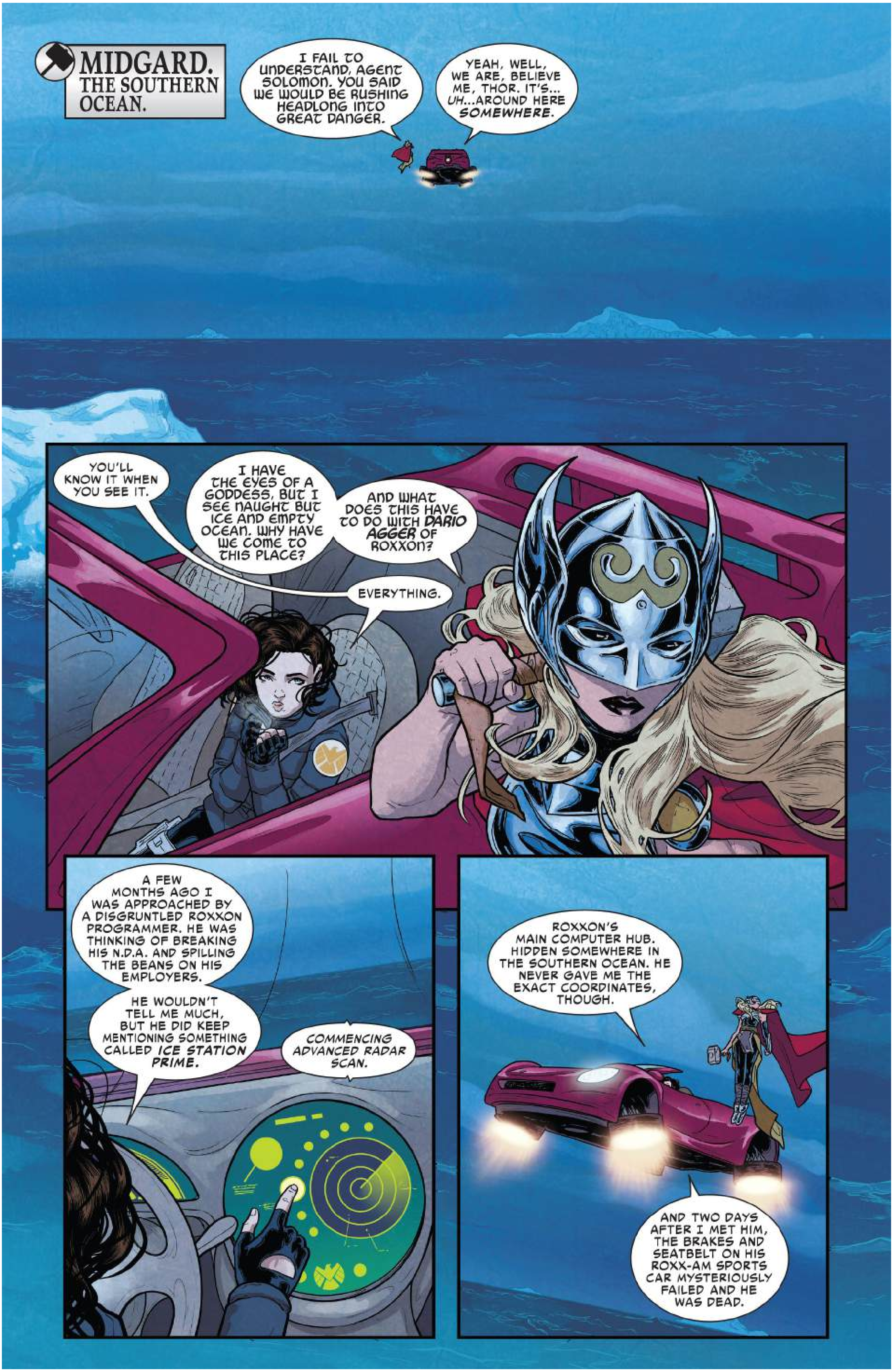
The Agger Imperative

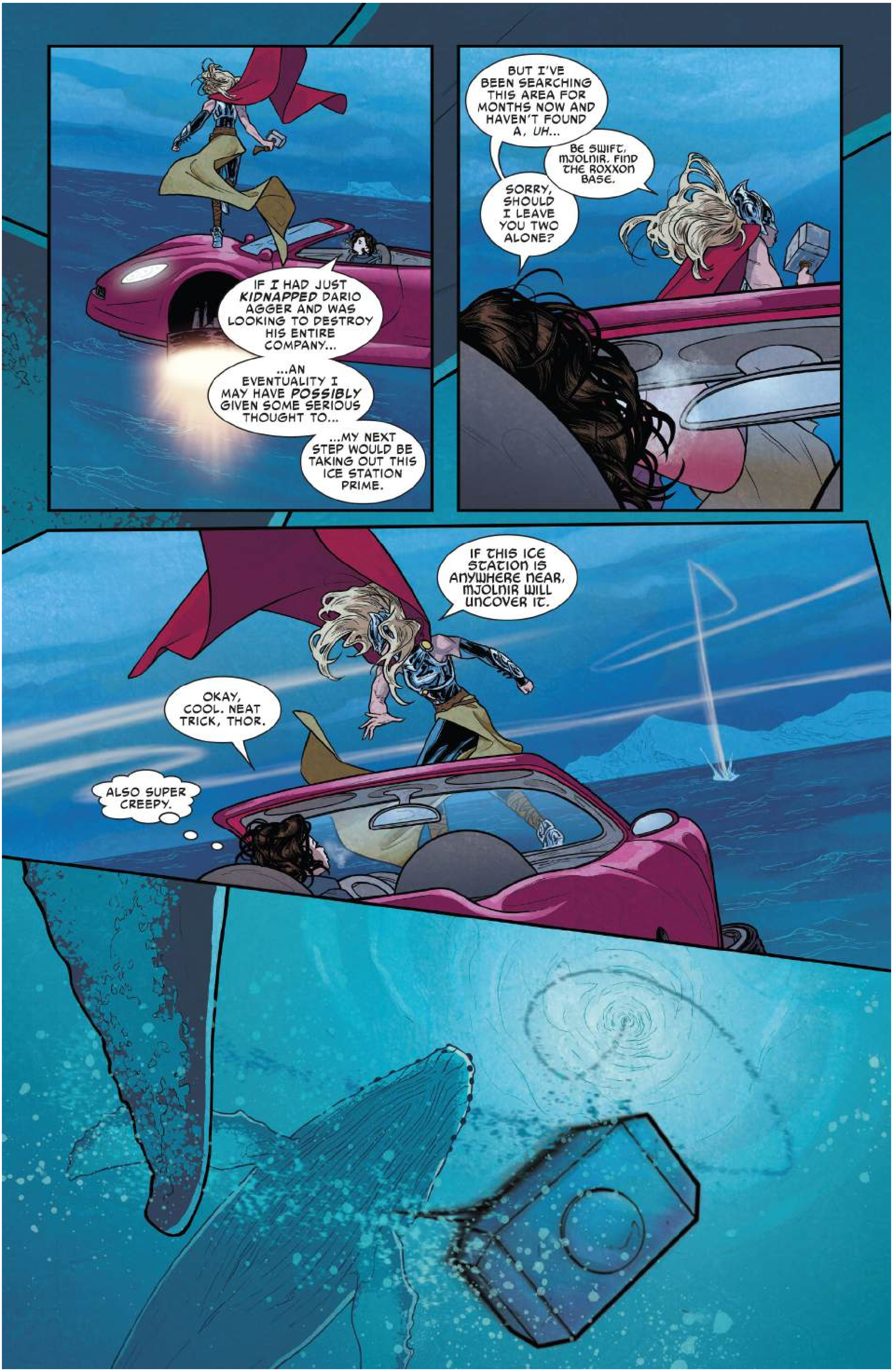

ASGARDIA.
THEY WERE GOING TO **KILL** YOU.
MALEKITH. THAT WAS HIS PLAN ALL ALONG.
YOU AS THE ALL-MOTHER... **FRIGHTENED** HIM.
HE WANTS A **BORSON** ON THE THRONE OF ASGARD. WHETHER THAT'S **ODIN** OR HIS BROTHER **CUL**, MALEKITH DOESN'T CARE.
ONE IS JUST AS GOOD AS THE OTHER WHEN IT COMES TO BEING HEADSTRONG AND STUBBORN AND WILLFULLY BLIND TO THE PLIGHT OF THE OTHER REALMS.
MY LORD.
YOU CANNOT KEEP DOING THIS DAY AFTER DAY. EVEN ONE OF YOUR OMNIPOTENCE WILL SURELY...
LET HER DRINK.
EVERY LAST DROP, IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES.

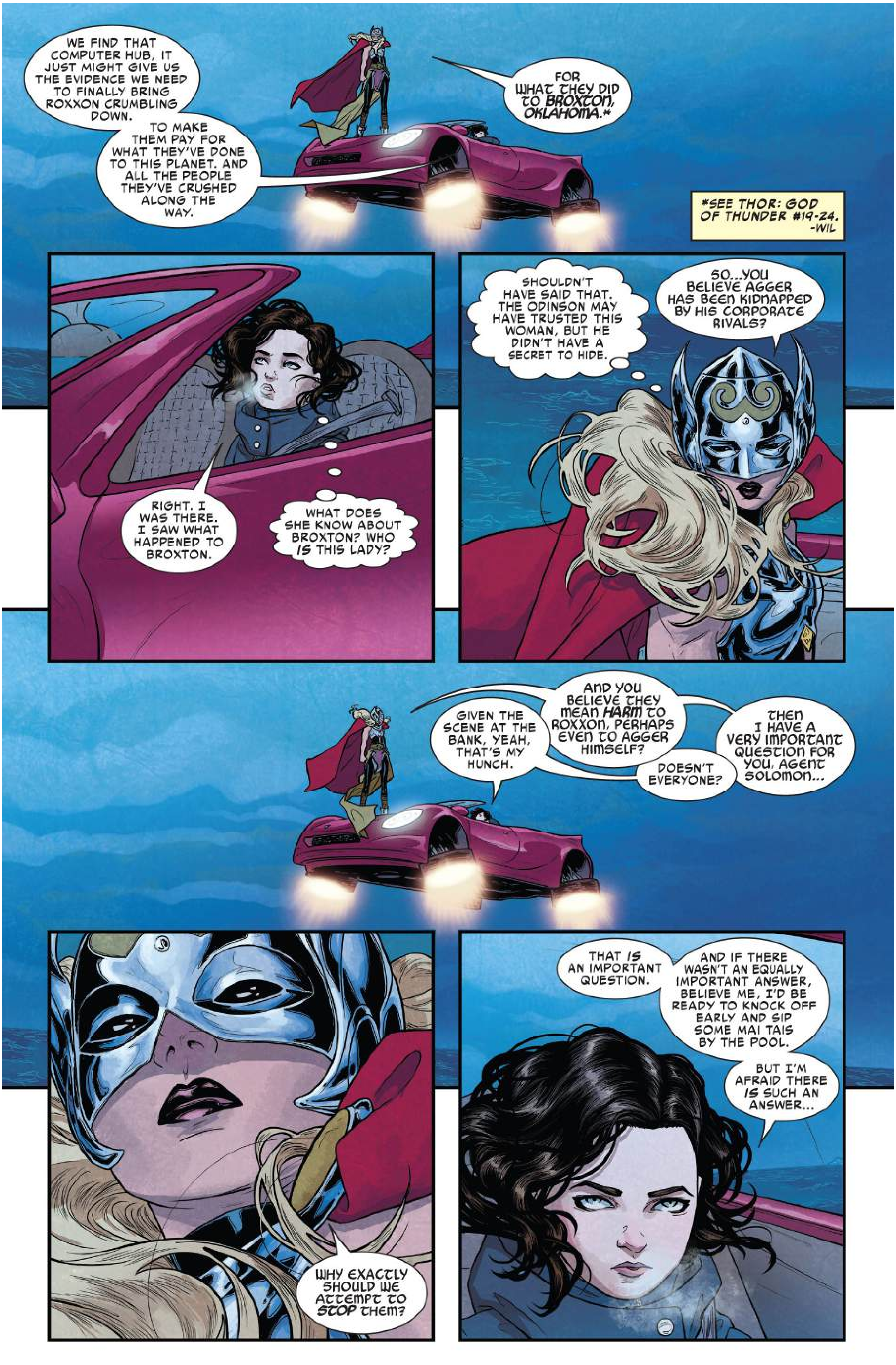

ASGARD WILL STAY OUT OF THE WAR OF REALMS. UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.
MALEKITH WAS GOING TO ENSURE THAT, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.
THAT'S WHY I HAD TO ACT, MOTHER. THAT'S WHY I HAD TO BE THE ONE TO...
...TO **SAVE** YOU.
I SWEAR, JUST THIS ONCE...
I'M NOT LYING.

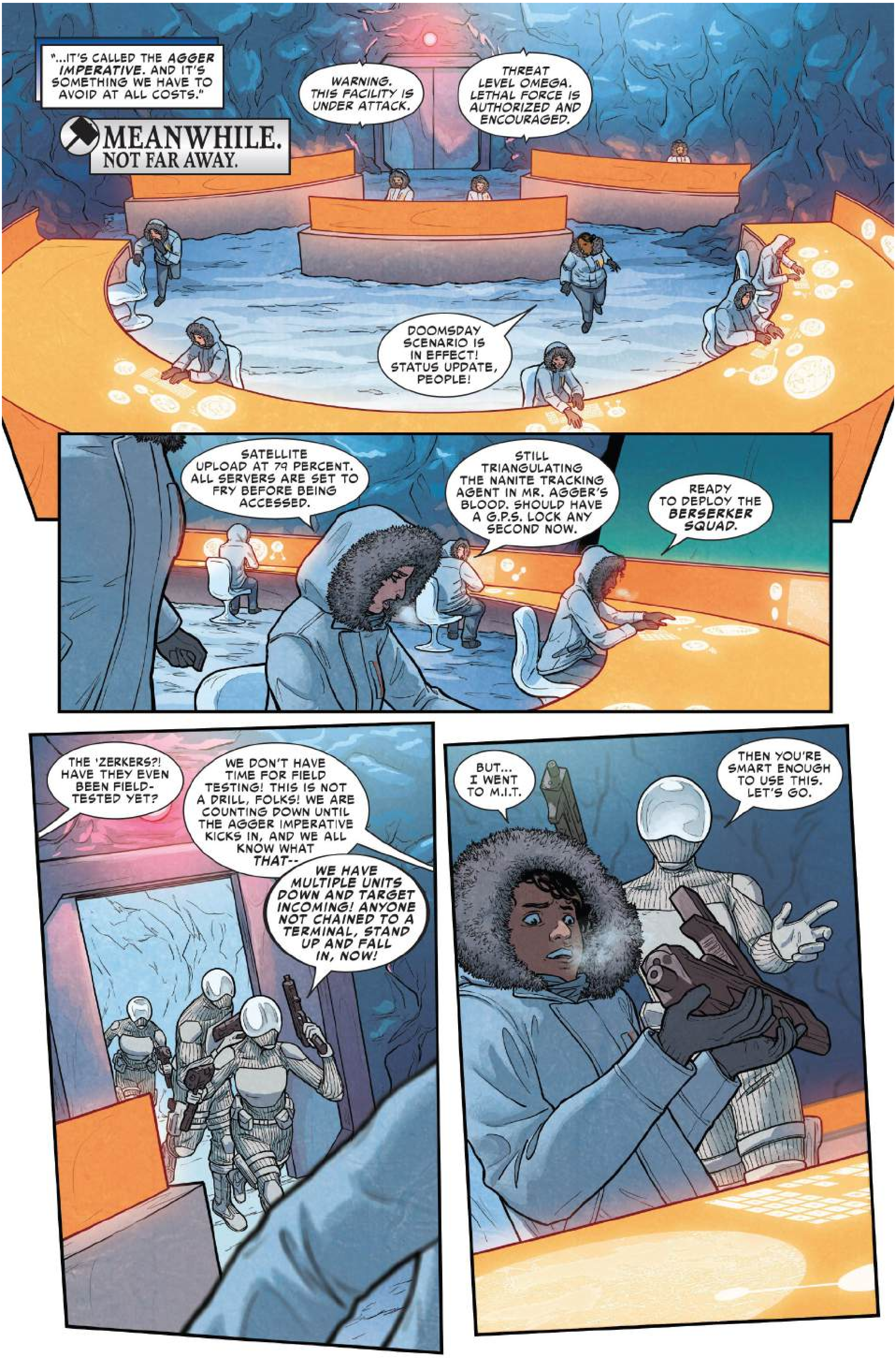

THOUGH FOR THAT TO BE TRUE...IT MEANS YOU CANNOT DIE, LADY FREYJA.
PLEASE DON'T DIE, MOTHER. PLEASE DON'T...

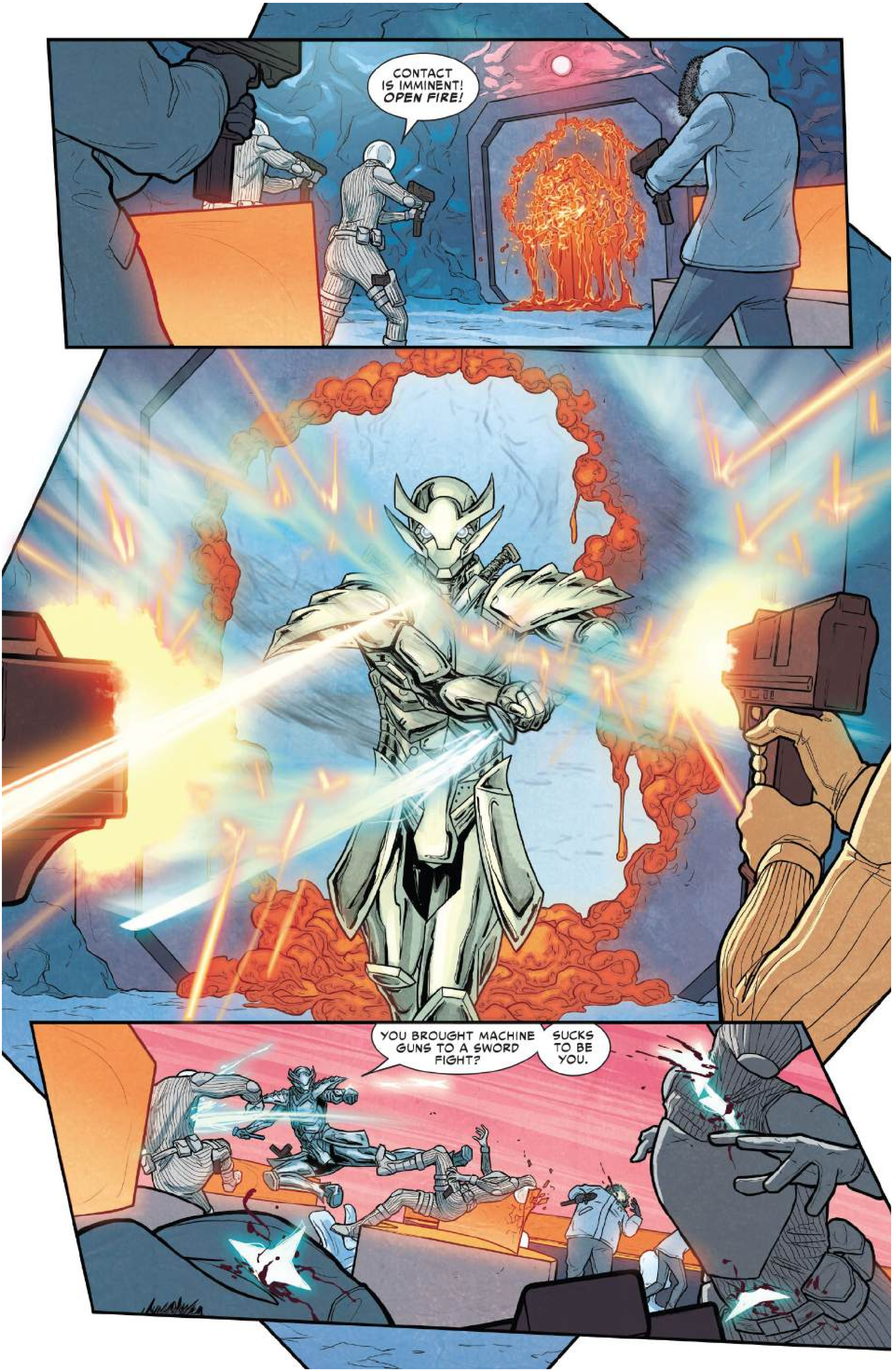


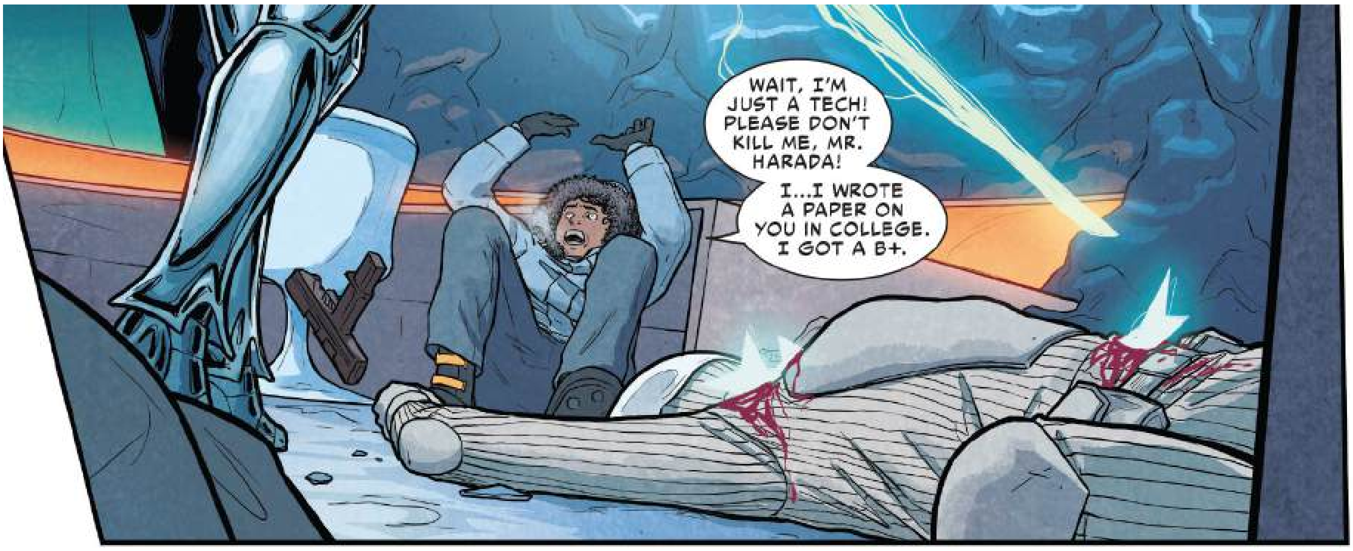

MIDGARD. THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.
I FAIL TO UNDERSTAND, AGENT SOLOMON. YOU SAID WE WOULD BE RUSHING HEADLONG INTO GREAT DANGER.
YEAH, WELL, WE ARE, BELIEVE ME, THOR. IT'S... UH...AROUND HERE *SOMEWHERE.*
YOU'LL KNOW IT WHEN YOU SEE IT.
I HAVE THE EYES OF A GODDESS, BUT I SEE NAUGHT BUT ICE AND EMPTY OCEAN. WHY HAVE WE COME TO THIS PLACE?
AND WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH **DARIO AGGER** OF ROXXON?
EVERYTHING.
A FEW MONTHS AGO I WAS APPROACHED BY A DISGRUNTLED ROXXON PROGRAMMER. HE WAS THINKING OF BREAKING HIS N.D.A. AND SPILLING THE BEANS ON HIS EMPLOYERS.
HE WOULDN'T TELL ME MUCH, BUT HE DID KEEP MENTIONING SOMETHING CALLED *ICE STATION PRIME.*
COMMENCING ADVANCED RADAR SCAN.
ROXXON'S MAIN COMPUTER HUB. HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN. HE NEVER GAVE ME THE EXACT COORDINATES, THOUGH.
AND TWO DAYS AFTER I MET HIM, THE BRAKES AND SEATBELT ON HIS ROXX-AM SPORTS CAR MYSTERIOUSLY FAILED AND HE WAS DEAD.

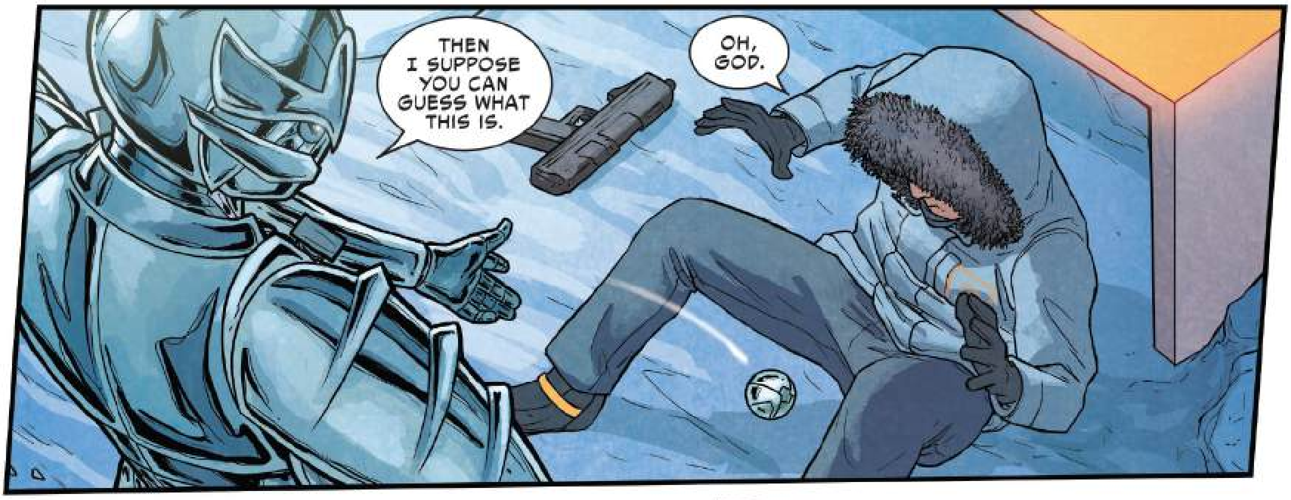

IF *I* HAD JUST *KIDNAPPED* DARIO AGGER AND WAS LOOKING TO DESTROY HIS ENTIRE COMPANY...
...AN EVENTUALITY I MAY HAVE *POSSIBLY* GIVEN SOME SERIOUS THOUGHT TO...
...MY NEXT STEP WOULD BE TAKING OUT THIS ICE STATION PRIME.
BUT I'VE BEEN SEARCHING THIS AREA FOR MONTHS NOW AND HAVEN'T FOUND A, *UH*...
BE SWIFT, MJOLNIR. FIND THE ROXXON BASE.
SORRY, SHOULD I LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE?
IF THIS ICE STATION IS ANYWHERE NEAR, MJOLNIR WILL UNCOVER IT.
OKAY, COOL. NEAT TRICK, THOR.
ALSO SUPER CREEPY.

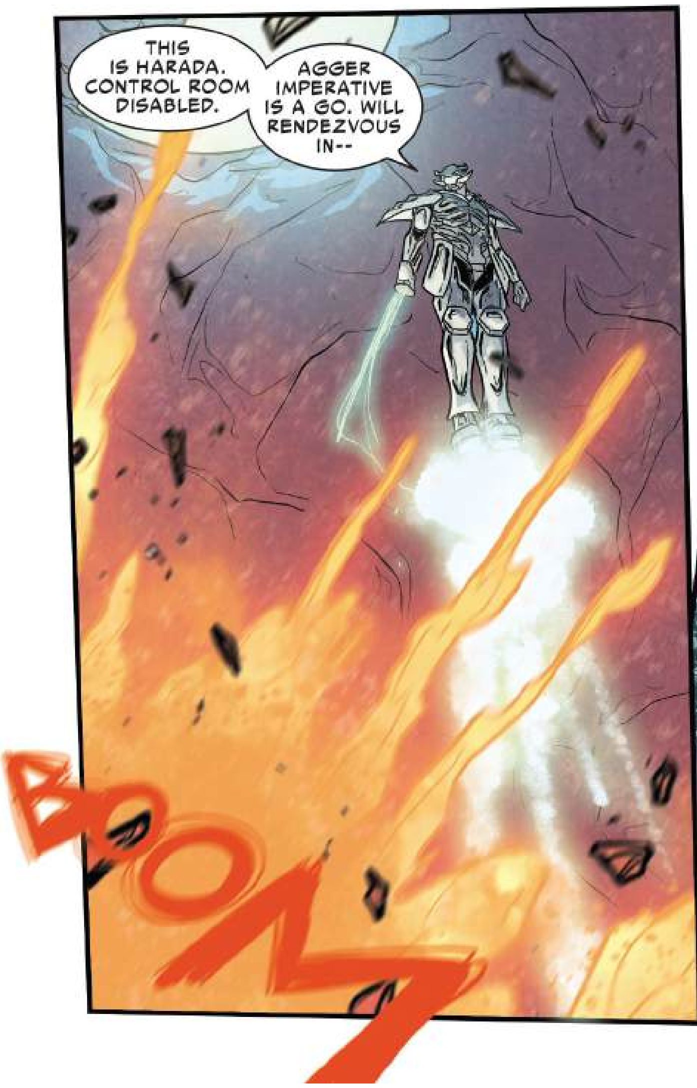

WE FIND THAT COMPUTER HUB, IT JUST MIGHT GIVE US THE EVIDENCE WE NEED TO FINALLY BRING ROXXON CRUMBLING DOWN.
TO MAKE THEM PAY FOR WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THIS PLANET. AND ALL THE PEOPLE THEY'VE CRUSHED ALONG THE WAY.
FOR WHAT THEY DID TO BROXTON, OKLAHOMA.*
*SEE THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #19-24. -WIL
RIGHT. I WAS THERE. I SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO BROXTON.
WHAT DOES SHE KNOW ABOUT BROXTON? WHO IS THIS LADY?
SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT. THE ODINSON MAY HAVE TRUSTED THIS WOMAN, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE A SECRET TO HIDE.
SO...YOU BELIEVE AGGER HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY HIS CORPORATE RIVALS?
GIVEN THE SCENE AT THE BANK, YEAH, THAT'S MY HUNCH.
AND YOU BELIEVE THEY MEAN HARM TO ROXXON, PERHAPS EVEN TO AGGER HIMSELF?
DOESN'T EVERYONE?
THEN I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR YOU, AGENT SOLOMON...
WHY EXACTLY SHOULD WE ATTEMPT TO STOP THEM?
THAT IS AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.
AND IF THERE WASN'T AN EQUALLY IMPORTANT ANSWER, BELIEVE ME, I'D BE READY TO KNOCK OFF EARLY AND SIP SOME MAI TAIS BY THE POOL.
BUT I'M AFRAID THERE IS SUCH AN ANSWER...

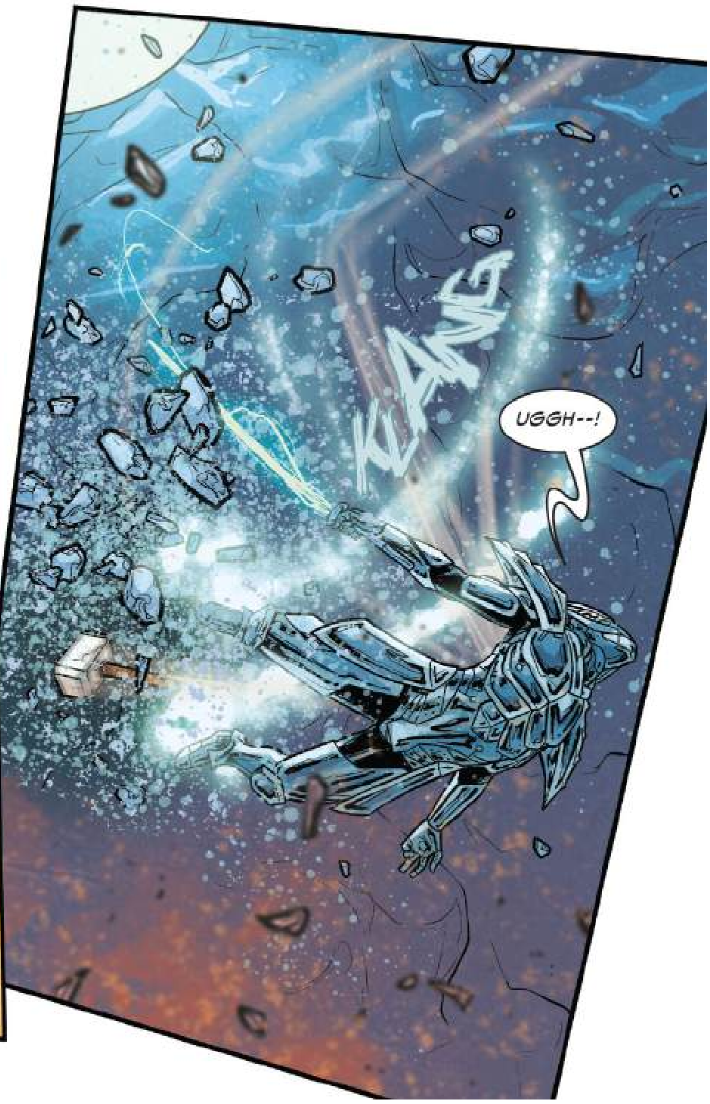

"...IT'S CALLED THE *AGGER IMPERATIVE*. AND IT'S SOMETHING WE HAVE TO AVOID AT ALL COSTS."
MEANWHILE. NOT FAR AWAY.
WARNING. THIS FACILITY IS UNDER ATTACK.
THREAT LEVEL OMEGA. LETHAL FORCE IS AUTHORIZED AND ENCOURAGED.
DOOMSDAY SCENARIO IS IN EFFECT! STATUS UPDATE, PEOPLE!
SATELLITE UPLOAD AT 79 PERCENT. ALL SERVERS ARE SET TO FRY BEFORE BEING ACCESSED.
STILL TRIANGULATING THE NANITE TRACKING AGENT IN MR. AGGER'S BLOOD. SHOULD HAVE A G.P.S. LOCK ANY SECOND NOW.
READY TO DEPLOY THE *BERSERKER SQUAD*.
THE 'ZERKERS?! HAVE THEY EVEN BEEN FIELD-TESTED YET?
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR FIELD TESTING! THIS IS NOT A DRILL, FOLKS! WE ARE COUNTING DOWN UNTIL THE AGGER IMPERATIVE KICKS IN, AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT *THAT*--
WE HAVE MULTIPLE UNITS DOWN AND TARGET INCOMING! ANYONE NOT CHAINED TO A TERMINAL, STAND UP AND FALL IN, NOW!
BUT... I WENT TO M.I.T.
THEN YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO USE THIS. LET'S GO.

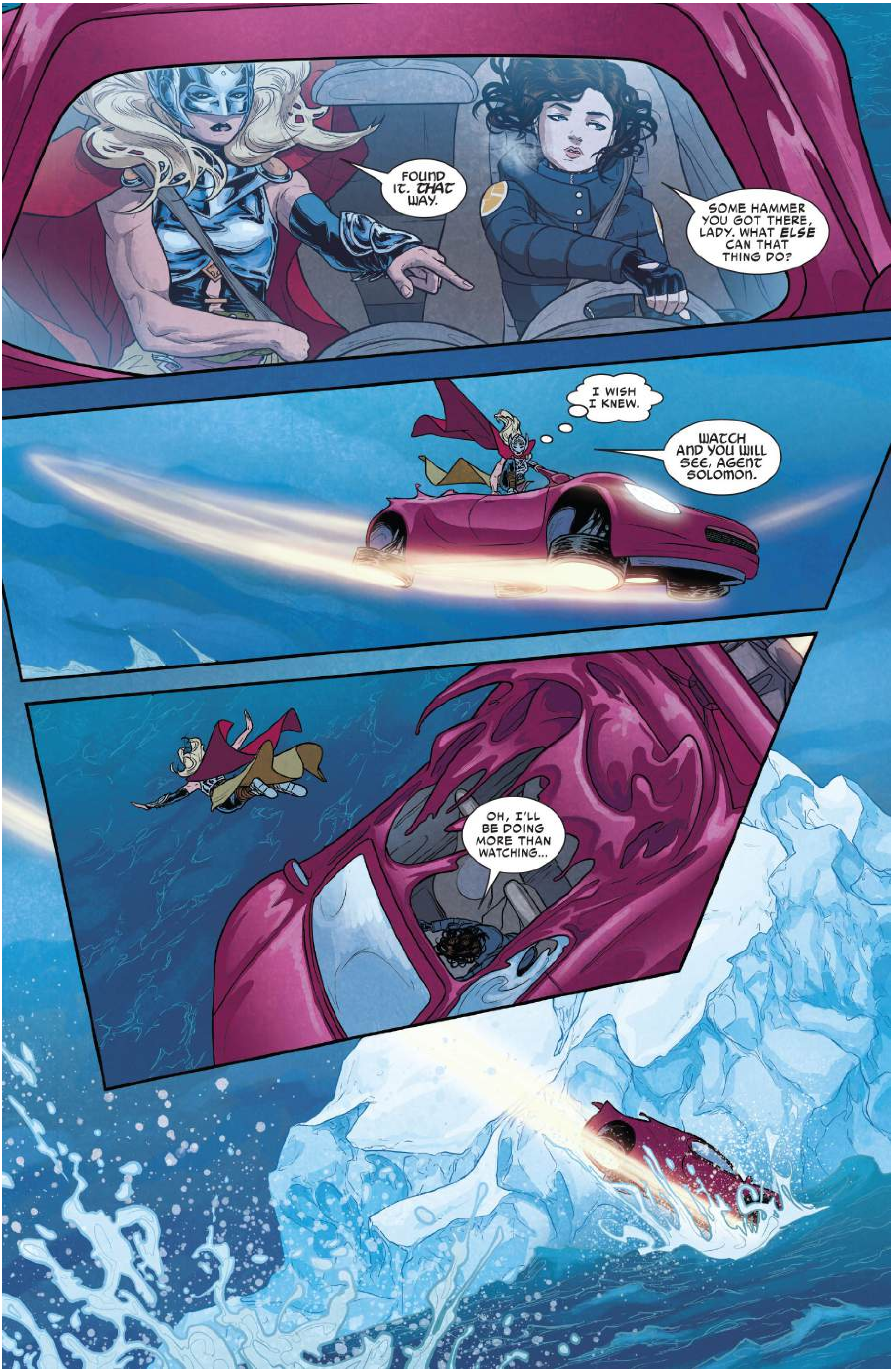

CONTACT IS IMMINENT! *OPEN FIRE!*
YOU BROUGHT MACHINE GUNS TO A SWORD FIGHT?
SUCKS TO BE YOU.

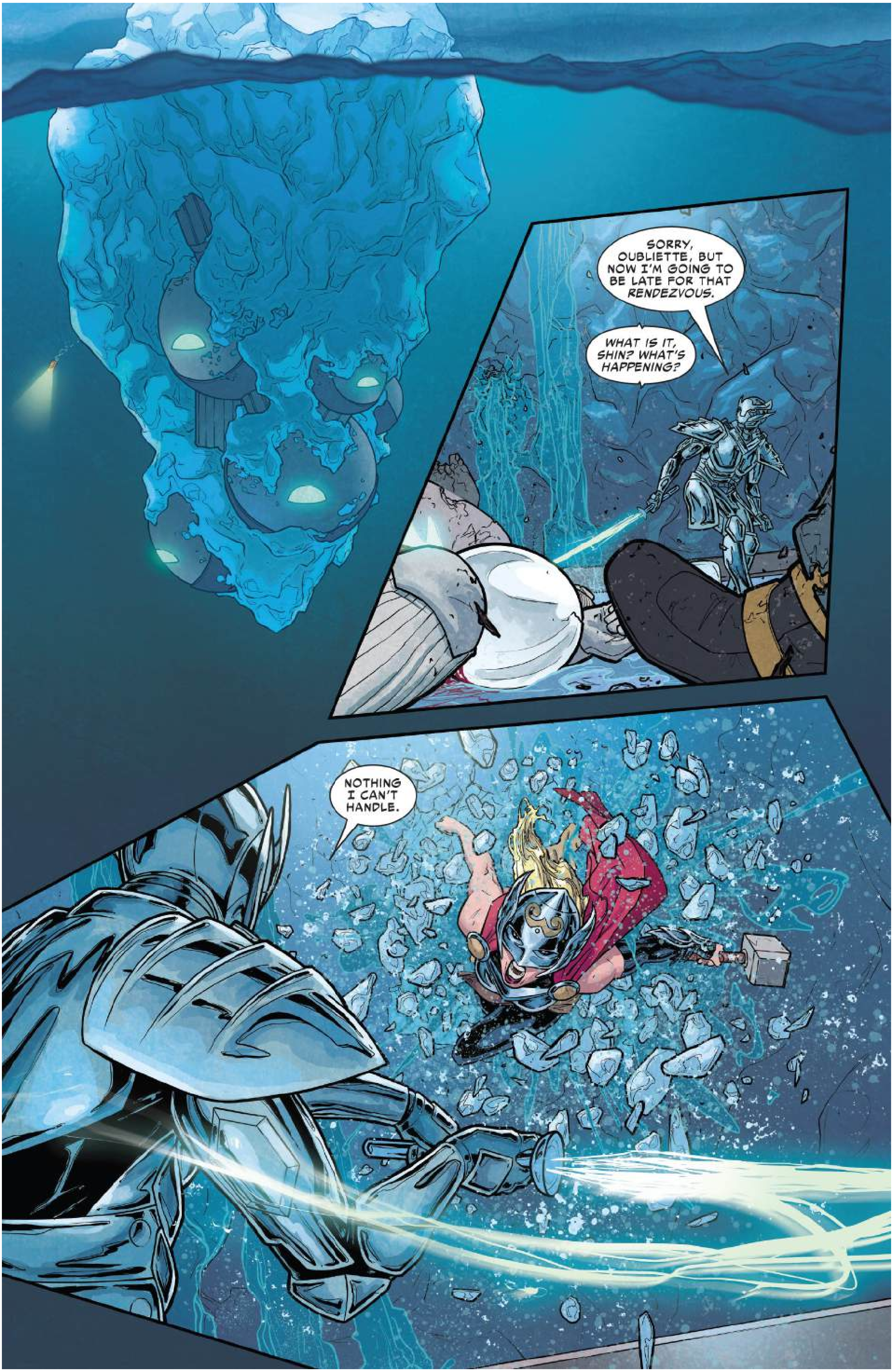

WAIT, I'M JUST A TECH! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME, MR. HARADA!
I...I WROTE A PAPER ON YOU IN COLLEGE. I GOT A B+.

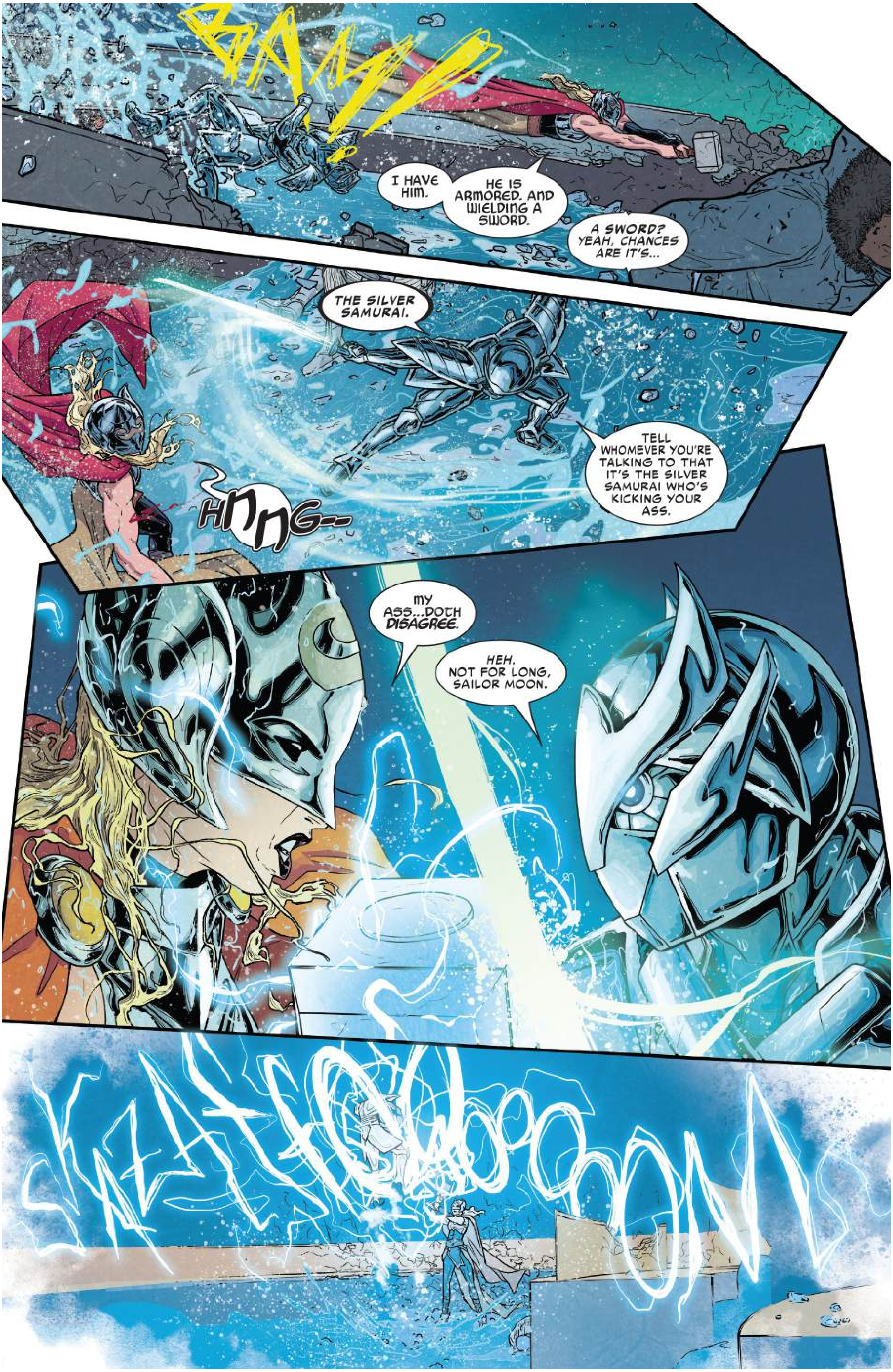

THEN I SUPPOSE YOU CAN GUESS WHAT THIS IS.
OH, GOD.

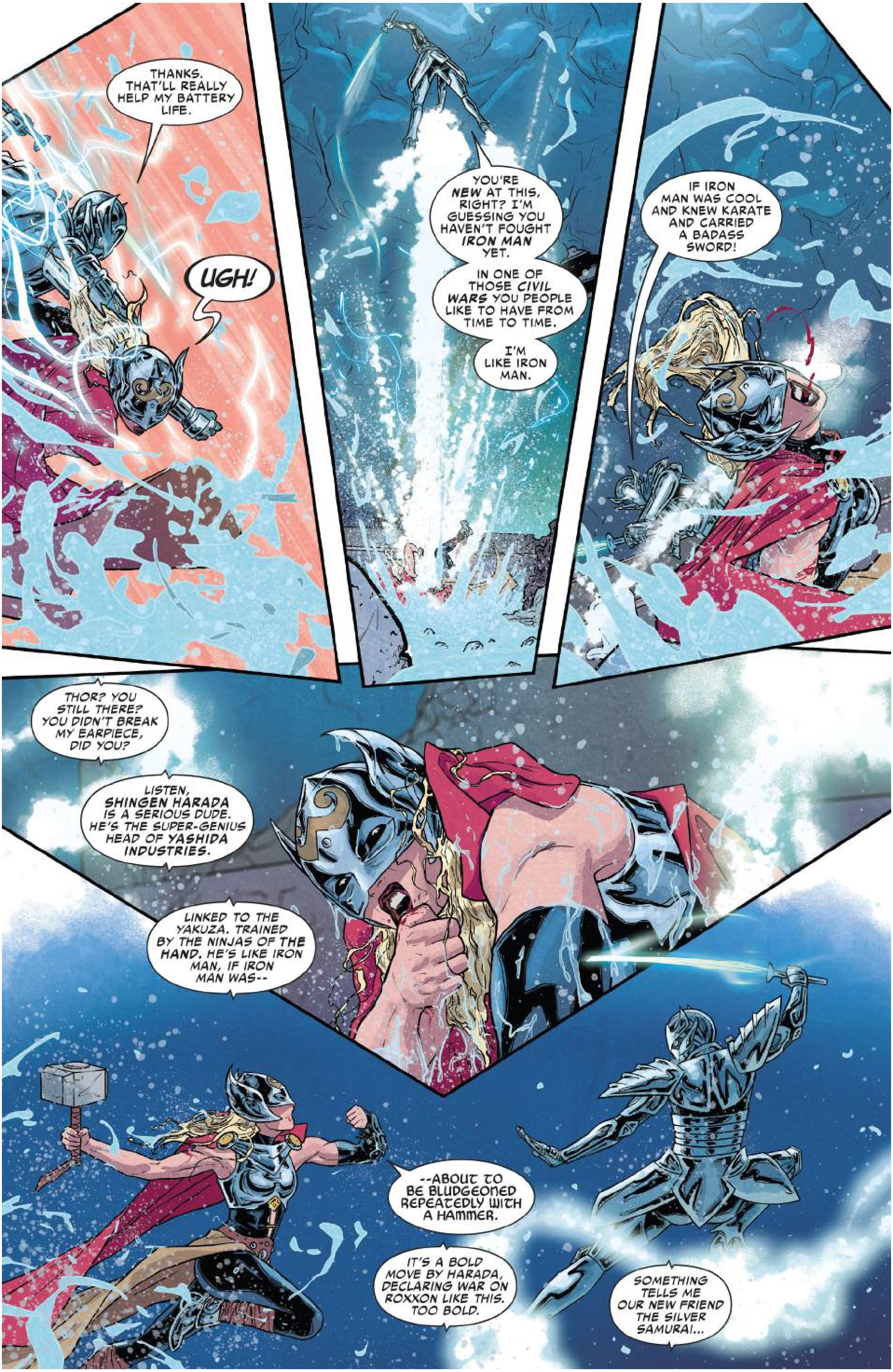

THIS IS HARADA. CONTROL ROOM DISABLED.
AGGER IMPERATIVE IS A GO. WILL RENDEZVOUS IN--
BOOM

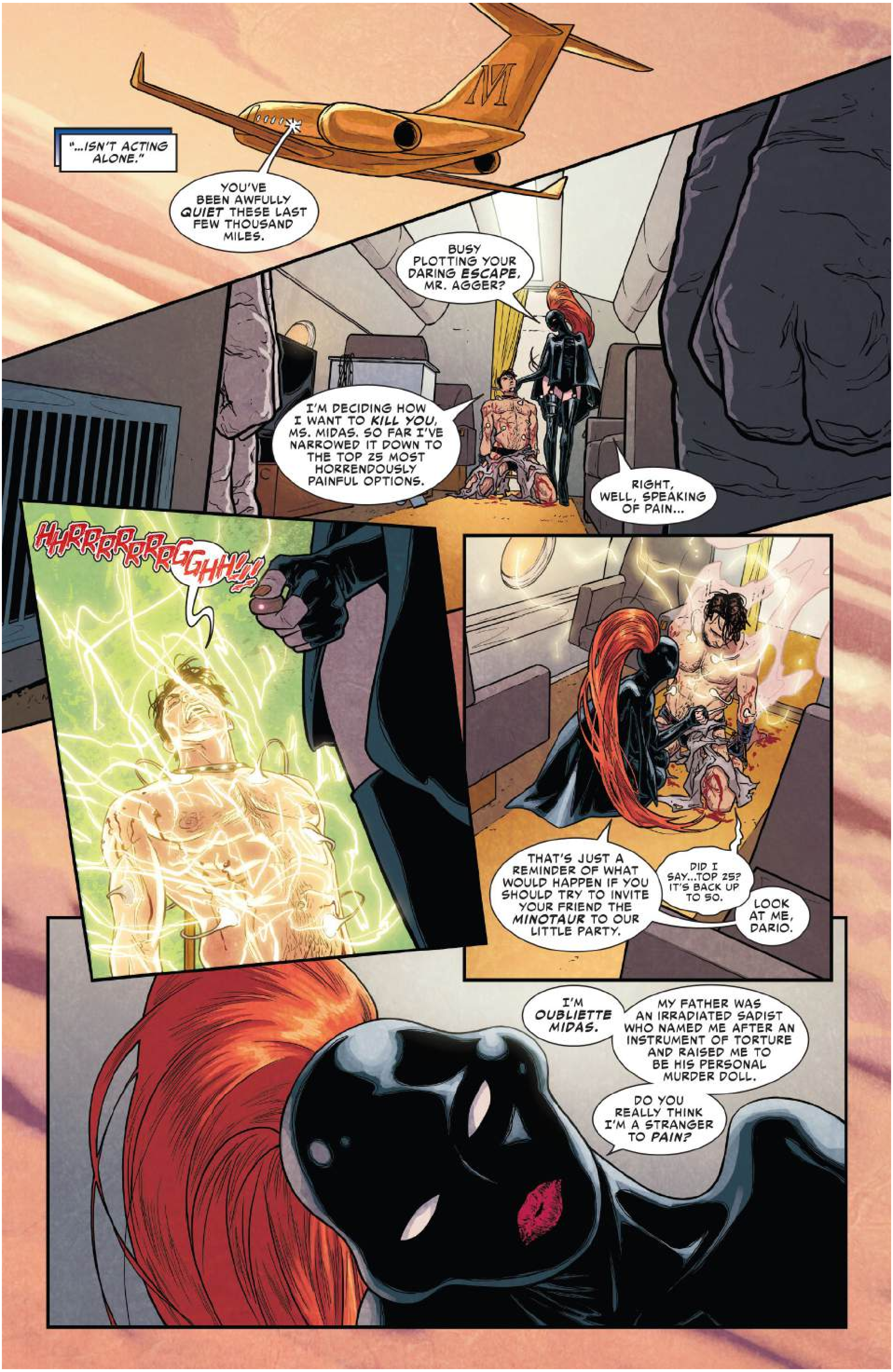

KLANG
UGGH--!

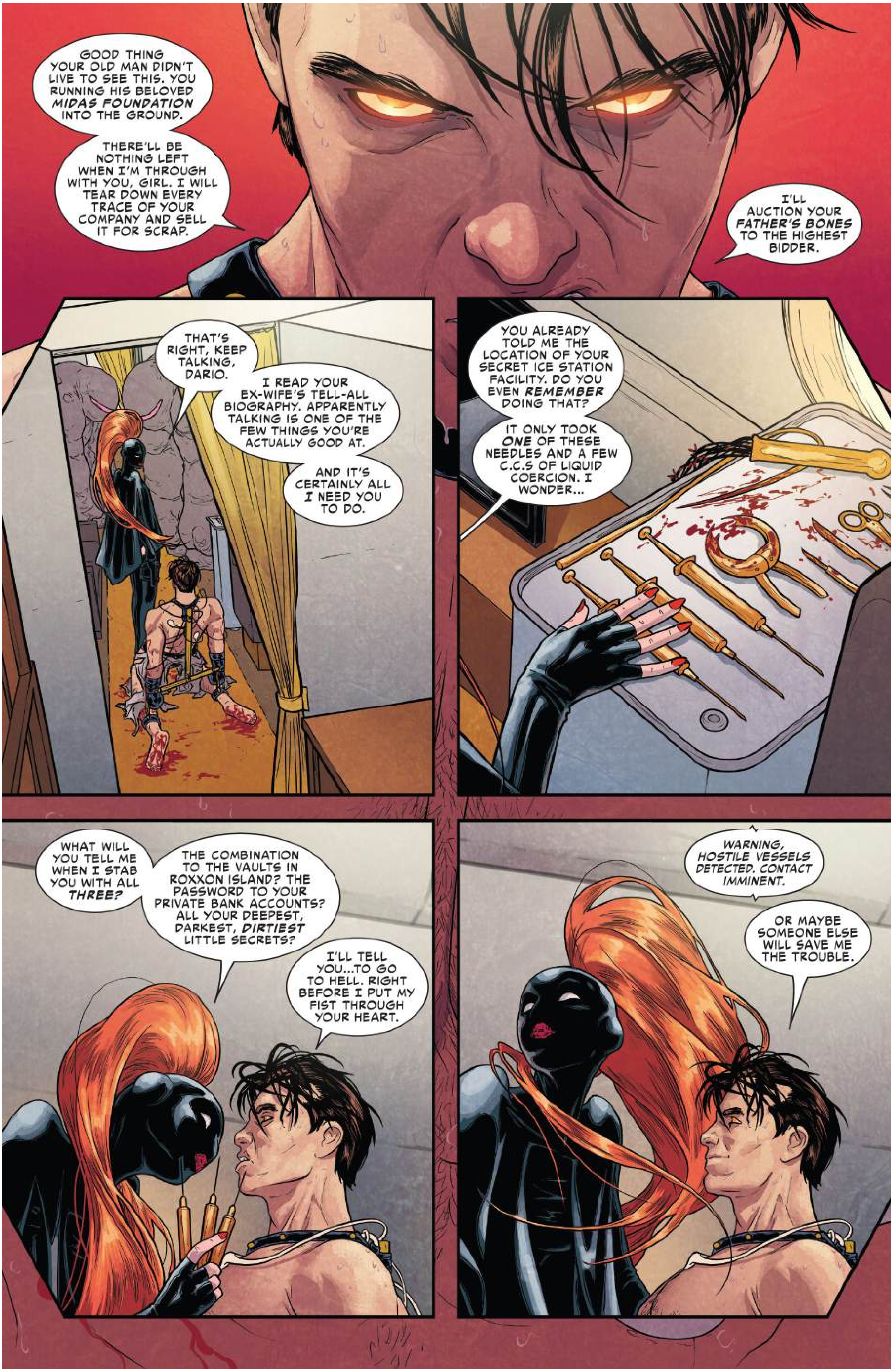

FOUND IT. *THAT* WAY.
SOME HAMMER YOU GOT THERE, LADY. WHAT *ELSE* CAN THAT THING DO?
I WISH I KNEW.
WATCH AND YOU WILL SEE, AGENT SOLOMON.
OH, I'LL BE DOING MORE THAN WATCHING...

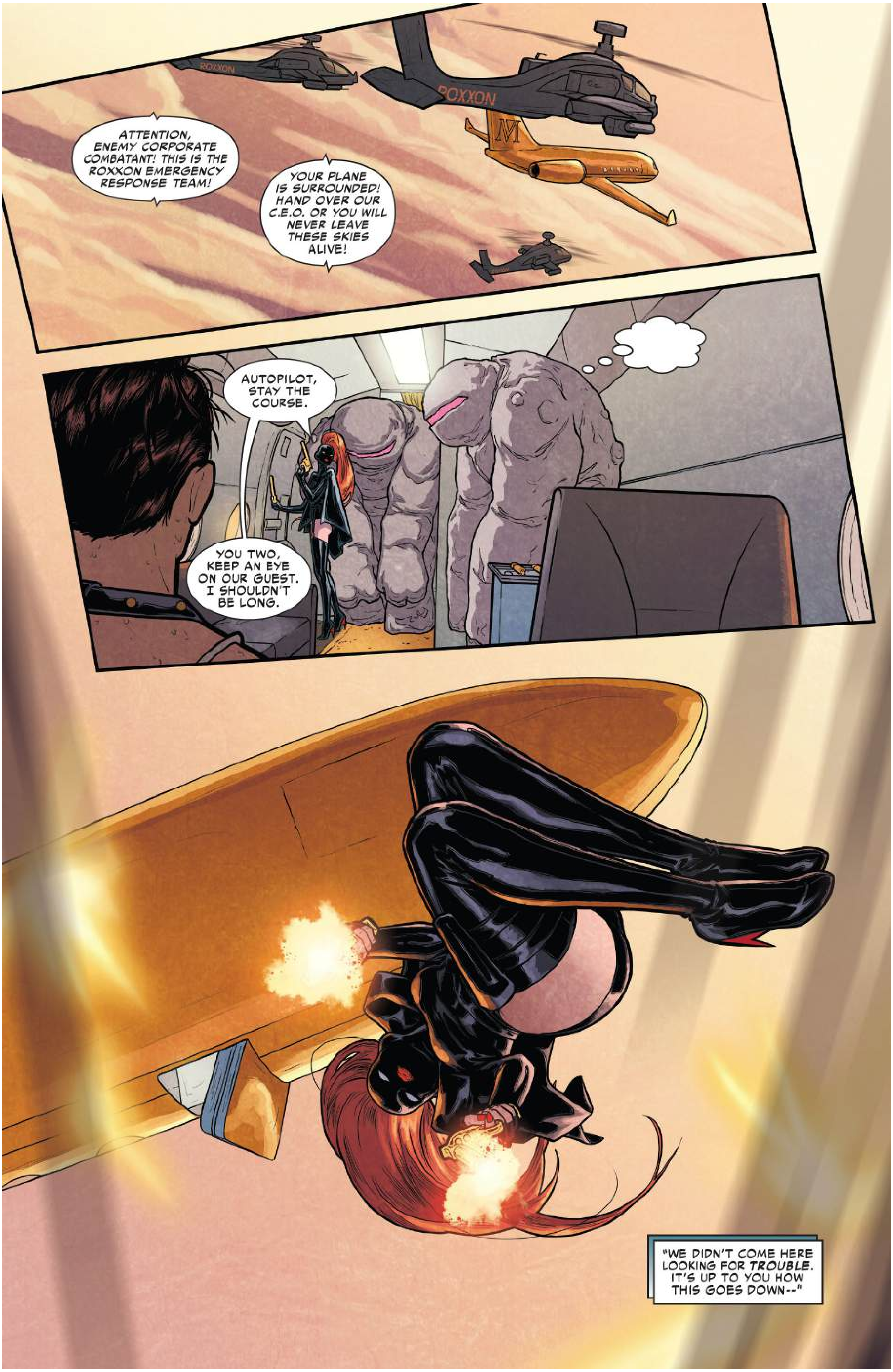

SORRY, OUBLIETTE, BUT NOW I'M GOING TO BE LATE FOR THAT *RENDEZVOUS.*
WHAT IS IT, SHIN? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.

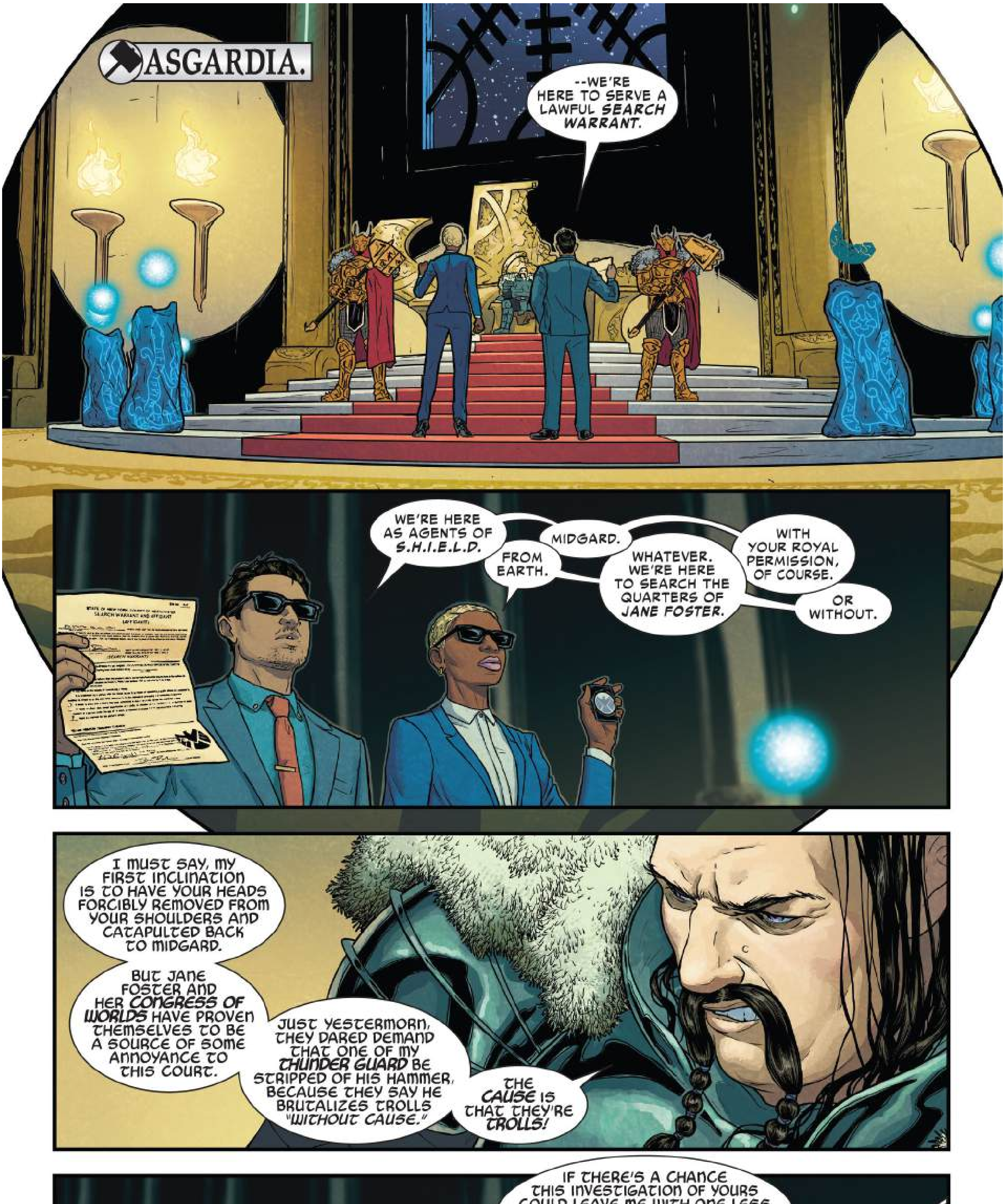

BAM!
I HAVE HIM.
HE IS ARMORED. AND WIELDING A SWORD.
A SWORD? YEAH, CHANCES ARE IT'S...
THE SILVER SAMURAI.
TELL WHOMEVER YOU'RE TALKING TO THAT IT'S THE SILVER SAMURAI WHO'S KICKING YOUR ASS.
HNNG--
MY ASS...DOTH DISAGREE.
HEH. NOT FOR LONG, SAILOR MOON.

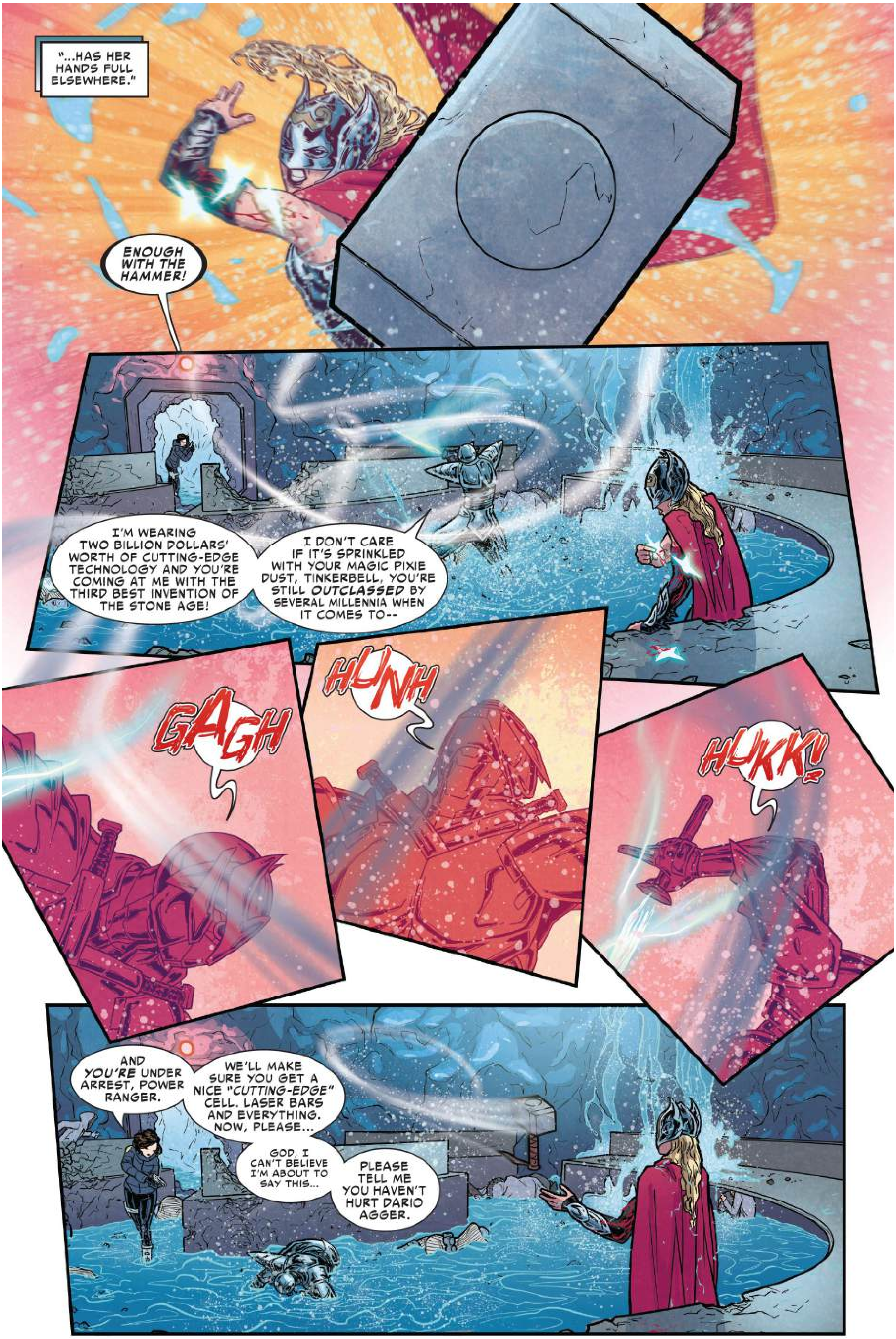

THANKS. THAT'LL REALLY HELP MY BATTERY LIFE.
UGH!
YOU'RE *NEW* AT THIS, RIGHT? I'M GUESSING YOU HAVEN'T FOUGHT *IRON MAN* YET.
IN ONE OF THOSE *CIVIL WARS* YOU PEOPLE LIKE TO HAVE FROM TIME TO TIME.
I'M LIKE IRON MAN.
IF IRON MAN WAS COOL AND KNEW KARATE AND CARRIED A BADASS SWORD!
THOR? YOU STILL THERE? YOU DIDN'T BREAK MY EARPIECE, DID YOU?
LISTEN, **SHINGEN HARADA** IS A SERIOUS DUDE. HE'S THE SUPER-GENIUS HEAD OF **YASHIDA INDUSTRIES.**
LINKED TO THE YAKUZA. TRAINED BY THE NINJAS OF **THE HAND.** HE'S LIKE IRON MAN, IF IRON MAN WAS--
--ABOUT TO BE BLUDGEONED REPEATEDLY WITH A HAMMER.
IT'S A BOLD MOVE BY HARADA, DECLARING WAR ON ROXXON LIKE THIS. TOO BOLD.
SOMETHING TELLS ME OUR NEW FRIEND THE SILVER SAMURAI...

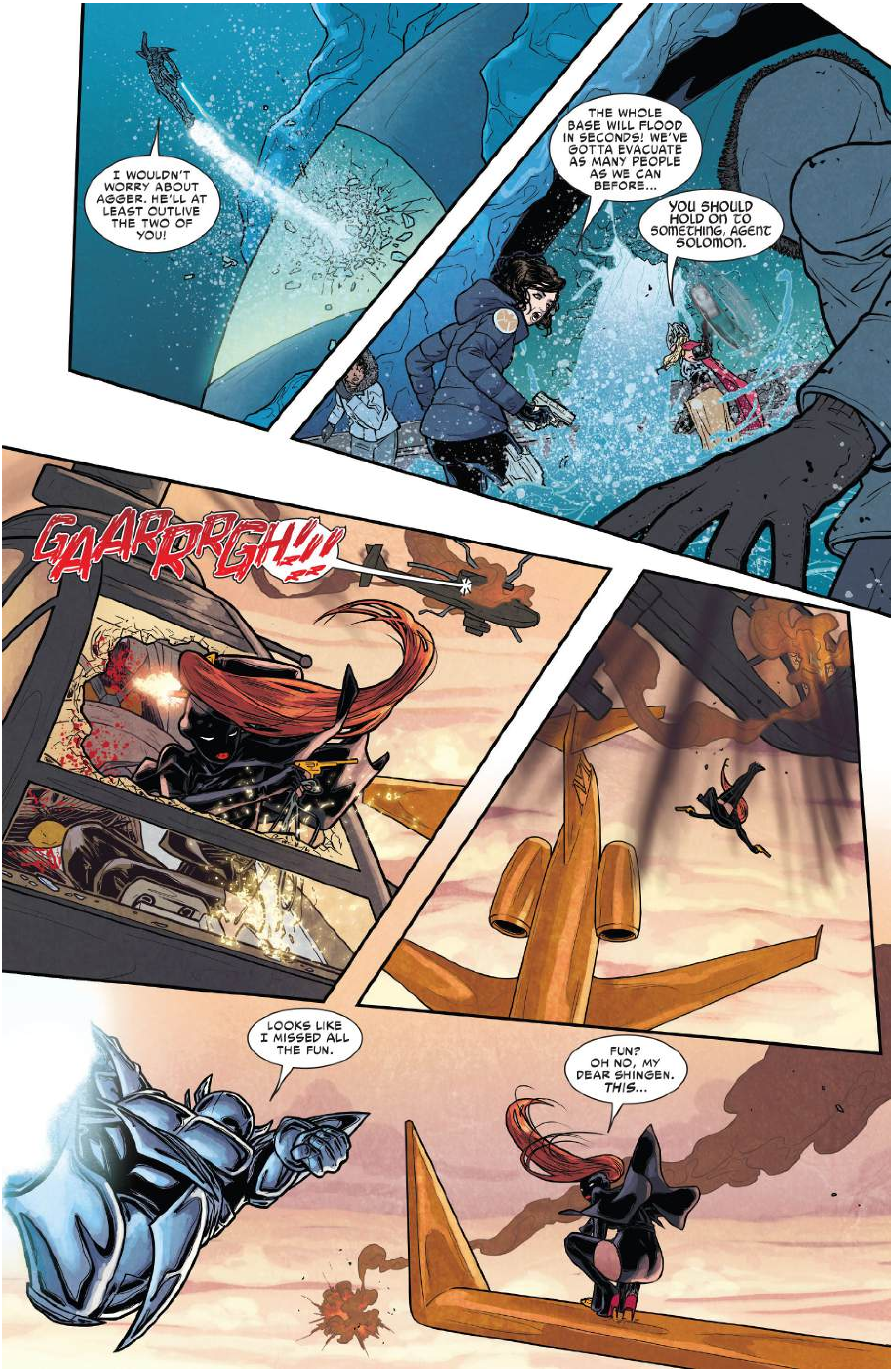

"...ISN'T ACTING ALONE."
YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY QUIET THESE LAST FEW THOUSAND MILES.
BUSY PLOTTING YOUR DARING ESCAPE, MR. AGGER?
I'M DECIDING HOW I WANT TO KILL YOU, MS. MIDAS. SO FAR I'VE NARROWED IT DOWN TO THE TOP 25 MOST HORRENDOUSLY PAINFUL OPTIONS.
RIGHT, WELL, SPEAKING OF PAIN...
HHRRRRRRRGGHH!!!
THAT'S JUST A REMINDER OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU SHOULD TRY TO INVITE YOUR FRIEND THE MINOTAUR TO OUR LITTLE PARTY.
DID I SAY...TOP 25? IT'S BACK UP TO 50.
LOOK AT ME, DARIO.
I'M OUBLIETTE MIDAS.
MY FATHER WAS AN IRRADIATED SADIST WHO NAMED ME AFTER AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE AND RAISED ME TO BE HIS PERSONAL MURDER DOLL.
DO YOU REALLY THINK I'M A STRANGER TO PAIN?

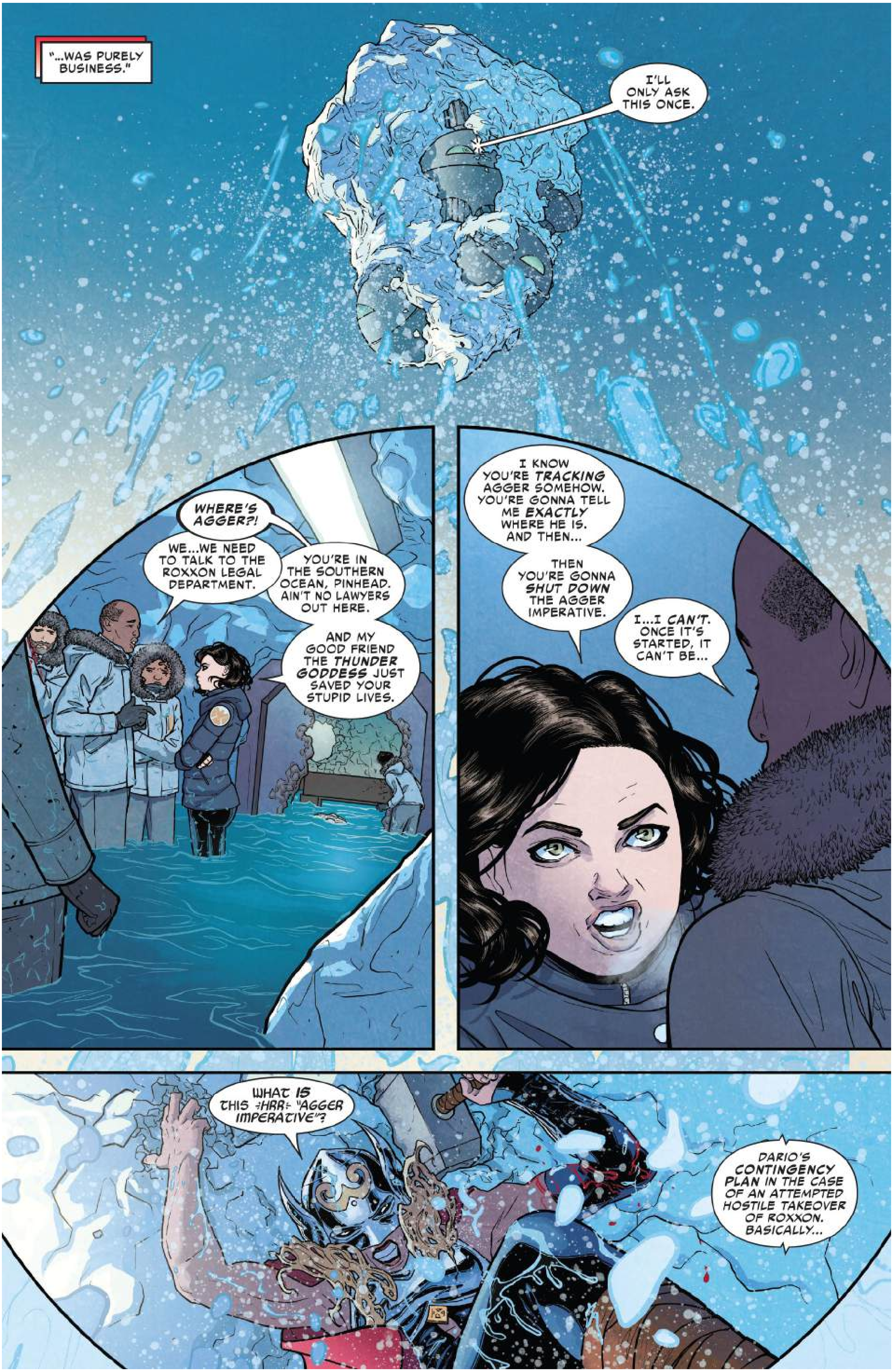

GOOD THING YOUR OLD MAN DIDN'T LIVE TO SEE THIS. YOU RUNNING HIS BELOVED *MIDAS FOUNDATION* INTO THE GROUND.
THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, GIRL. I WILL TEAR DOWN EVERY TRACE OF YOUR COMPANY AND SELL IT FOR SCRAP.
I'LL AUCTION YOUR *FATHER'S BONES* TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
THAT'S RIGHT, KEEP TALKING, DARIO.
I READ YOUR EX-WIFE'S TELL-ALL BIOGRAPHY. APPARENTLY TALKING IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOOD AT.
AND IT'S CERTAINLY ALL *I* NEED YOU TO DO.
YOU ALREADY TOLD ME THE LOCATION OF YOUR SECRET ICE STATION FACILITY. DO YOU EVEN *REMEMBER* DOING THAT?
IT ONLY TOOK *ONE* OF THESE NEEDLES AND A FEW C.C.S OF LIQUID COERCION. I WONDER...
WHAT WILL YOU TELL ME WHEN I STAB YOU WITH ALL *THREE?*
THE COMBINATION TO THE VAULTS IN ROXXON ISLAND? THE PASSWORD TO YOUR PRIVATE BANK ACCOUNTS? ALL YOUR DEEPEST, DARKEST, *DIRTIEST* LITTLE SECRETS?
I'LL TELL YOU...TO GO TO HELL. RIGHT BEFORE I PUT MY FIST THROUGH YOUR HEART.
WARNING, HOSTILE VESSELS DETECTED. CONTACT IMMINENT.
OR MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE WILL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE.

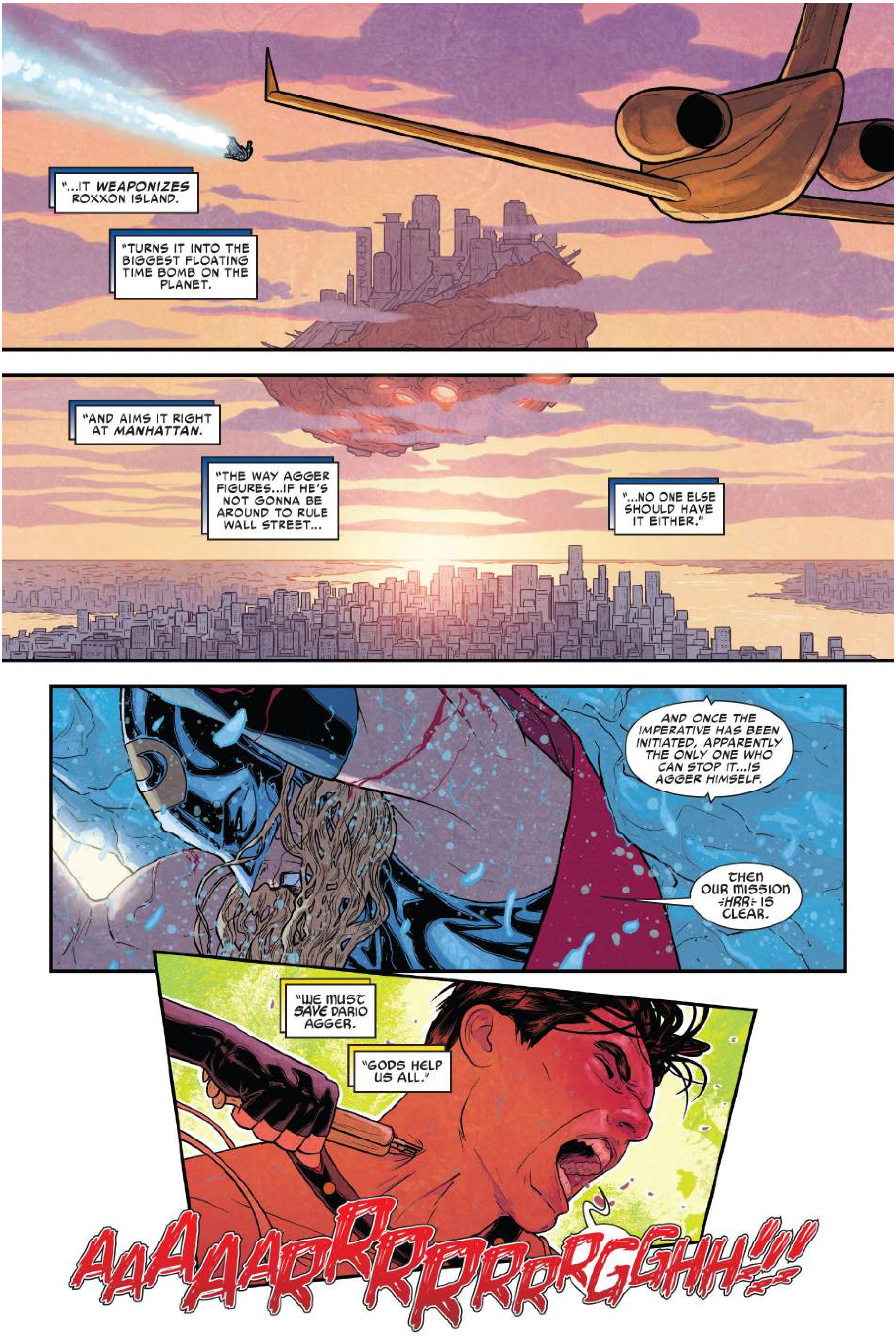

ROXXON
ROXXON
M
ATTENTION, ENEMY CORPORATE COMBATANT! THIS IS THE ROXXON EMERGENCY RESPONSE TEAM!
YOUR PLANE IS SURROUNDED! HAND OVER OUR C.E.O. OR YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THESE SKIES ALIVE!
AUTOPILOT, STAY THE COURSE.
YOU TWO, KEEP AN EYE ON OUR GUEST. I SHOULDN'T BE LONG.
"WE DIDN'T COME HERE LOOKING FOR *TROUBLE*. IT'S UP TO YOU HOW THIS GOES DOWN--"

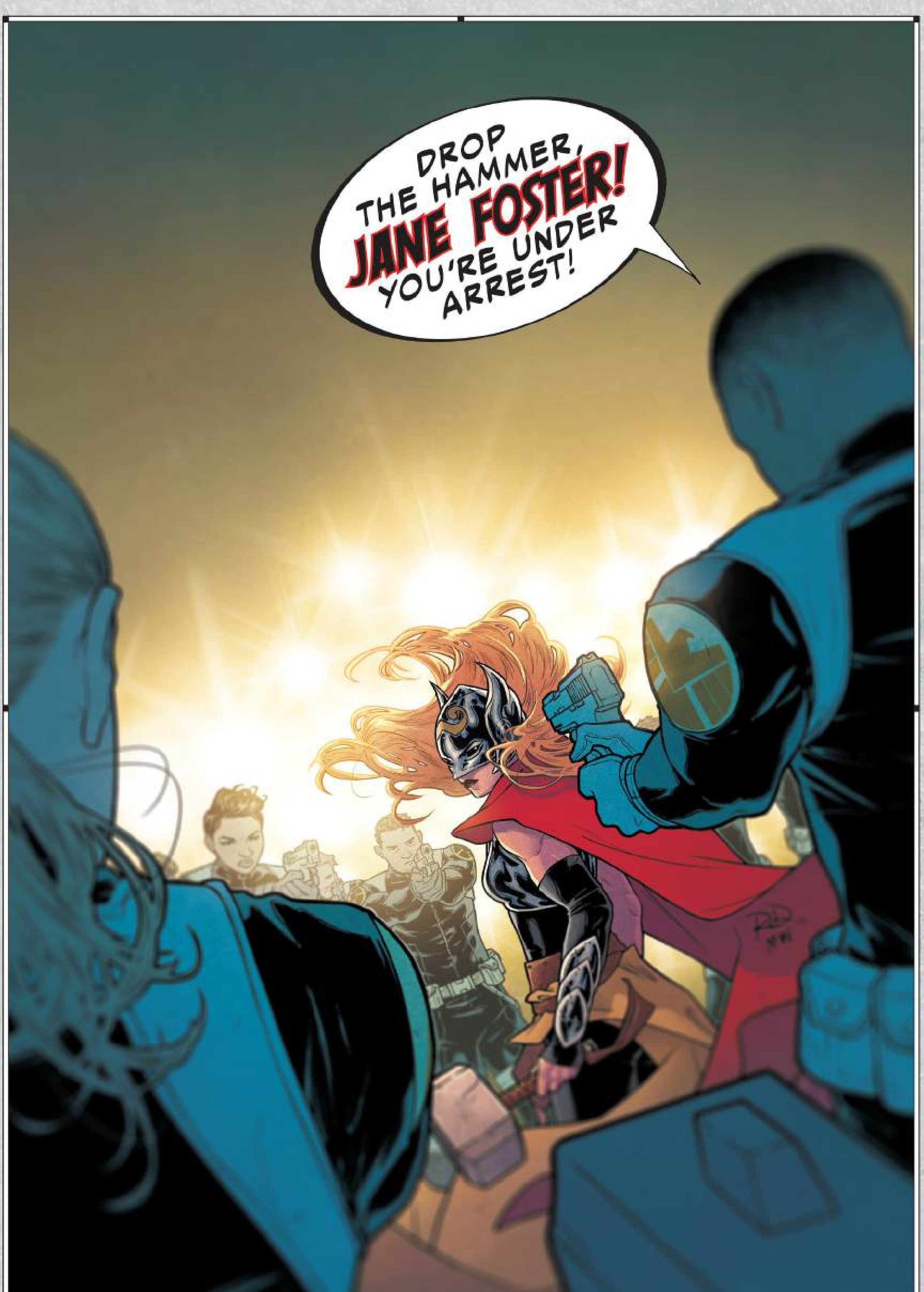

ASGARDIA.
--WE'RE HERE TO SERVE A LAWFUL *SEARCH WARRANT.*
WE'RE HERE AS AGENTS OF *S.H.I.E.L.D.*
FROM EARTH.
MIDGARD.
WHATEVER. WE'RE HERE TO SEARCH THE QUARTERS OF *JANE FOSTER.*
WITH YOUR ROYAL PERMISSION, OF COURSE.
OR WITHOUT.
I MUST SAY, MY FIRST INCLINATION IS TO HAVE YOUR HEADS FORCIBLY REMOVED FROM YOUR SHOULDERS AND CATAPULTED BACK TO MIDGARD.
BUT JANE FOSTER AND HER ***CONGRESS OF WORLDS*** HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES TO BE A SOURCE OF SOME ANNOYANCE TO THIS COURT.
JUST YESTERMORN, THEY DARED DEMAND THAT ONE OF MY ***THUNDER GUARD*** BE STRIPPED OF HIS HAMMER, BECAUSE THEY SAY HE BRUTALIZES TROLLS *"WITHOUT CAUSE."*
THE ***CAUSE*** IS THAT THEY'RE ***TROLLS!***
IF THERE'S A CHANCE THIS INVESTIGATION OF YOURS COULD LEAVE ME WITH ONE LESS SENATOR-SIZED THORN IN MY SIDE, THEN BY ALL MEANS, ALLOW MY GUARDS TO SHOW YOU TO JANE FOSTER'S QUARTERS.
AND PERHAPS SOMEONE SHOULD ROUND UP THE GOOD CONGRESSWOMAN HERSELF.
OH, THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, MR. CUL.
OR LIKELY EVEN POSSIBLE. SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT MS. FOSTER...


"...HAS HER HANDS FULL ELSEWHERE."
ENOUGH WITH THE HAMMER!
I'M WEARING TWO BILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF CUTTING-EDGE TECHNOLOGY AND YOU'RE COMING AT ME WITH THE THIRD BEST INVENTION OF THE STONE AGE!
I DON'T CARE IF IT'S SPRINKLED WITH YOUR MAGIC PIXIE DUST, TINKERBELL, YOU'RE STILL *OUTCLASSED* BY SEVERAL MILLENNIA WHEN IT COMES TO--
GAGH
HUNH
HUKK!
AND *YOU'RE* UNDER ARREST, POWER RANGER.
WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET A NICE *"CUTTING-EDGE"* CELL. LASER BARS AND EVERYTHING. NOW, PLEASE...
GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ABOUT TO SAY THIS...
PLEASE TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T HURT DARIO AGGER.


I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT AGGER. HE'LL AT LEAST OUTLIVE THE TWO OF YOU!
THE WHOLE BASE WILL FLOOD IN SECONDS! WE'VE GOTTA EVACUATE AS MANY PEOPLE AS WE CAN BEFORE...
YOU SHOULD HOLD ON TO SOMETHING, AGENT SOLOMON.
GAARRRGH!!!
LOOKS LIKE I MISSED ALL THE FUN.
FUN? OH NO, MY DEAR SHINGEN. *THIS*...

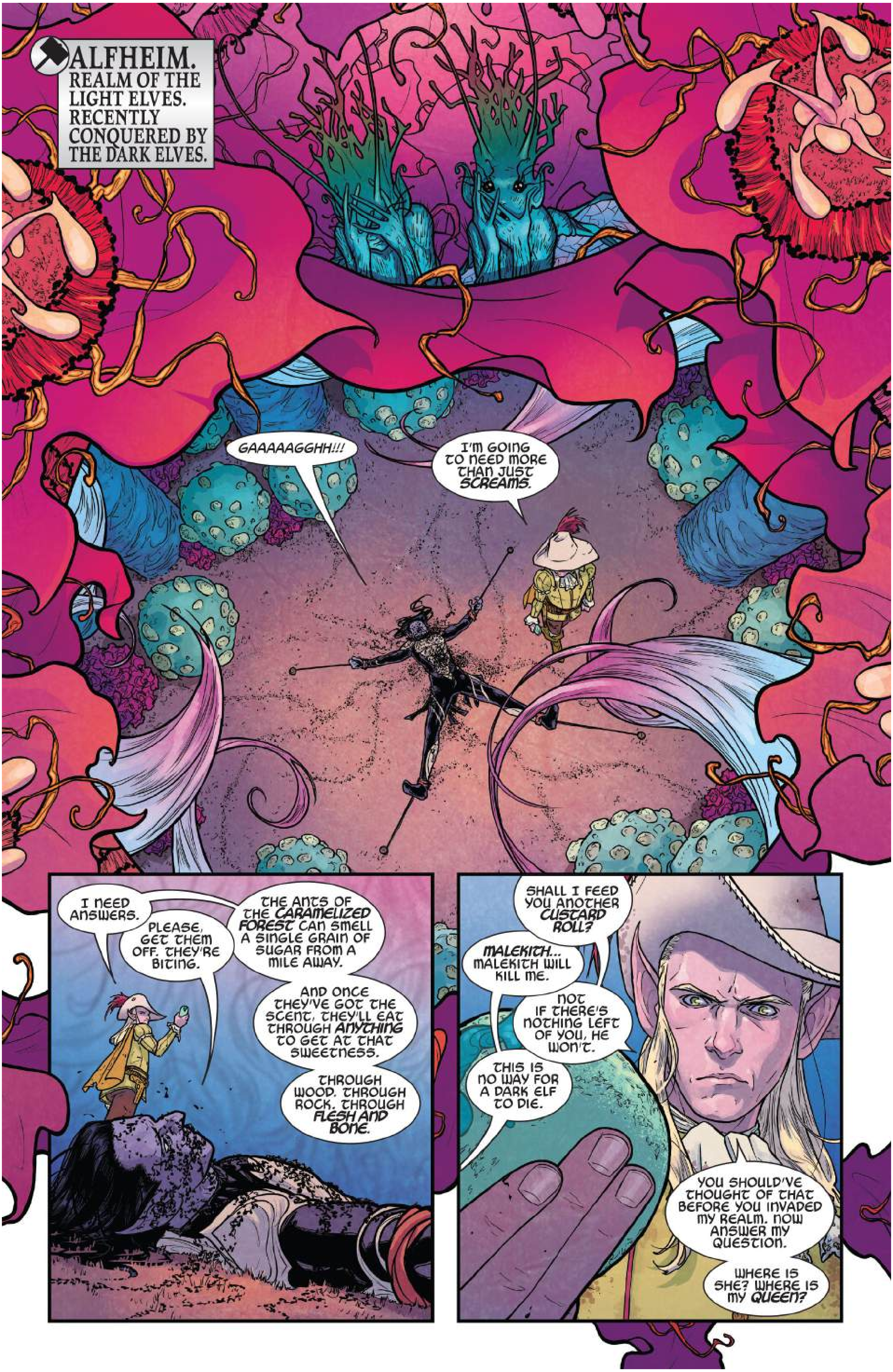

"...WAS PURELY BUSINESS."
I'LL ONLY ASK THIS ONCE.
WHERE'S AGGER?!
WE...WE NEED TO TALK TO THE ROXXON LEGAL DEPARTMENT.
YOU'RE IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN, PINHEAD. AIN'T NO LAWYERS OUT HERE.
AND MY GOOD FRIEND THE THUNDER GODDESS JUST SAVED YOUR STUPID LIVES.
I KNOW YOU'RE TRACKING AGGER SOMEHOW. YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE HE IS. AND THEN...
THEN YOU'RE GONNA SHUT DOWN THE AGGER IMPERATIVE.
I...I CAN'T. ONCE IT'S STARTED, IT CAN'T BE...
WHAT IS THIS ≠HRR≠ "AGGER IMPERATIVE"?
DARIO'S CONTINGENCY PLAN IN THE CASE OF AN ATTEMPTED HOSTILE TAKEOVER OF ROXXON. BASICALLY...

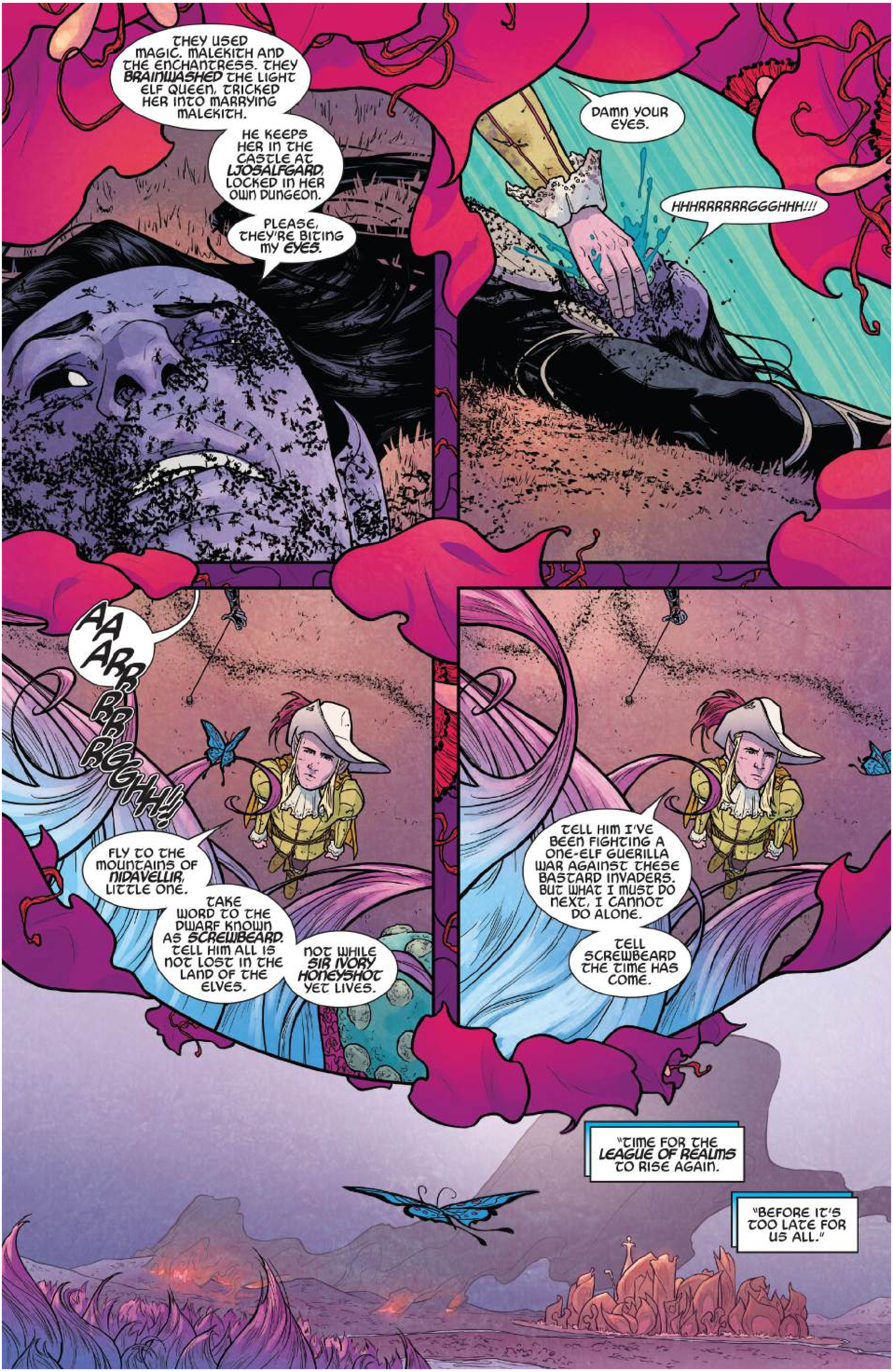

"...IT *WEAPONIZES* ROXXON ISLAND.
"TURNS IT INTO THE BIGGEST FLOATING TIME BOMB ON THE PLANET.
"AND AIMS IT RIGHT AT *MANHATTAN.*
"THE WAY AGGER FIGURES...IF HE'S NOT GONNA BE AROUND TO RULE WALL STREET...
"...NO ONE ELSE SHOULD HAVE IT EITHER."
AND ONCE THE IMPERATIVE HAS BEEN INITIATED, APPARENTLY THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN STOP IT...IS AGGER HIMSELF.
THEN OUR MISSION ⸗HRR⸗ IS CLEAR.
"WE MUST *SAVE* DARIO AGGER.
"GODS HELP US ALL."
AAAAARRRRRRGGHH!!!

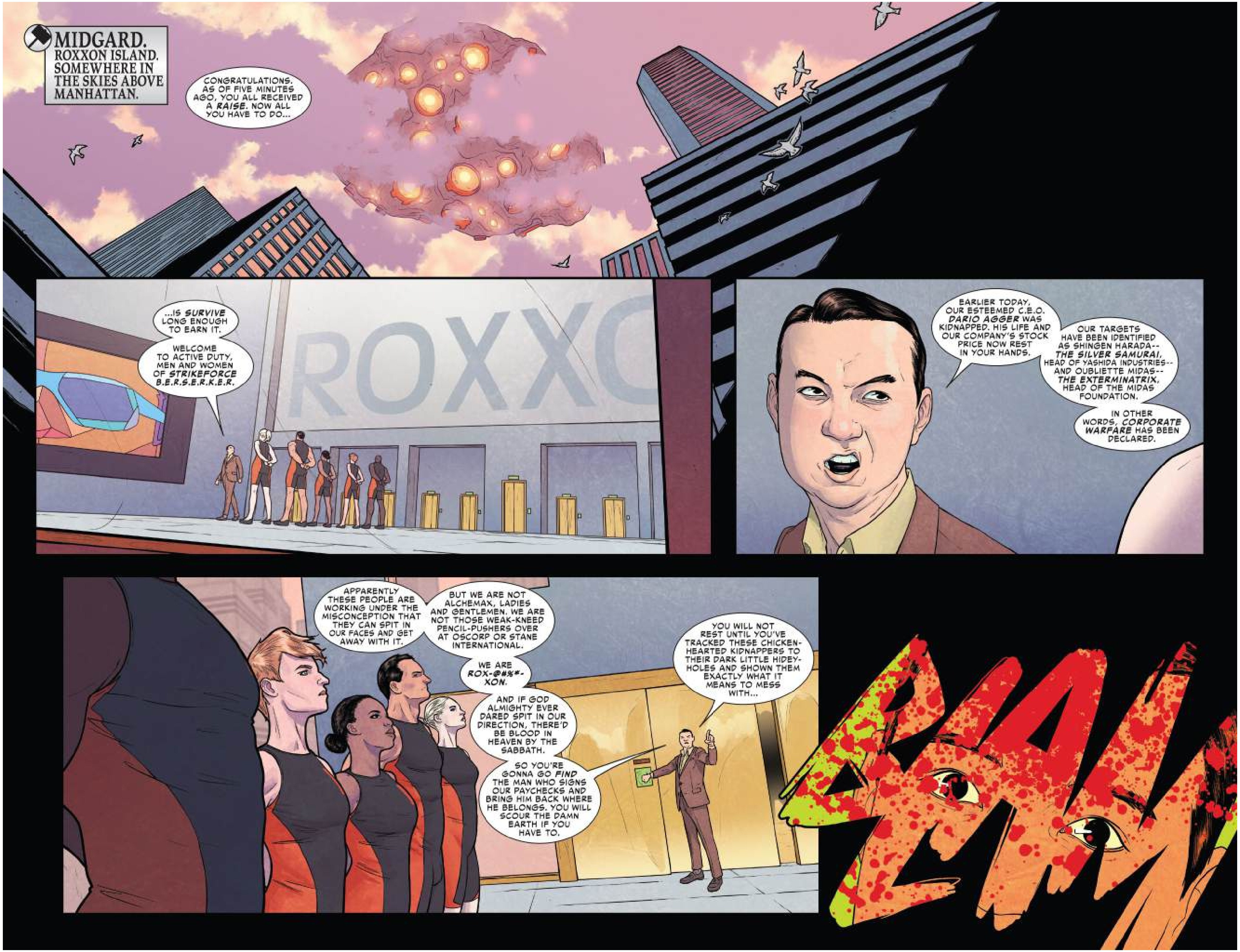

DROP THE HAMMER, JANE FOSTER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

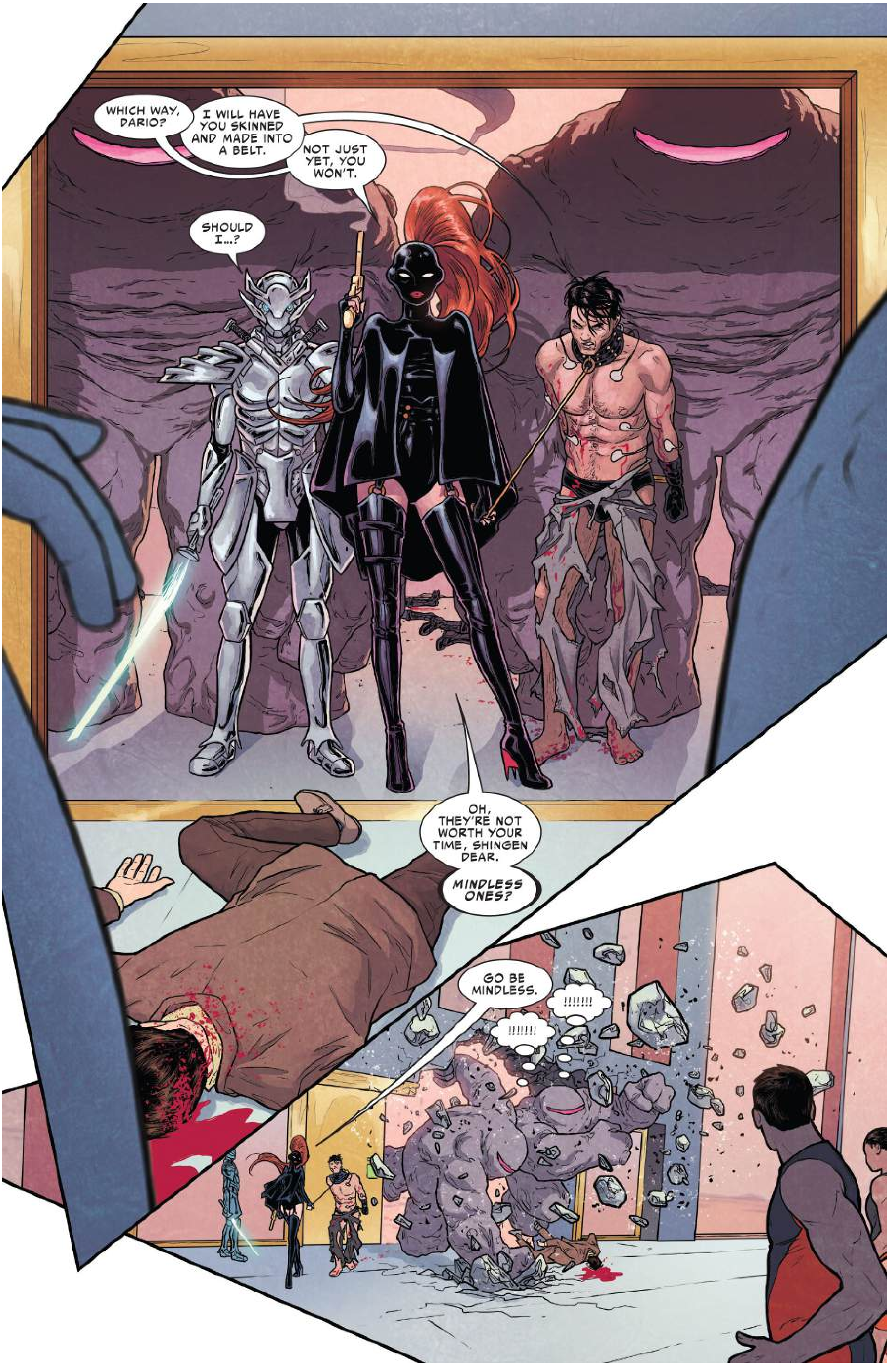
MIGHTY THOR | 10

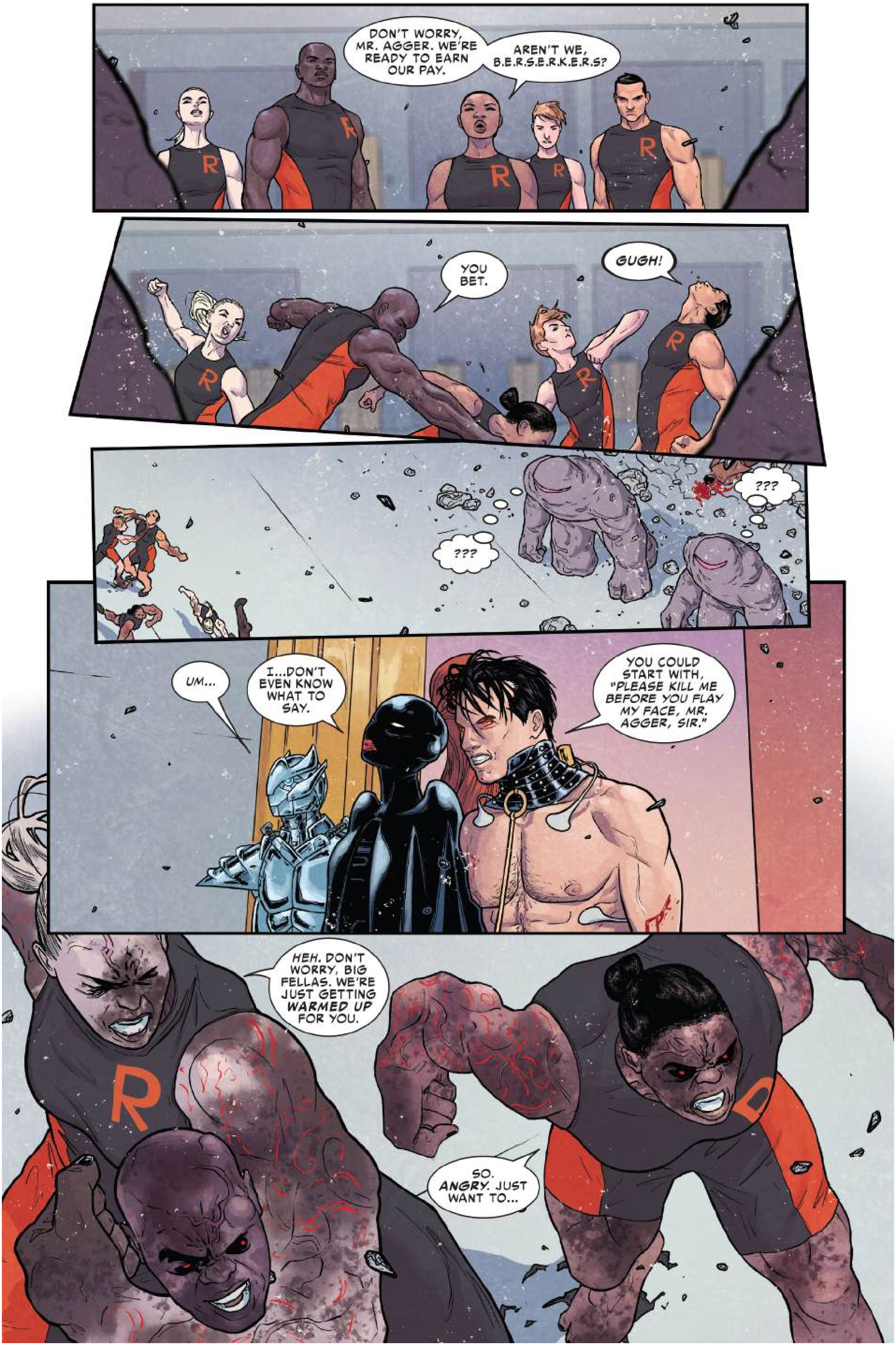
The Battle of Roxxon Island

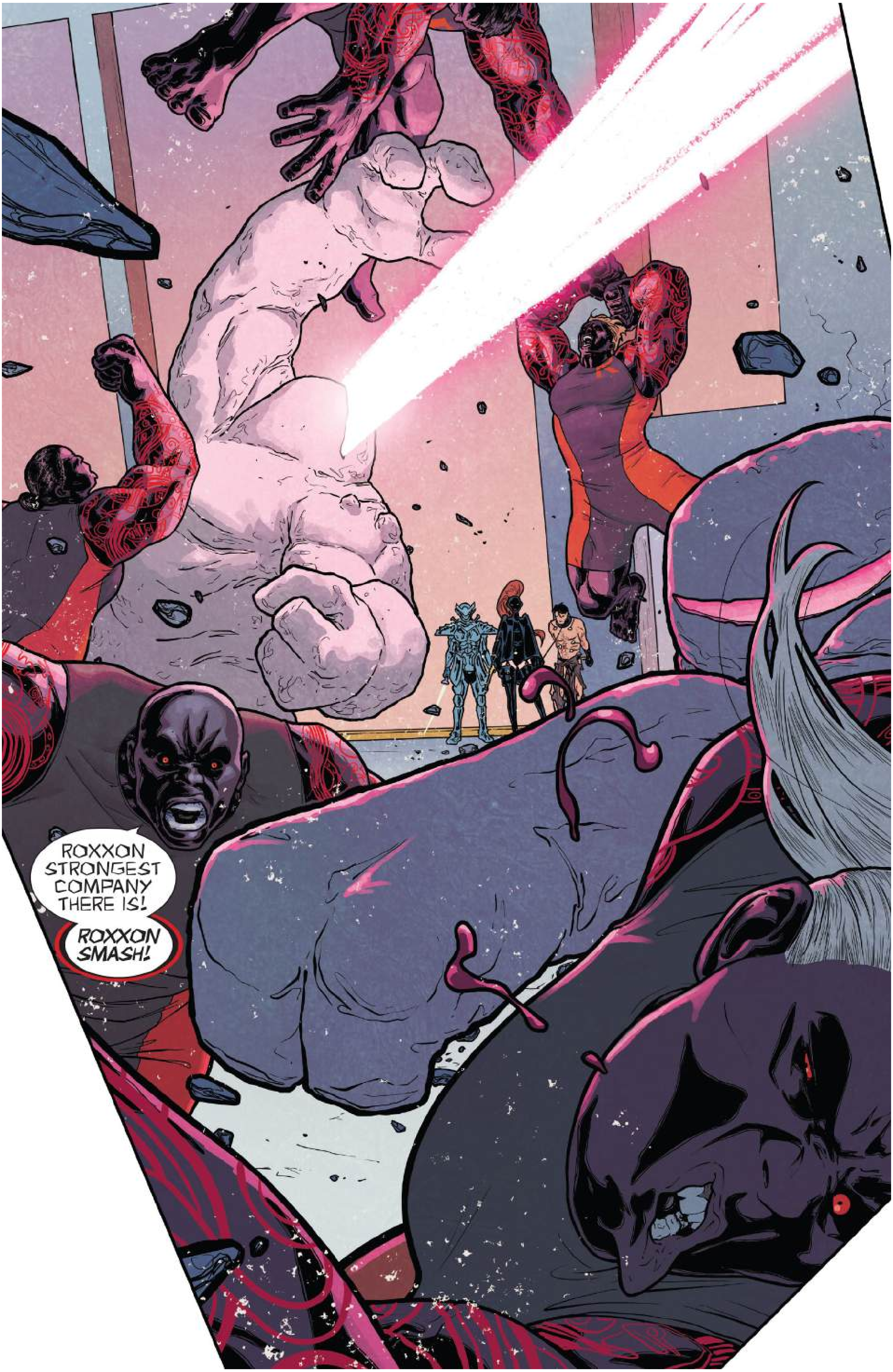

ALFHEIM. REALM OF THE LIGHT ELVES. RECENTLY CONQUERED BY THE DARK ELVES.
GAAAAAGGHH!!!
I'M GOING TO NEED MORE THAN JUST *SCREAMS*.
I NEED ANSWERS.
PLEASE, GET THEM OFF. THEY'RE BITING.
THE ANTS OF THE *CARAMELIZED FOREST* CAN SMELL A SINGLE GRAIN OF SUGAR FROM A MILE AWAY.
AND ONCE THEY'VE GOT THE SCENT, THEY'LL EAT THROUGH *ANYTHING* TO GET AT THAT SWEETNESS.
THROUGH WOOD. THROUGH ROCK. THROUGH *FLESH AND BONE*.
SHALL I FEED YOU ANOTHER *CUSTARD ROLL?*
MALEKITH... MALEKITH WILL KILL ME.
NOT IF THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF YOU, HE WON'T.
THIS IS NO WAY FOR A DARK ELF TO DIE.
YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU INVADED MY REALM. NOW ANSWER MY QUESTION.
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE IS MY *QUEEN?*

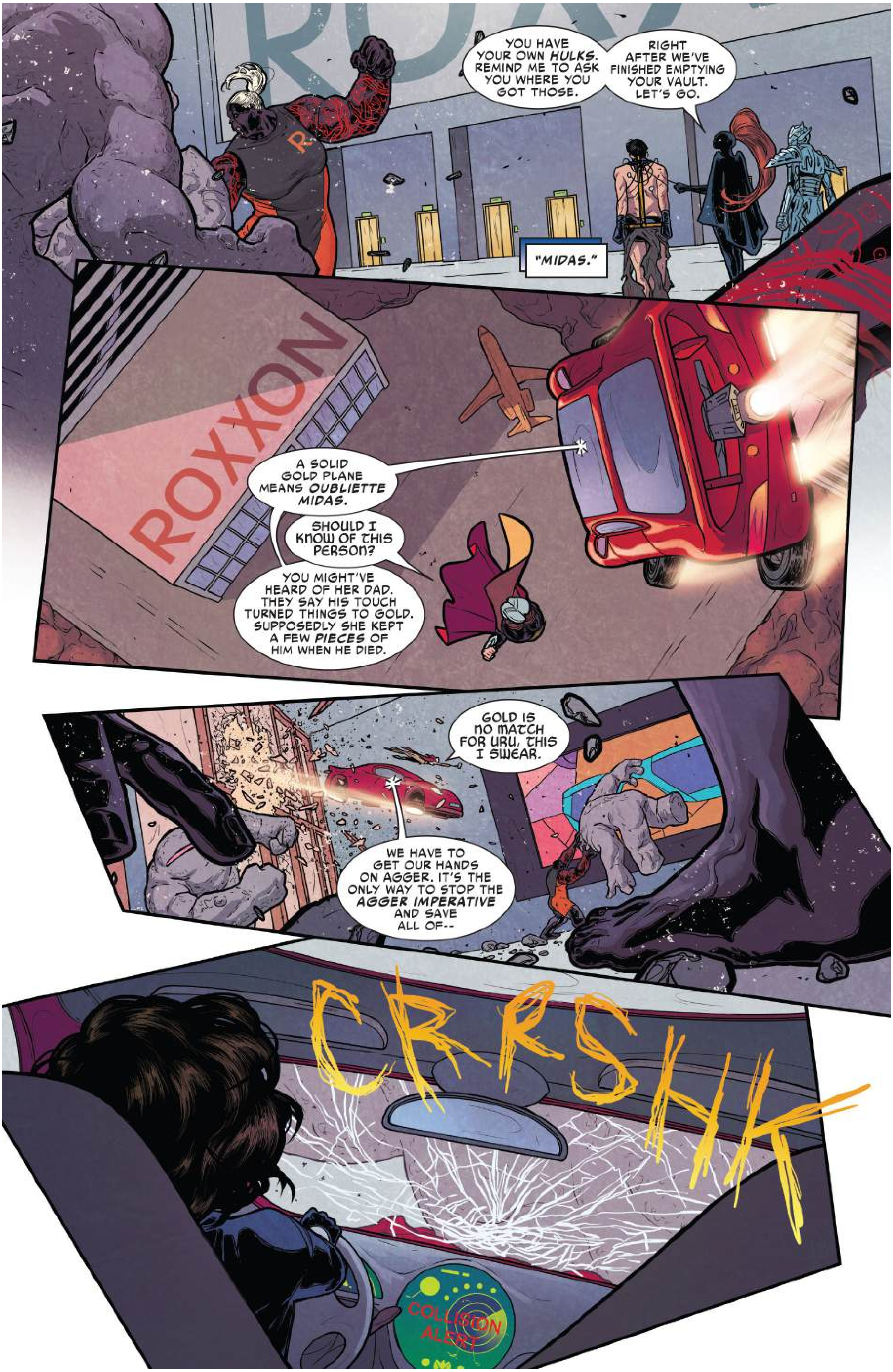

THEY USED MAGIC. MALEKITH AND THE ENCHANTRESS. THEY BRAINWASHED THE LIGHT ELF QUEEN, TRICKED HER INTO MARRYING MALEKITH.
HE KEEPS HER IN THE CASTLE AT LJOSALFGARD, LOCKED IN HER OWN DUNGEON.
PLEASE, THEY'RE BITING MY EYES.
DAMN YOUR EYES.
HHHRRRRRRRGGGHHH!!!
AAARRRRRRGGHHH!!!
FLY TO THE MOUNTAINS OF NIDAVELLIR, LITTLE ONE.
TAKE WORD TO THE DWARF KNOWN AS SCREWBEARD. TELL HIM ALL IS NOT LOST IN THE LAND OF THE ELVES.
NOT WHILE SIR IVORY HONEYSHOT YET LIVES.
TELL HIM I'VE BEEN FIGHTING A ONE-ELF GUERILLA WAR AGAINST THESE BASTARD INVADERS. BUT WHAT I MUST DO NEXT, I CANNOT DO ALONE.
TELL SCREWBEARD THE TIME HAS COME.
"TIME FOR THE LEAGUE OF REALMS TO RISE AGAIN.
"BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE FOR US ALL."

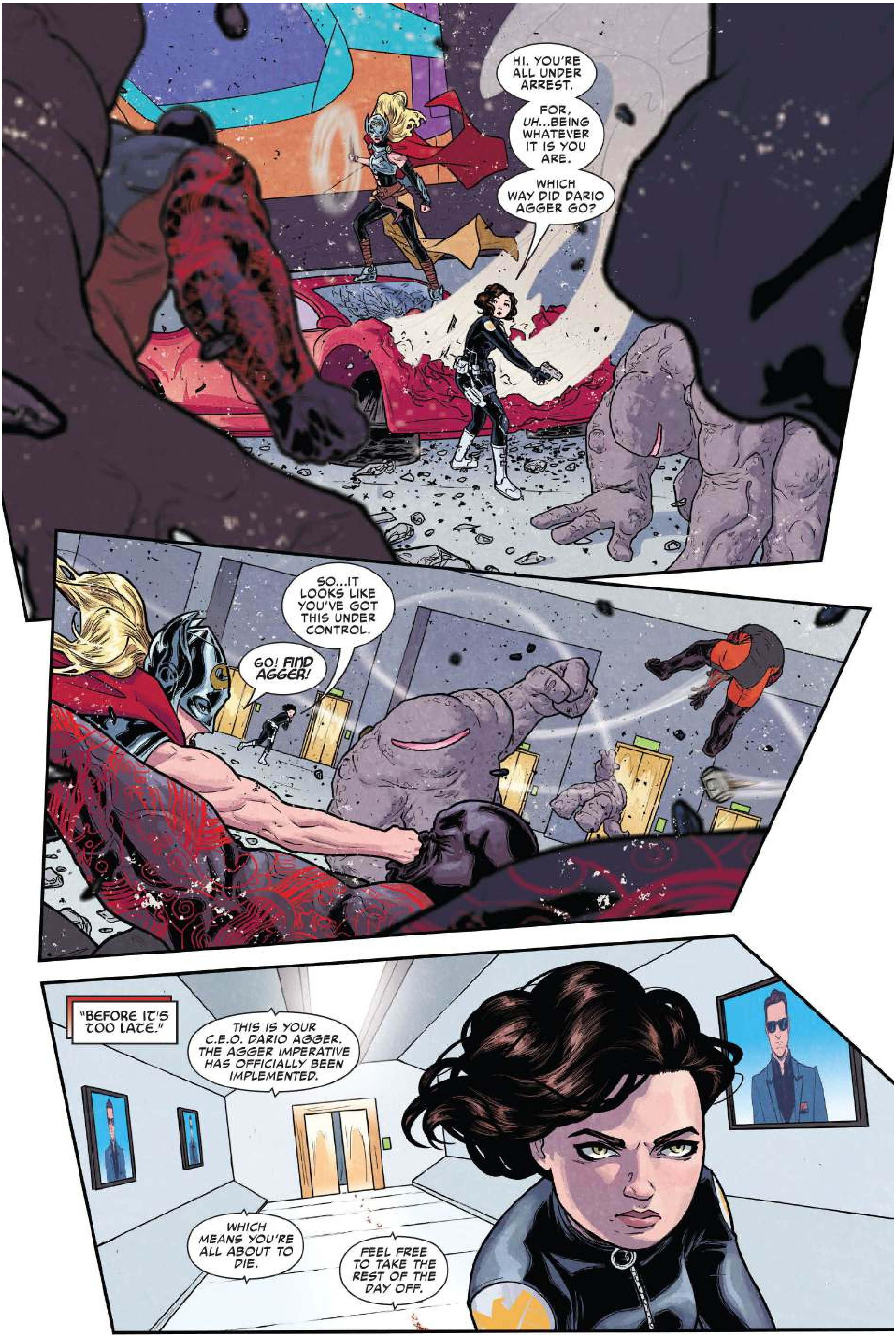

MIDGARD. ROXXON ISLAND. SOMEWHERE IN THE SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN.
CONGRATULATIONS. AS OF FIVE MINUTES AGO, YOU ALL RECEIVED A *RAISE*. NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO...
...IS *SURVIVE* LONG ENOUGH TO EARN IT.
WELCOME TO ACTIVE DUTY, MEN AND WOMEN OF *STRIKEFORCE B.E.R.S.E.R.K.E.R.*
ROXXO
EARLIER TODAY, OUR ESTEEMED C.E.O. *DARIO AGGER* WAS KIDNAPPED. HIS LIFE AND OUR COMPANY'S STOCK PRICE NOW REST IN YOUR HANDS.
OUR TARGETS HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS SHINGEN HARADA-- *THE SILVER SAMURAI*, HEAD OF YASHIDA INDUSTRIES-- AND OUBLIETTE MIDAS-- *THE EXTERMINATRIX*, HEAD OF THE MIDAS FOUNDATION.
IN OTHER WORDS, *CORPORATE WARFARE* HAS BEEN DECLARED.
APPARENTLY THESE PEOPLE ARE WORKING UNDER THE MISCONCEPTION THAT THEY CAN SPIT IN OUR FACES AND GET AWAY WITH IT.
BUT WE ARE NOT ALCHEMAX, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WE ARE NOT THOSE WEAK-KNEED PENCIL-PUSHERS OVER AT OSCORP OR STANE INTERNATIONAL.
WE ARE *ROX-@#%*-XON*.
AND IF GOD ALMIGHTY EVER DARED SPIT IN OUR DIRECTION, THERE'D BE BLOOD IN HEAVEN BY THE SABBATH.
SO YOU'RE GONNA GO *FIND* THE MAN WHO SIGNS OUR PAYCHECKS AND BRING HIM BACK WHERE HE BELONGS. YOU WILL SCOUR THE DAMN EARTH IF YOU HAVE TO.
YOU WILL NOT REST UNTIL YOU'VE TRACKED THESE CHICKEN-HEARTED KIDNAPPERS TO THEIR DARK LITTLE HIDEY-HOLES AND SHOWN THEM EXACTLY WHAT IT MEANS TO MESS WITH...
BLAM

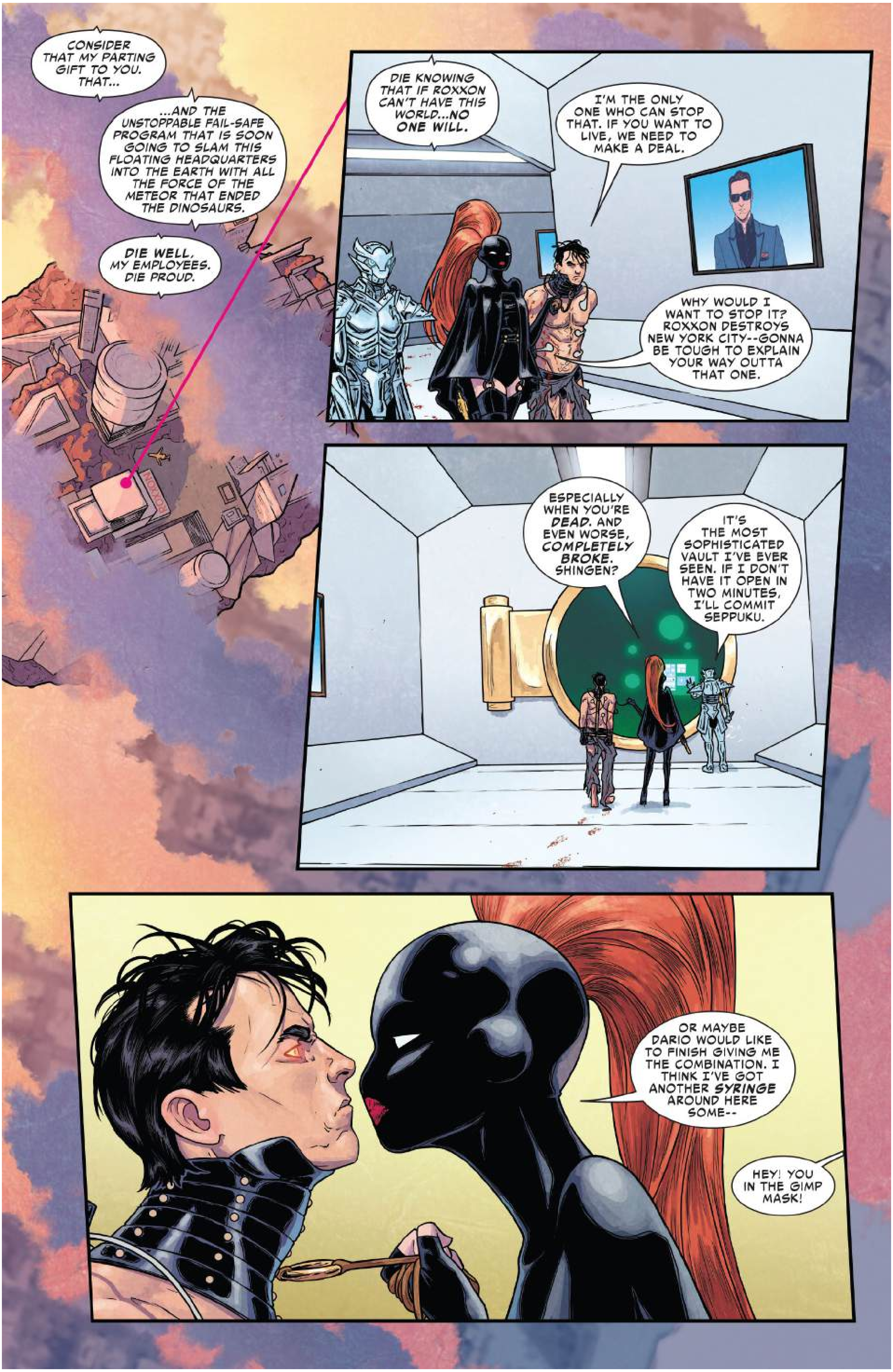

WHICH WAY, DARIO?
I WILL HAVE YOU SKINNED AND MADE INTO A BELT.
NOT JUST YET, YOU WON'T.
SHOULD I...?
OH, THEY'RE NOT WORTH YOUR TIME, SHINGEN DEAR.
MINDLESS ONES?
GO BE MINDLESS.
!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!

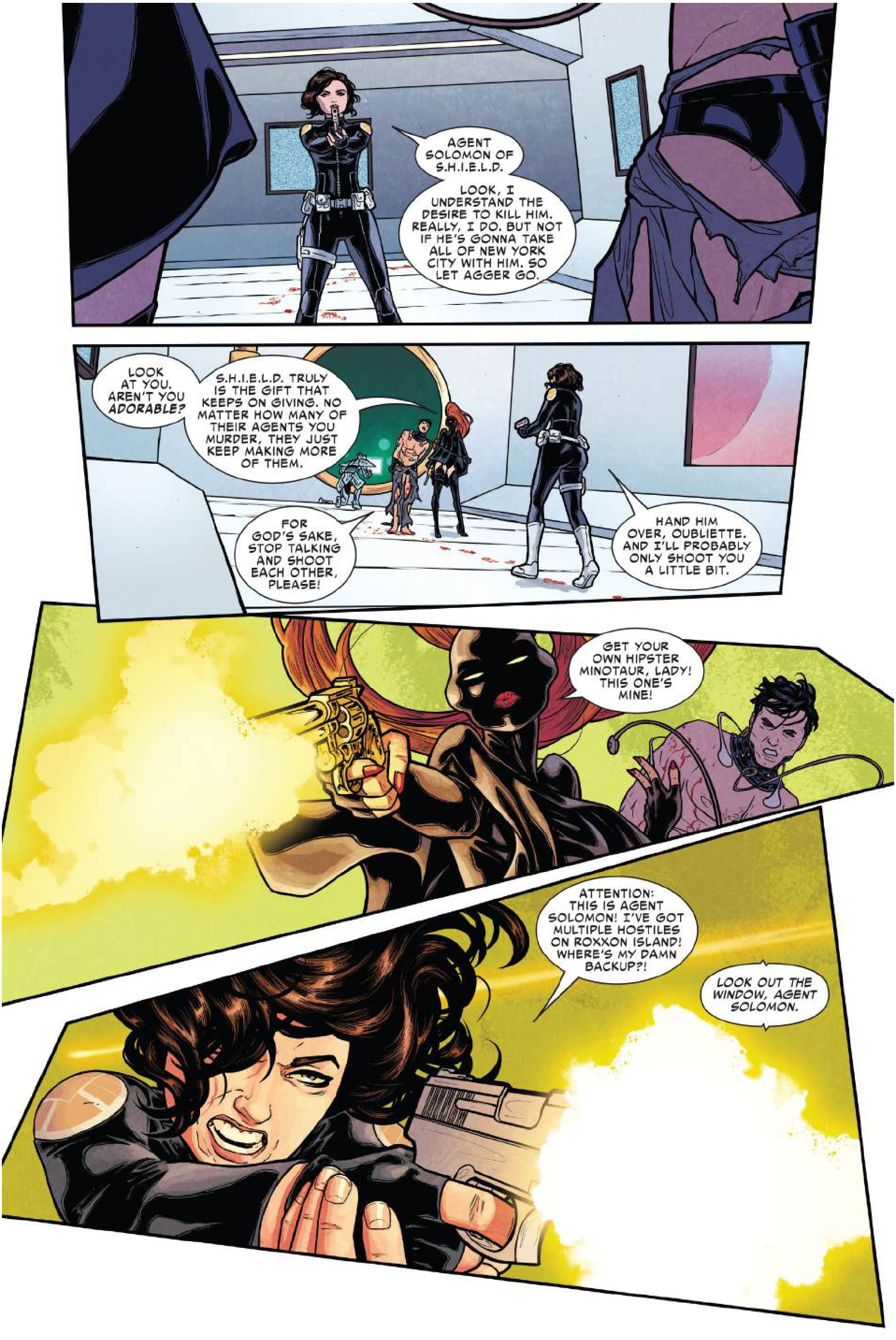

DON'T WORRY, MR. AGGER. WE'RE READY TO EARN OUR PAY.
AREN'T WE, B.E.R.S.E.R.K.E.R.S?
YOU BET.
GUGH!
???
???
UM...
I...DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY.
YOU COULD START WITH, "PLEASE KILL ME BEFORE YOU FLAY MY FACE, MR. AGGER, SIR."
HEH. DON'T WORRY, BIG FELLAS. WE'RE JUST GETTING WARMED UP FOR YOU.
SO. ANGRY. JUST WANT TO...

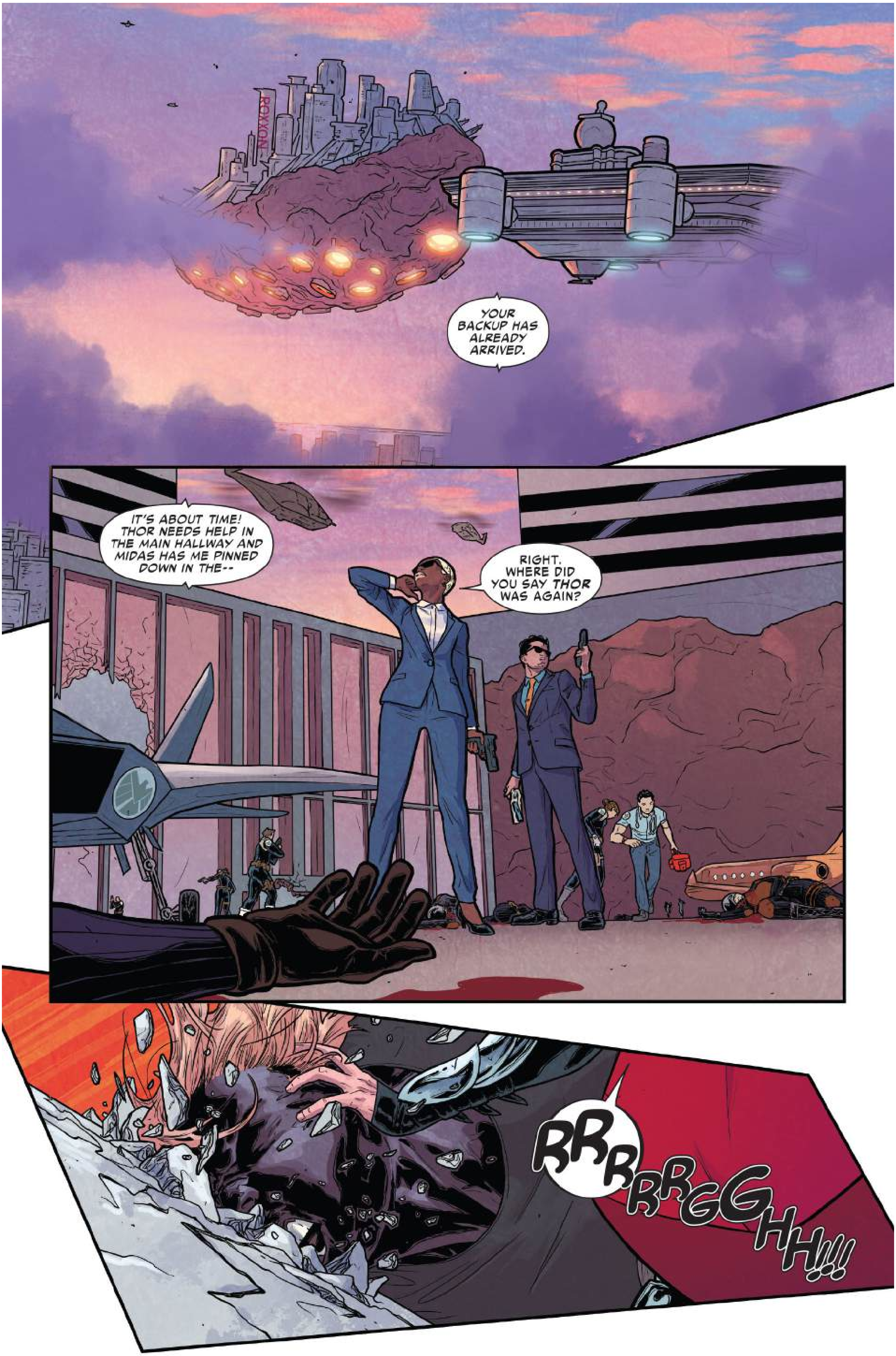

ROXXON STRONGEST COMPANY THERE IS!
ROXXON SMASH!

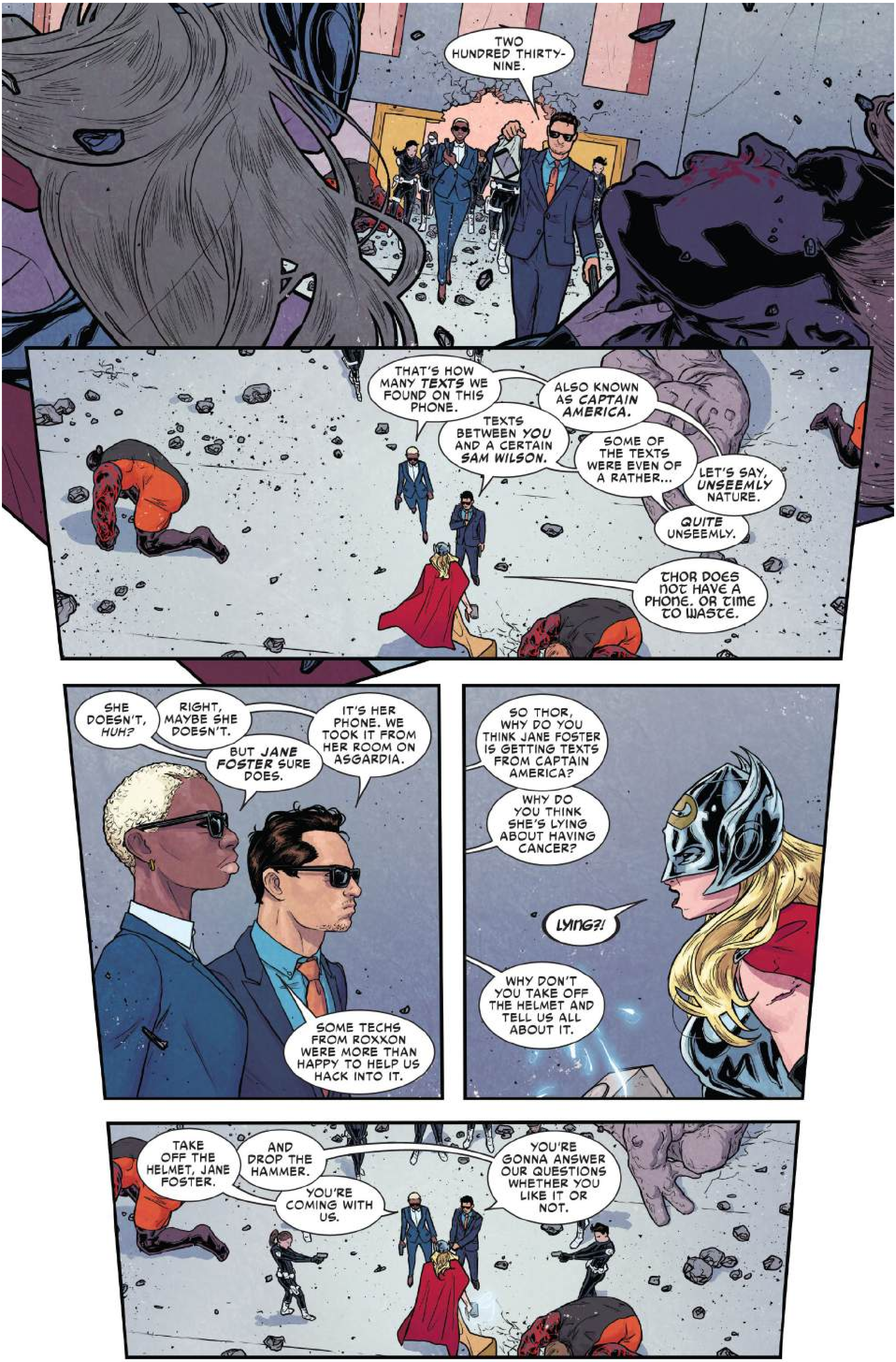

YOU HAVE YOUR OWN *HULKS*. REMIND ME TO ASK YOU WHERE YOU GOT THOSE.
RIGHT AFTER WE'VE FINISHED EMPTYING YOUR VAULT. LET'S GO.
"MIDAS."
ROXXON
A SOLID GOLD PLANE MEANS *OUBLIETTE MIDAS*.
SHOULD I KNOW OF THIS PERSON?
YOU MIGHT'VE HEARD OF HER DAD. THEY SAY HIS TOUCH TURNED THINGS TO GOLD. SUPPOSEDLY SHE KEPT A FEW *PIECES* OF HIM WHEN HE DIED.
GOLD IS NO MATCH FOR URU, THIS I SWEAR.
WE HAVE TO GET OUR HANDS ON AGGER. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE *AGGER IMPERATIVE* AND SAVE ALL OF--
CRRSHK
COLLISION ALERT

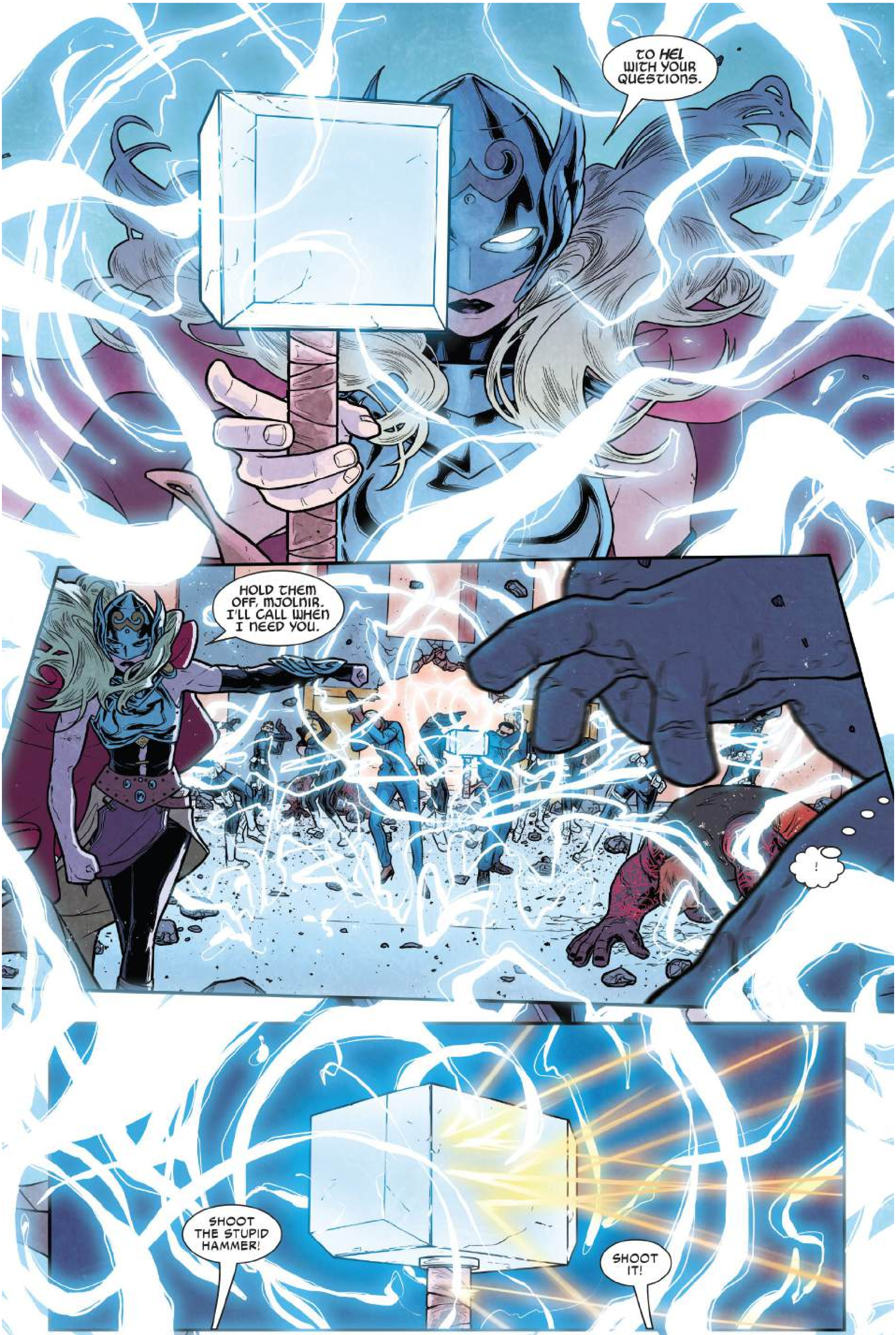

HI. YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.
FOR, *UH*...BEING WHATEVER IT IS YOU ARE.
WHICH WAY DID DARIO AGGER GO?
SO...IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT THIS UNDER CONTROL.
GO! **FIND AGGER!**
"BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."
THIS IS YOUR C.E.O. DARIO AGGER. THE AGGER IMPERATIVE HAS OFFICIALLY BEEN IMPLEMENTED.
WHICH MEANS YOU'RE ALL ABOUT TO DIE.
FEEL FREE TO TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF.

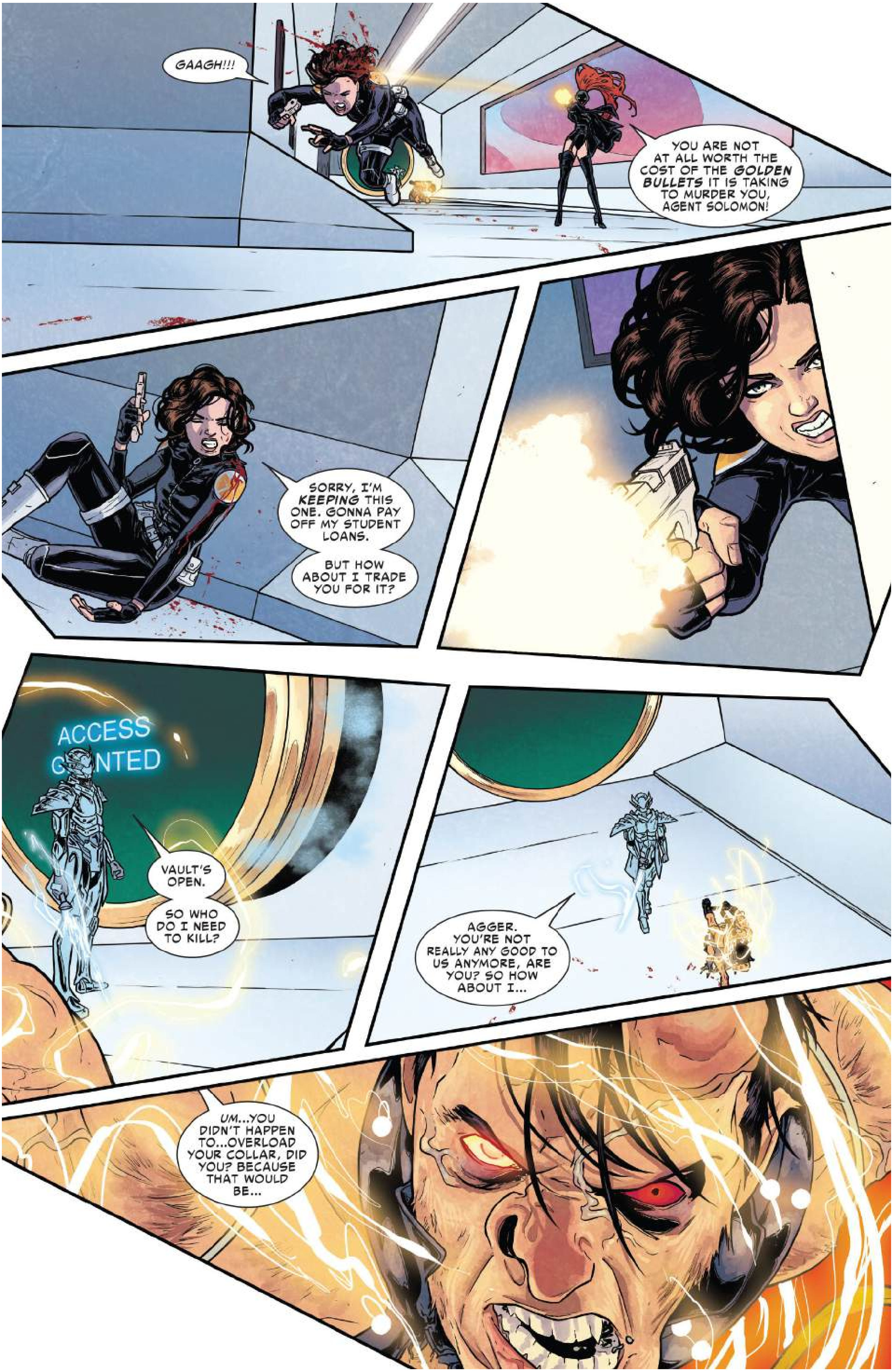

CONSIDER THAT MY PARTING GIFT TO YOU. THAT...
...AND THE UNSTOPPABLE FAIL-SAFE PROGRAM THAT IS SOON GOING TO SLAM THIS FLOATING HEADQUARTERS INTO THE EARTH WITH ALL THE FORCE OF THE METEOR THAT ENDED THE DINOSAURS.
DIE WELL, MY EMPLOYEES. DIE PROUD.
ROXXON
DIE KNOWING THAT IF ROXXON CAN'T HAVE THIS WORLD...NO ONE WILL.
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN STOP THAT. IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, WE NEED TO MAKE A DEAL.
WHY WOULD I WANT TO STOP IT? ROXXON DESTROYS NEW YORK CITY--GONNA BE TOUGH TO EXPLAIN YOUR WAY OUTTA THAT ONE.
ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE DEAD. AND EVEN WORSE, COMPLETELY BROKE. SHINGEN?
IT'S THE MOST SOPHISTICATED VAULT I'VE EVER SEEN. IF I DON'T HAVE IT OPEN IN TWO MINUTES, I'LL COMMIT SEPPUKU.
OR MAYBE DARIO WOULD LIKE TO FINISH GIVING ME THE COMBINATION. I THINK I'VE GOT ANOTHER SYRINGE AROUND HERE SOME--
HEY! YOU IN THE GIMP MASK!

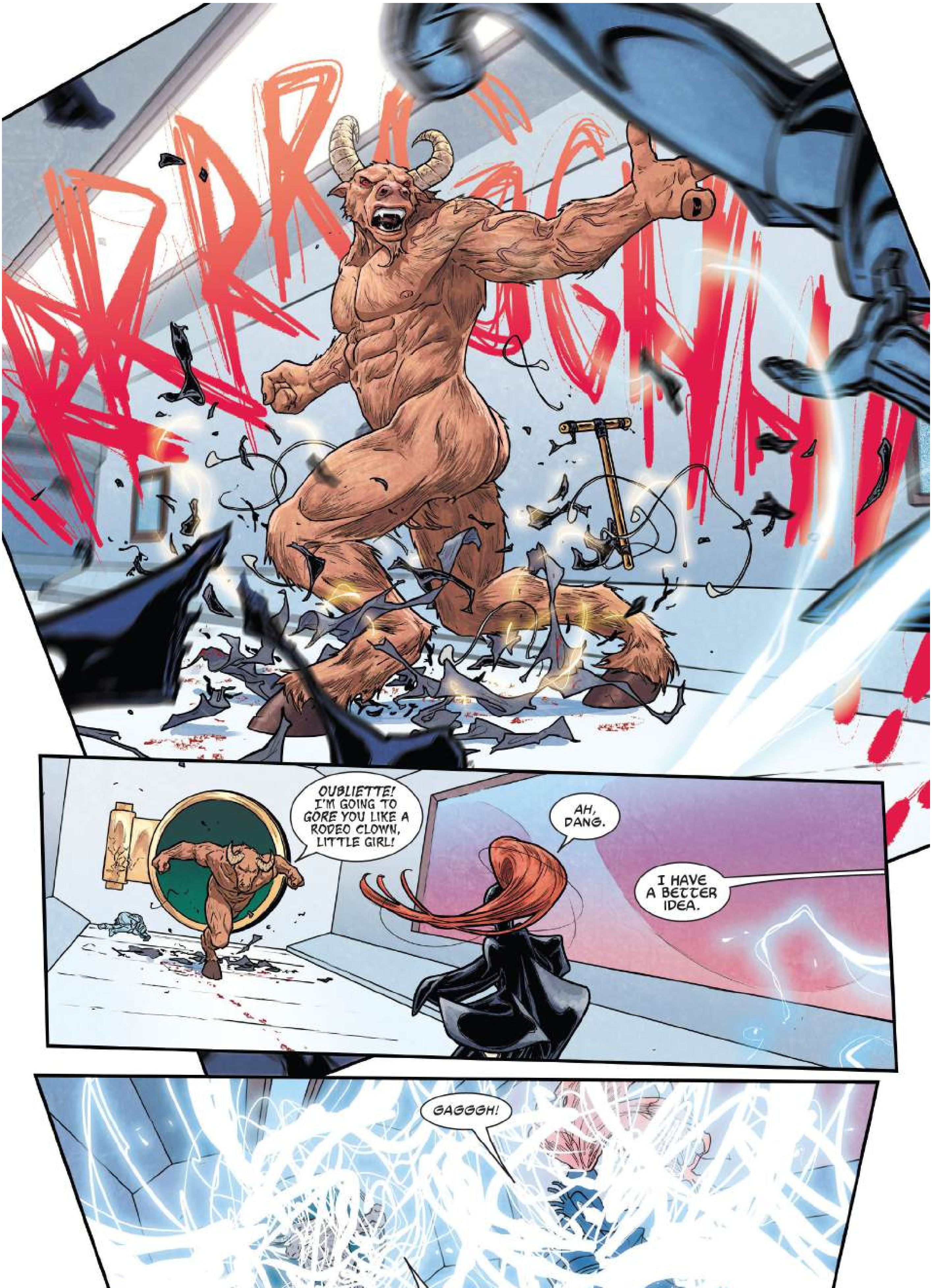

AGENT SOLOMON OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
LOOK, I UNDERSTAND THE DESIRE TO KILL HIM. REALLY, I DO. BUT NOT IF HE'S GONNA TAKE ALL OF NEW YORK CITY WITH HIM. SO LET AGGER GO.
LOOK AT YOU. AREN'T YOU *ADORABLE?*
S.H.I.E.L.D. TRULY IS THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING. NO MATTER HOW MANY OF THEIR AGENTS YOU MURDER, THEY JUST KEEP MAKING MORE OF THEM.
FOR GOD'S SAKE, STOP TALKING AND SHOOT EACH OTHER, PLEASE!
HAND HIM OVER, OUBLIETTE. AND I'LL PROBABLY ONLY SHOOT YOU A LITTLE BIT.
GET YOUR OWN HIPSTER MINOTAUR, LADY! THIS ONE'S MINE!
ATTENTION: THIS IS AGENT SOLOMON! I'VE GOT MULTIPLE HOSTILES ON ROXXON ISLAND! WHERE'S MY DAMN BACKUP?!
LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, AGENT SOLOMON.

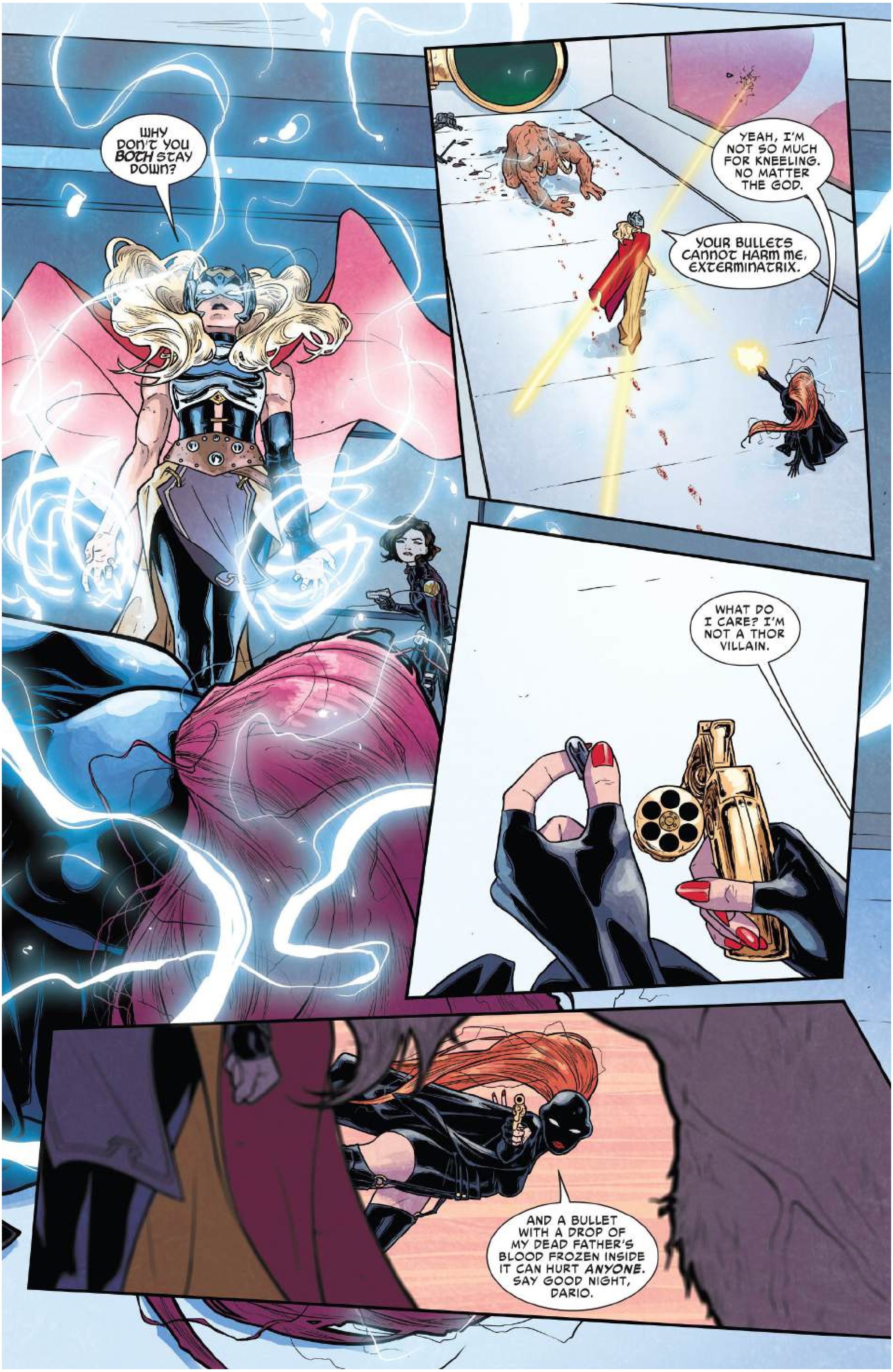

ROXXON
YOUR BACKUP HAS ALREADY ARRIVED.
IT'S ABOUT TIME! THOR NEEDS HELP IN THE MAIN HALLWAY AND MIDAS HAS ME PINNED DOWN IN THE--
RIGHT. WHERE DID YOU SAY THOR WAS AGAIN?
RRRRRGGHH!!!

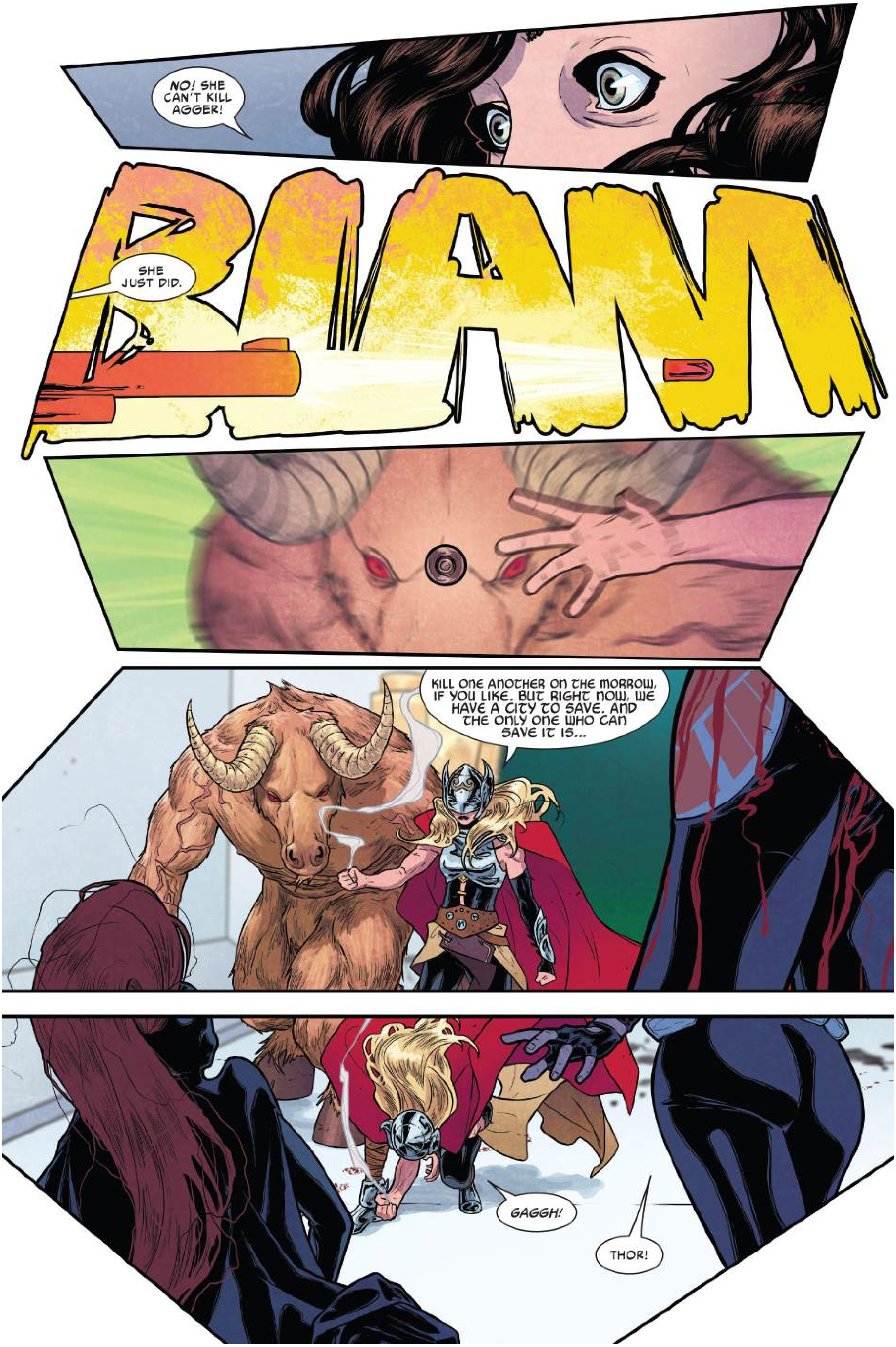

TWO HUNDRED THIRTY-NINE.
THAT'S HOW MANY *TEXTS* WE FOUND ON THIS PHONE.
TEXTS BETWEEN *YOU* AND A CERTAIN *SAM WILSON*.
ALSO KNOWN AS *CAPTAIN AMERICA*.
SOME OF THE TEXTS WERE EVEN OF A RATHER...
LET'S SAY, *UNSEEMLY* NATURE.
QUITE UNSEEMLY.
THOR DOES NOT HAVE A PHONE. OR TIME TO WASTE.
SHE DOESN'T, *HUH?*
RIGHT, MAYBE SHE DOESN'T.
BUT *JANE FOSTER* SURE DOES.
IT'S HER PHONE. WE TOOK IT FROM HER ROOM ON ASGARDIA.
SOME TECHS FROM ROXXON WERE MORE THAN HAPPY TO HELP US HACK INTO IT.
SO THOR, WHY DO YOU THINK JANE FOSTER IS GETTING TEXTS FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA?
WHY DO YOU THINK SHE'S LYING ABOUT HAVING CANCER?
LYING?!
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OFF THE HELMET AND TELL US ALL ABOUT IT.
TAKE OFF THE HELMET, JANE FOSTER.
AND DROP THE HAMMER.
YOU'RE COMING WITH US.
YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER OUR QUESTIONS WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT.

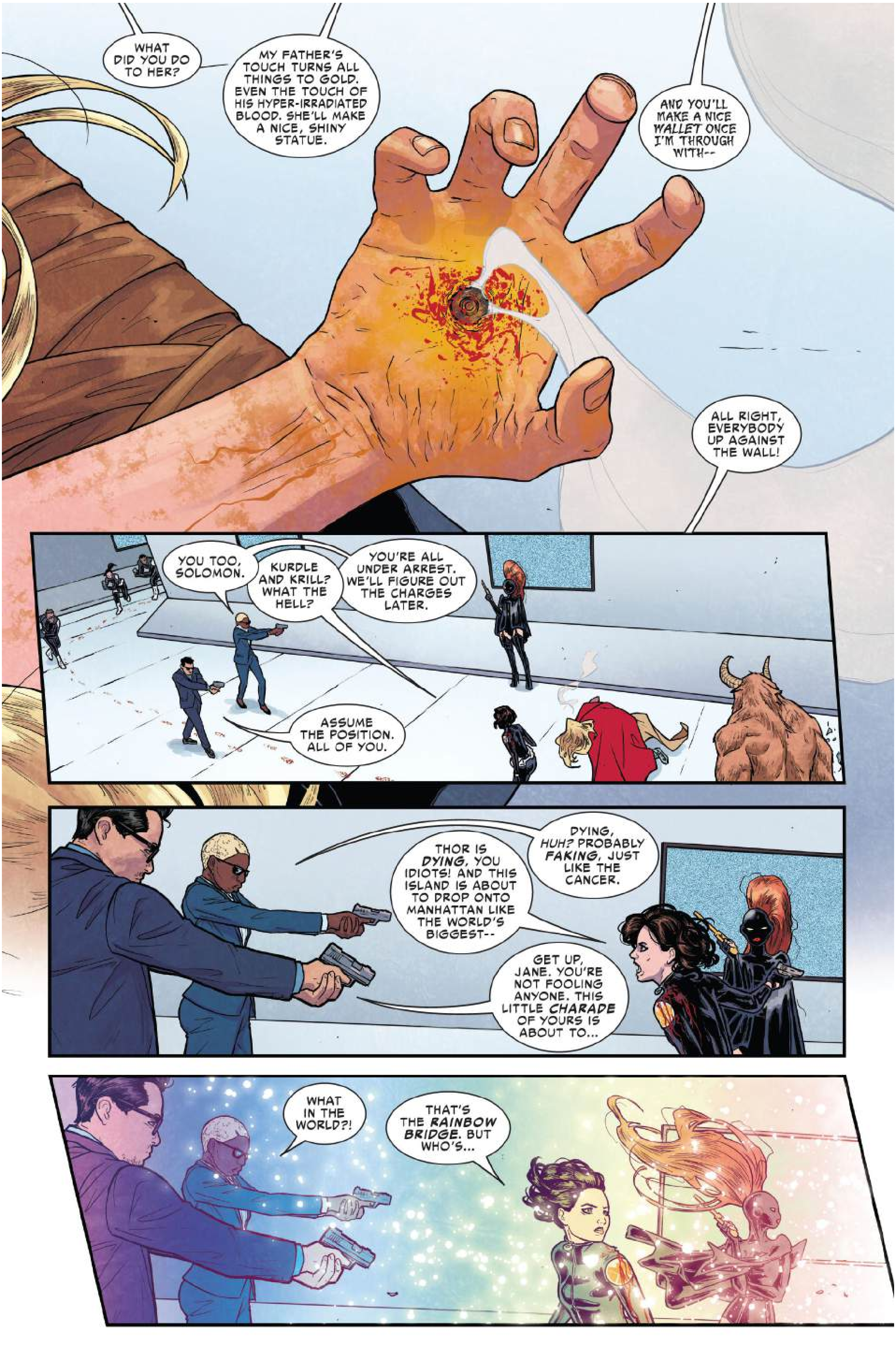

TO HEL WITH YOUR QUESTIONS.
HOLD THEM OFF, MJOLNIR. I'LL CALL WHEN I NEED YOU.
!
SHOOT THE STUPID HAMMER!
SHOOT IT!

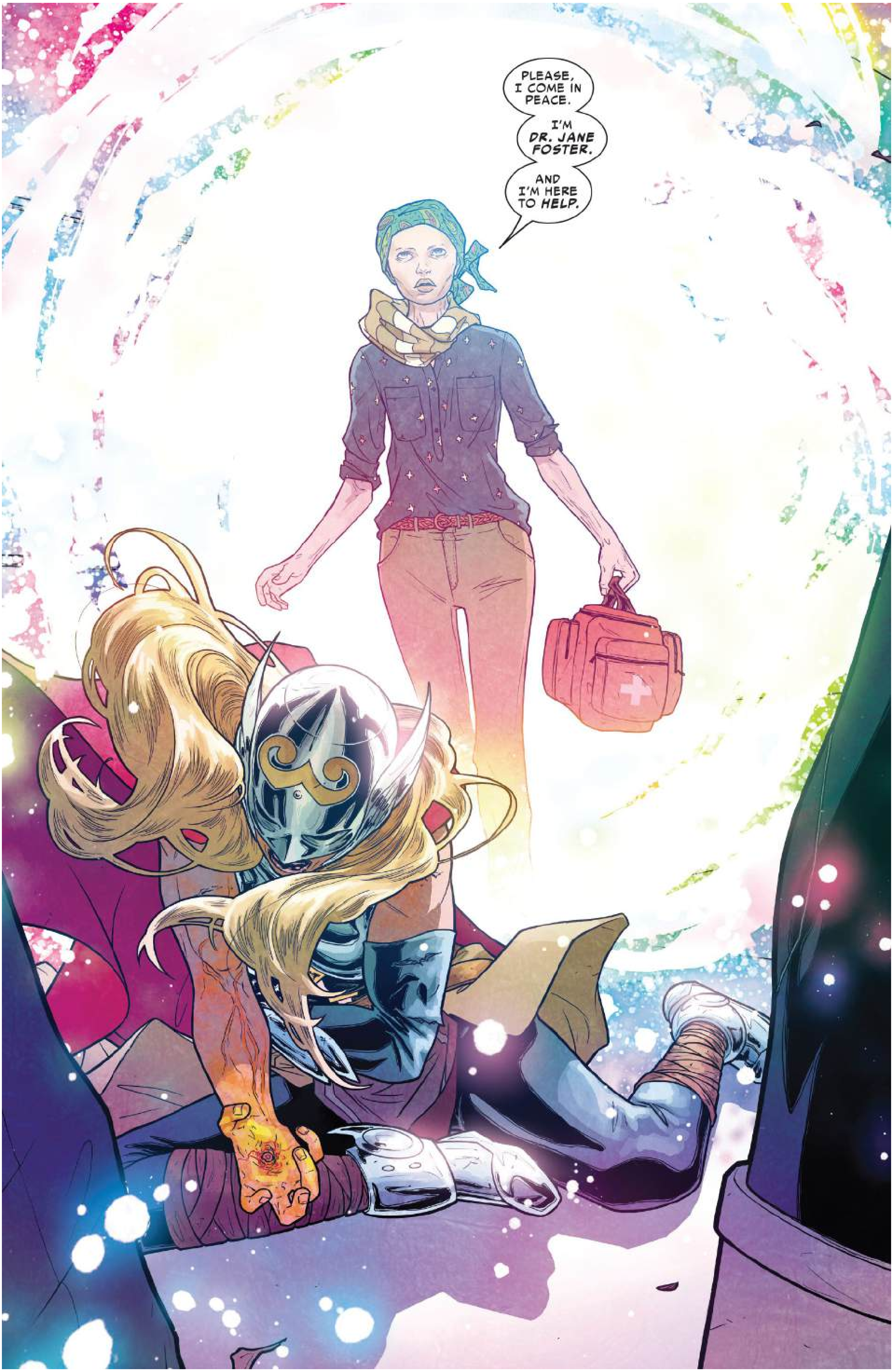

GAAGH!!!
YOU ARE NOT AT ALL WORTH THE COST OF THE *GOLDEN BULLETS* IT IS TAKING TO MURDER YOU, AGENT SOLOMON!
SORRY, I'M *KEEPING* THIS ONE. GONNA PAY OFF MY STUDENT LOANS.
BUT HOW ABOUT I TRADE YOU FOR IT?
ACCESS
G NTED
VAULT'S OPEN.
SO WHO DO I NEED TO KILL?
AGGER. YOU'RE NOT REALLY ANY GOOD TO US ANYMORE, ARE YOU? SO HOW ABOUT I...
UM...YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO...OVERLOAD YOUR COLLAR, DID YOU? BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE...

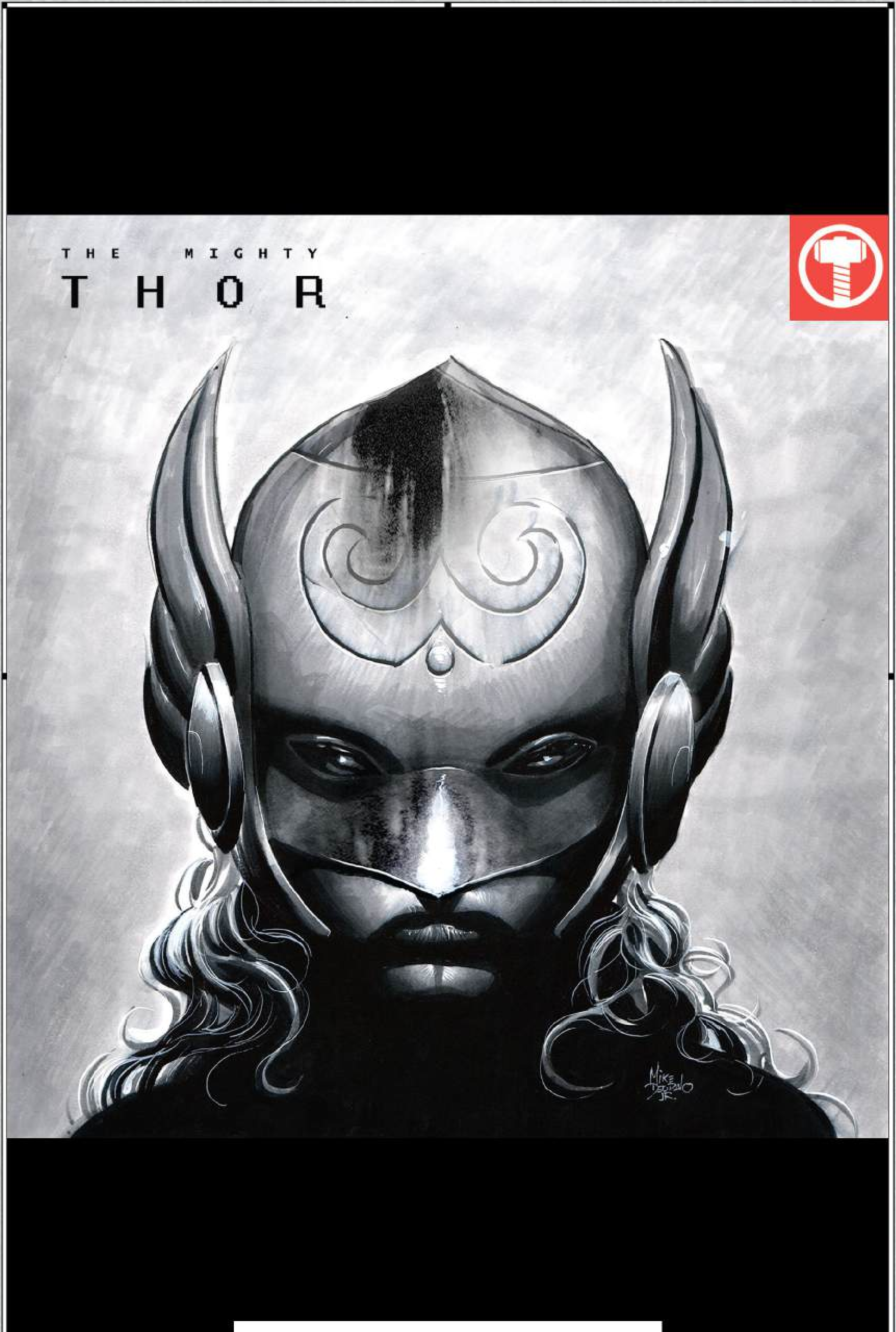

RRRAAGH!!
OUBLIETTE! I'M GOING TO GORE YOU LIKE A RODEO CLOWN, LITTLE GIRL!
AH, DANG.
I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.
GAGGGH!
HHHRRRGGHH!!!


WHY DON'T YOU *BOTH* STAY DOWN?
YEAH, I'M NOT SO MUCH FOR KNEELING. NO MATTER THE GOD.
YOUR BULLETS CANNOT HARM ME, EXTERMINATRIX.
WHAT DO I CARE? I'M NOT A THOR VILLAIN.
AND A BULLET WITH A DROP OF MY DEAD FATHER'S BLOOD FROZEN INSIDE IT CAN HURT *ANYONE*. SAY GOOD NIGHT, DARIO.

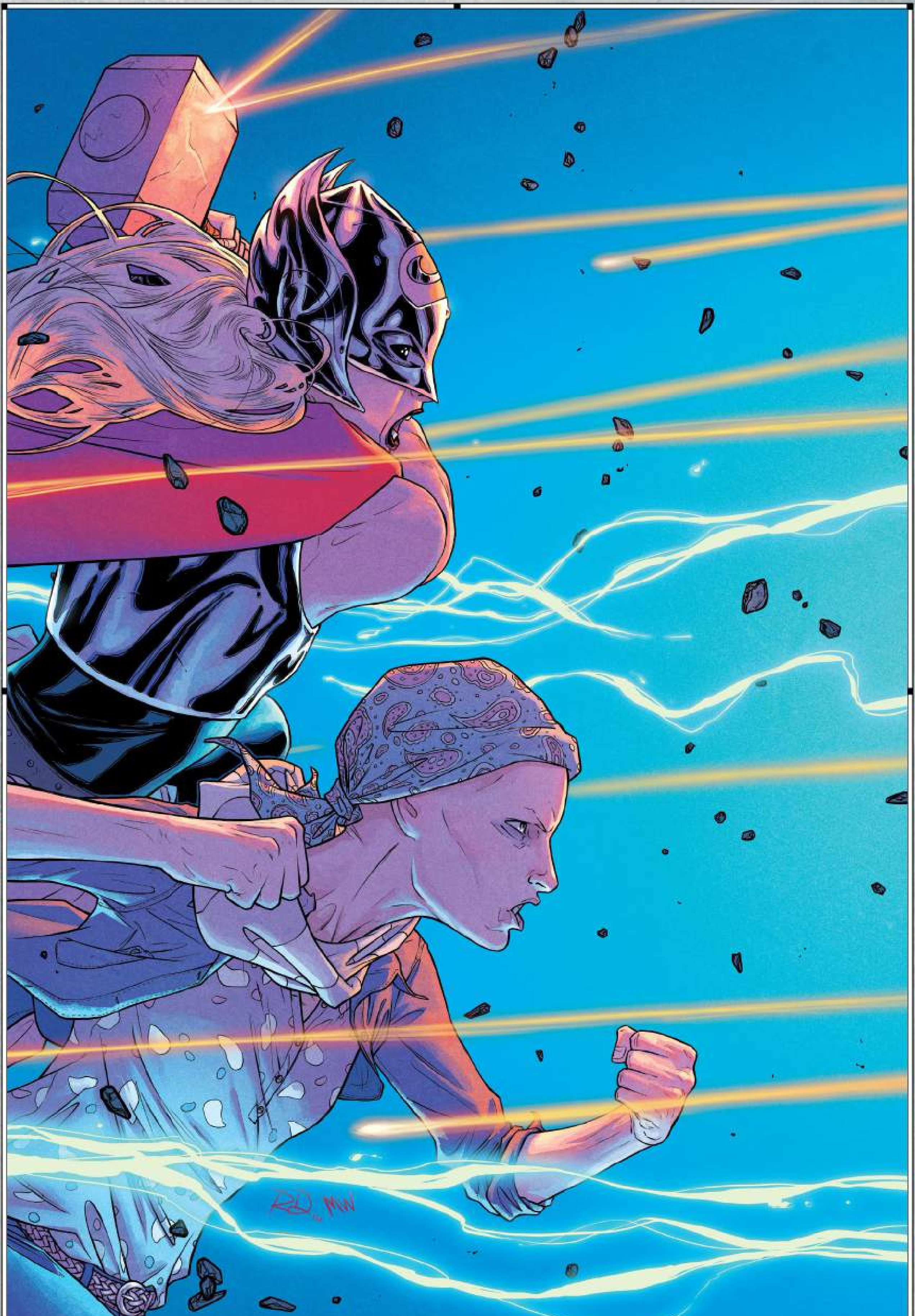

NO! SHE CAN'T KILL AGGER!
BLAM
SHE JUST DID.
KILL ONE ANOTHER ON THE MORROW, IF YOU LIKE. BUT RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE A CITY TO SAVE. AND THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE IT IS...
GAGGH!
THOR!


WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?
MY FATHER'S TOUCH TURNS ALL THINGS TO GOLD. EVEN THE TOUCH OF HIS HYPER-IRRADIATED BLOOD. SHE'LL MAKE A NICE, SHINY STATUE.
AND YOU'LL MAKE A NICE *WALLET* ONCE I'M THROUGH WITH--
ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY UP AGAINST THE WALL!
YOU TOO, SOLOMON.
KURDLE AND KRILL? WHAT THE HELL?
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST. WE'LL FIGURE OUT THE CHARGES LATER.
ASSUME THE POSITION. ALL OF YOU.
THOR IS *DYING*, YOU IDIOTS! AND THIS ISLAND IS ABOUT TO DROP ONTO MANHATTAN LIKE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST--
DYING, *HUH?* PROBABLY *FAKING*, JUST LIKE THE CANCER.
GET UP, JANE. YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE. THIS LITTLE *CHARADE* OF YOURS IS ABOUT TO...
WHAT IN THE WORLD?!
THAT'S THE *RAINBOW BRIDGE*. BUT WHO'S...


PLEASE, I COME IN PEACE.
I'M *DR. JANE FOSTER.*
AND I'M HERE TO *HELP.*

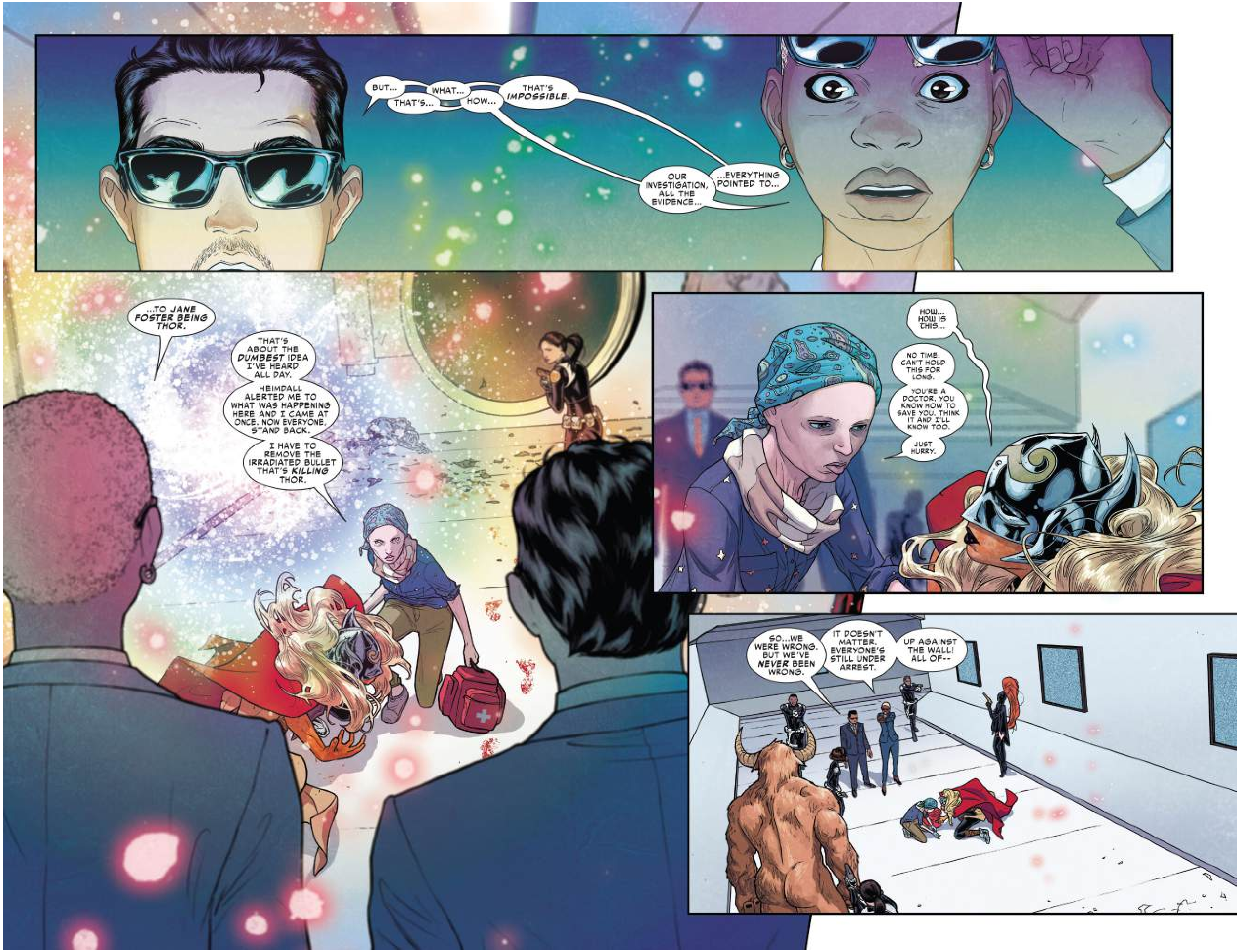

THE MIGHTY
THOR

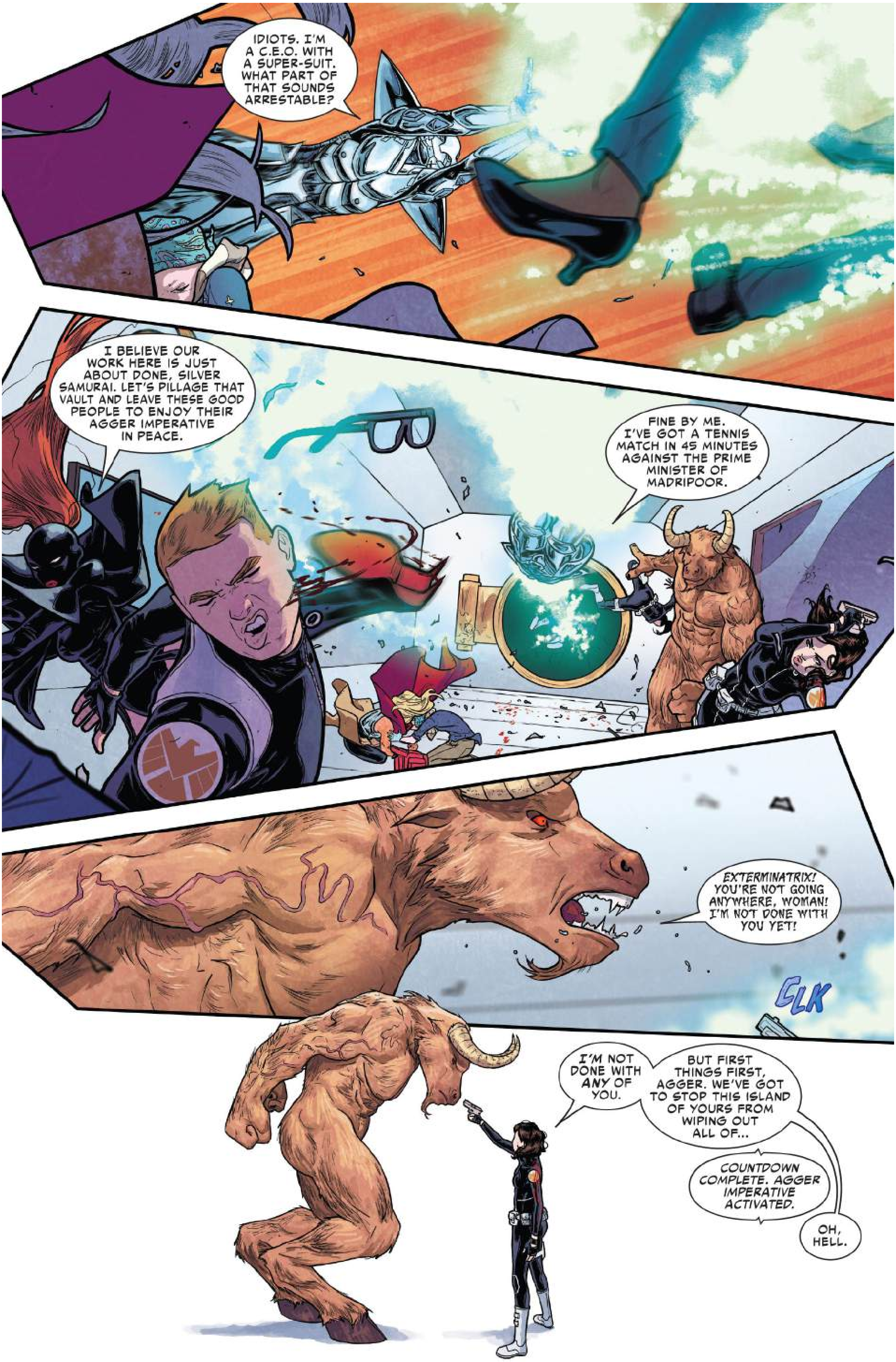
MIGHTY THOR #1 HIP-HOP VARIANT BY Mike Deodato Jr.

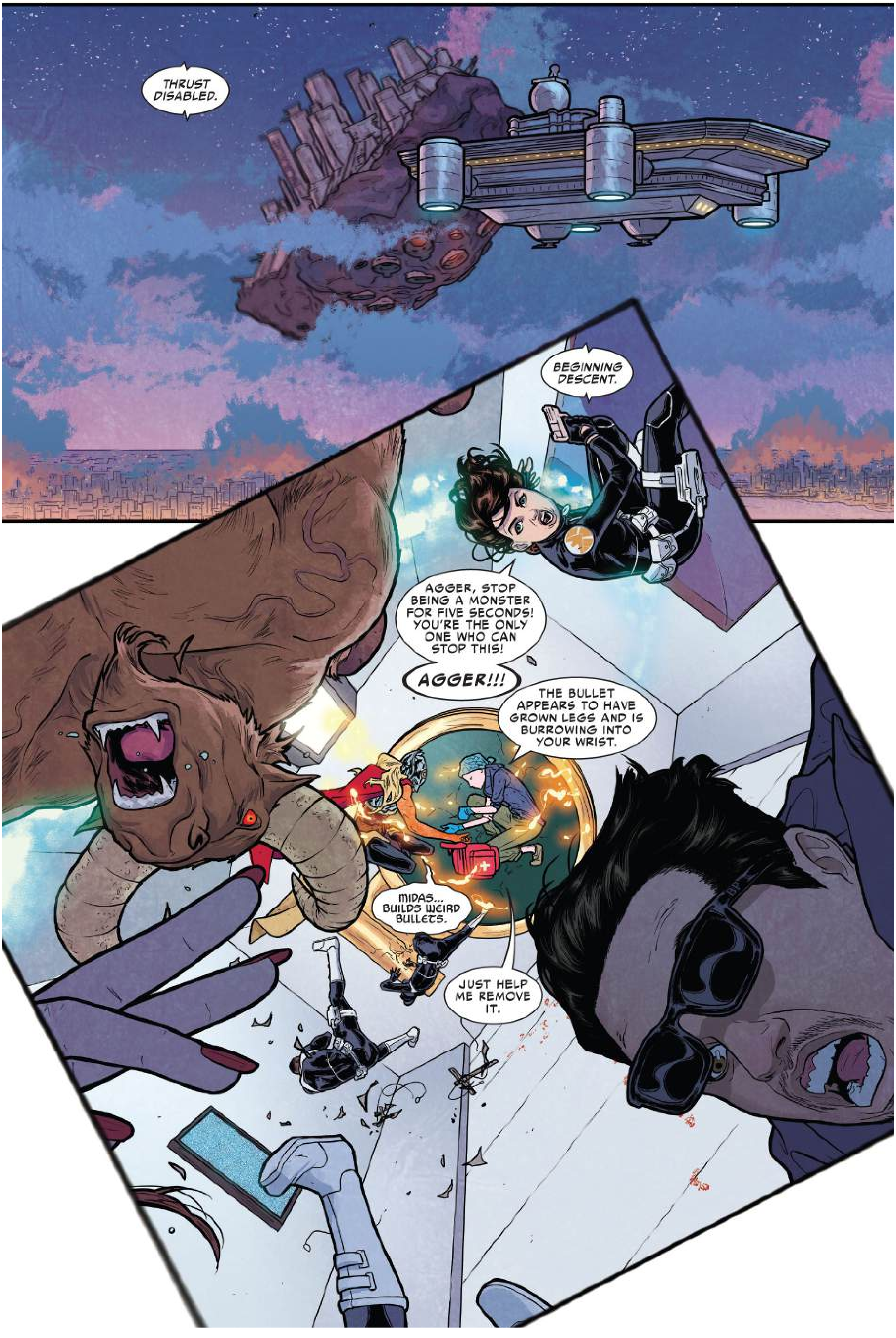


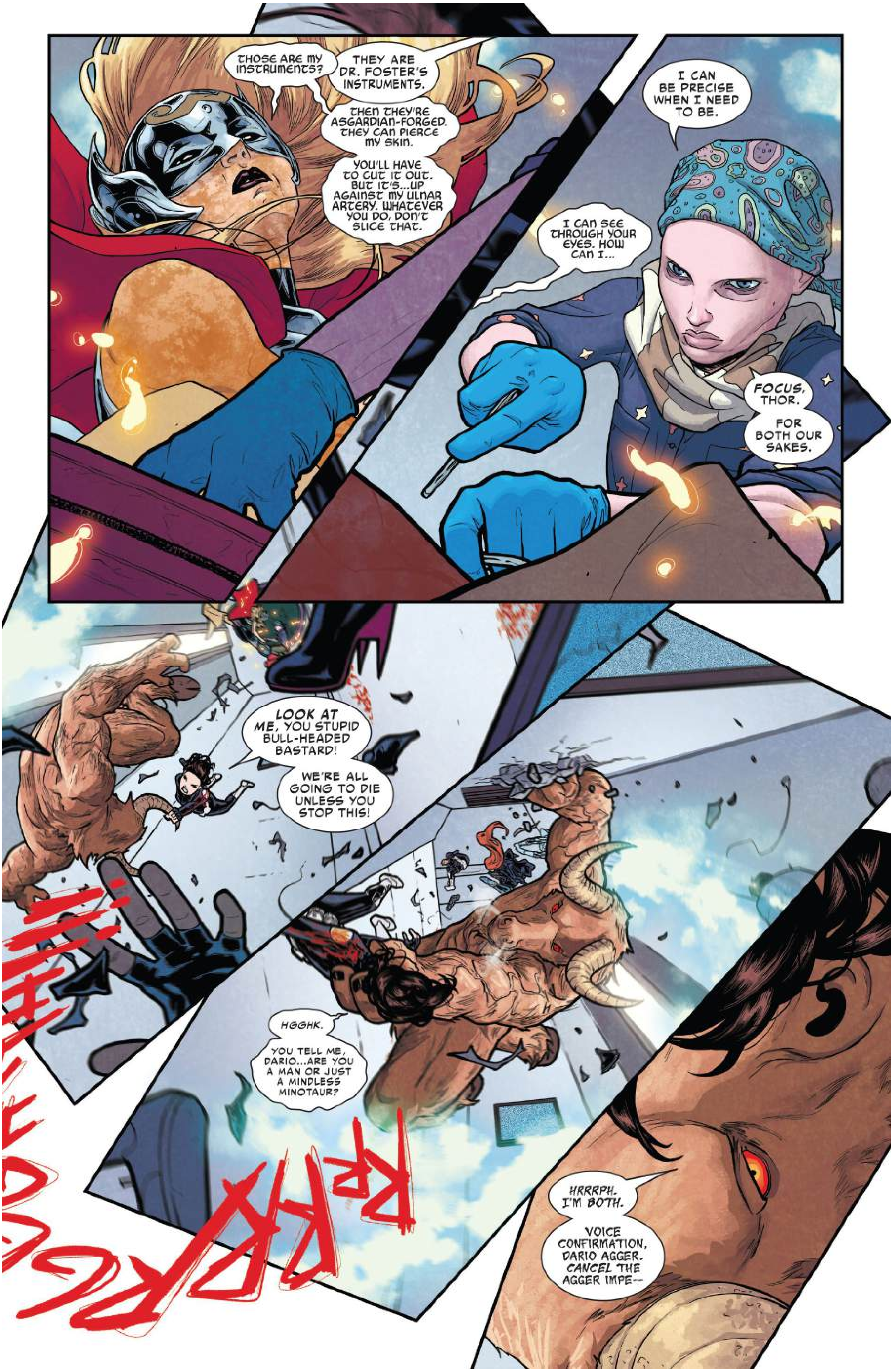
MIGHTY THOR | 11

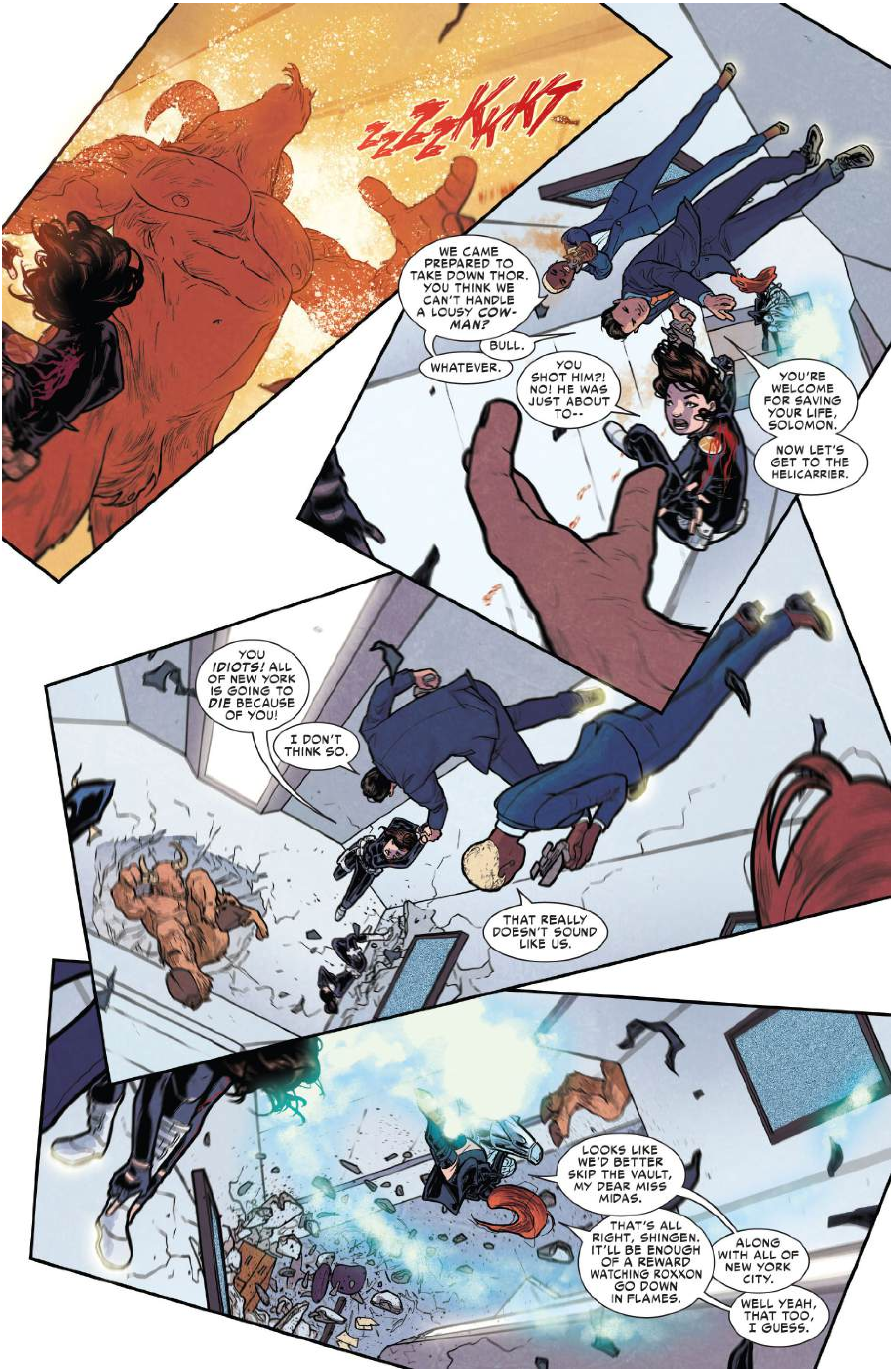
Thor's Best Friend

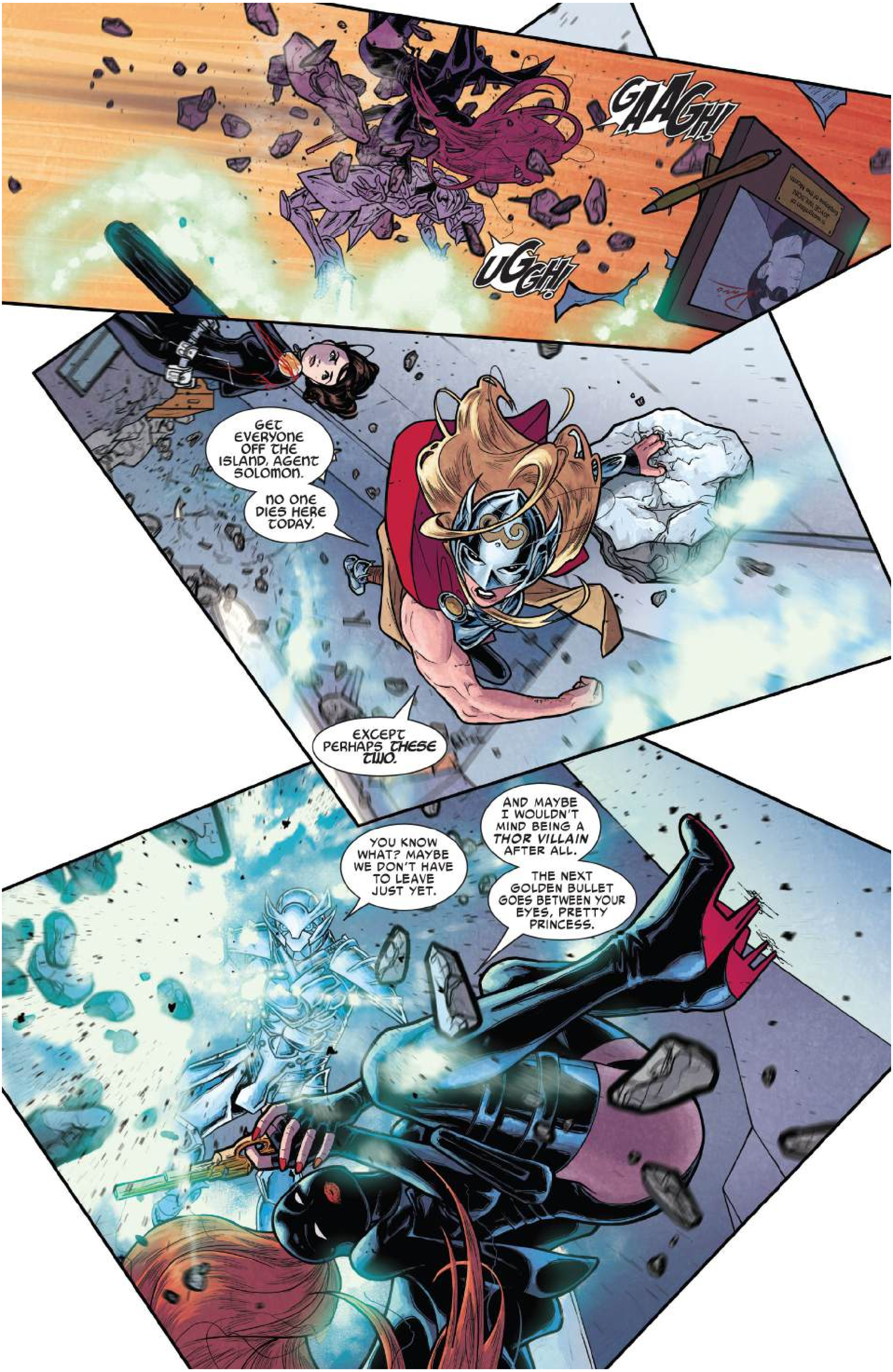

BUT...
WHAT...
THAT'S...
HOW...
THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE.*
OUR INVESTIGATION, ALL THE EVIDENCE...
...EVERYTHING POINTED TO...
...TO ***JANE FOSTER*** BEING ***THOR.***
THAT'S ABOUT THE ***DUMBEST*** IDEA I'VE HEARD ALL DAY.
HEIMDALL ALERTED ME TO WHAT WAS HAPPENING HERE AND I CAME AT ONCE. NOW EVERYONE, STAND BACK.
I HAVE TO REMOVE THE IRRADIATED BULLET THAT'S ***KILLING*** THOR.
HOW... HOW IS THIS...
NO TIME. CAN'T HOLD THIS FOR LONG.
YOU'RE A DOCTOR. YOU KNOW HOW TO SAVE YOU. THINK IT AND I'LL KNOW TOO.
JUST HURRY.
SO...WE WERE WRONG. BUT WE'VE ***NEVER*** BEEN WRONG.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. EVERYONE'S STILL UNDER ARREST.
UP AGAINST THE WALL! ALL OF--

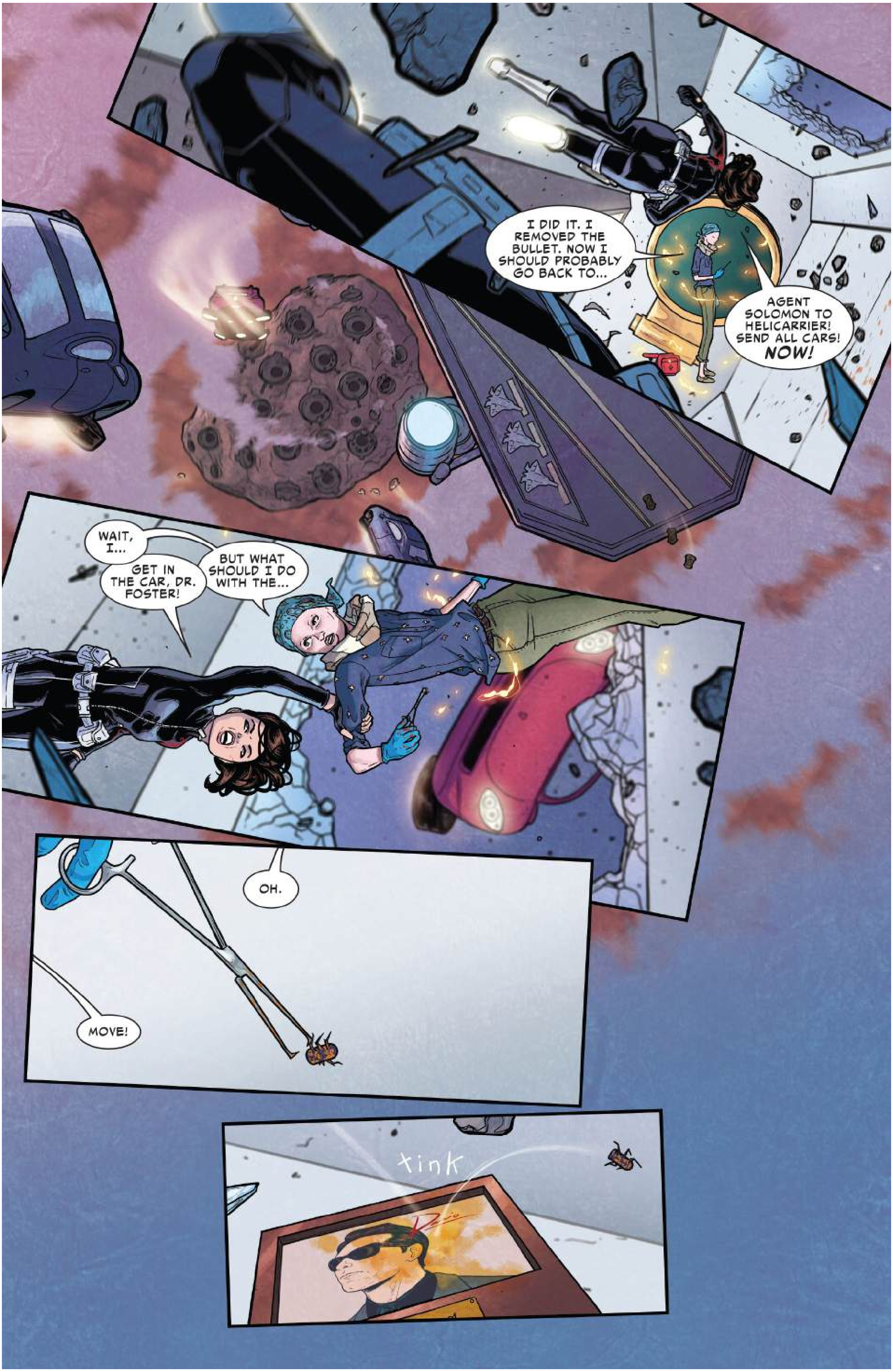

IDIOTS. I'M A C.E.O. WITH A SUPER-SUIT. WHAT PART OF THAT SOUNDS ARRESTABLE?
I BELIEVE OUR WORK HERE IS JUST ABOUT DONE, SILVER SAMURAI. LET'S PILLAGE THAT VAULT AND LEAVE THESE GOOD PEOPLE TO ENJOY THEIR AGGER IMPERATIVE IN PEACE.
FINE BY ME. I'VE GOT A TENNIS MATCH IN 45 MINUTES AGAINST THE PRIME MINISTER OF MADRIPOOR.
EXTERMINATRIX! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, WOMAN! I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET!
CLK
I'M NOT DONE WITH *ANY* OF YOU.
BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST, AGGER. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS ISLAND OF YOURS FROM WIPING OUT ALL OF...
COUNTDOWN COMPLETE. AGGER IMPERATIVE ACTIVATED.
OH, HELL.

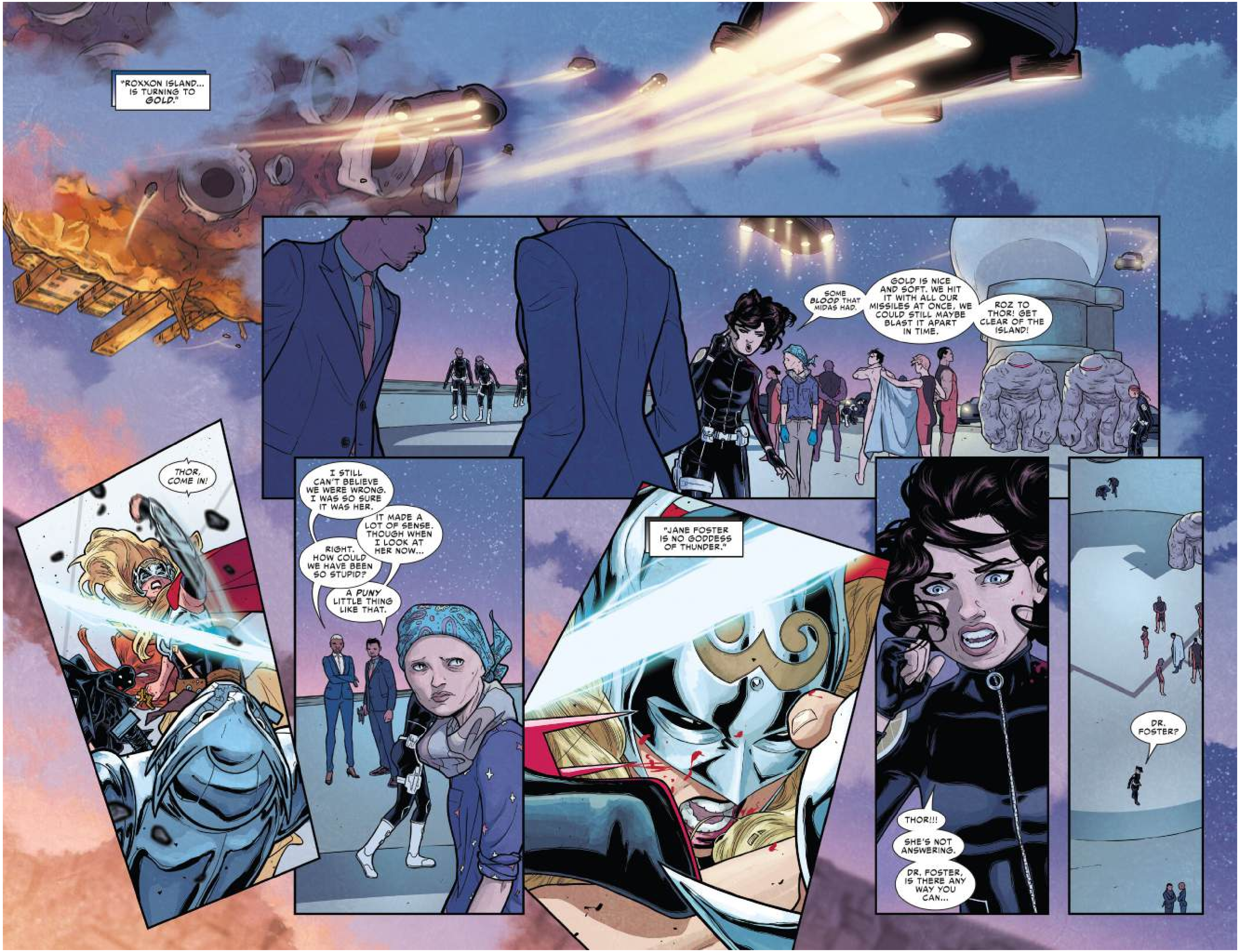

THRUST DISABLED.
BEGINNING DESCENT.
AGGER, STOP BEING A MONSTER FOR FIVE SECONDS! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN STOP THIS!
AGGER!!!
THE BULLET APPEARS TO HAVE GROWN LEGS AND IS BURROWING INTO YOUR WRIST.
MIDAS... BUILDS WEIRD BULLETS.
JUST HELP ME REMOVE IT.

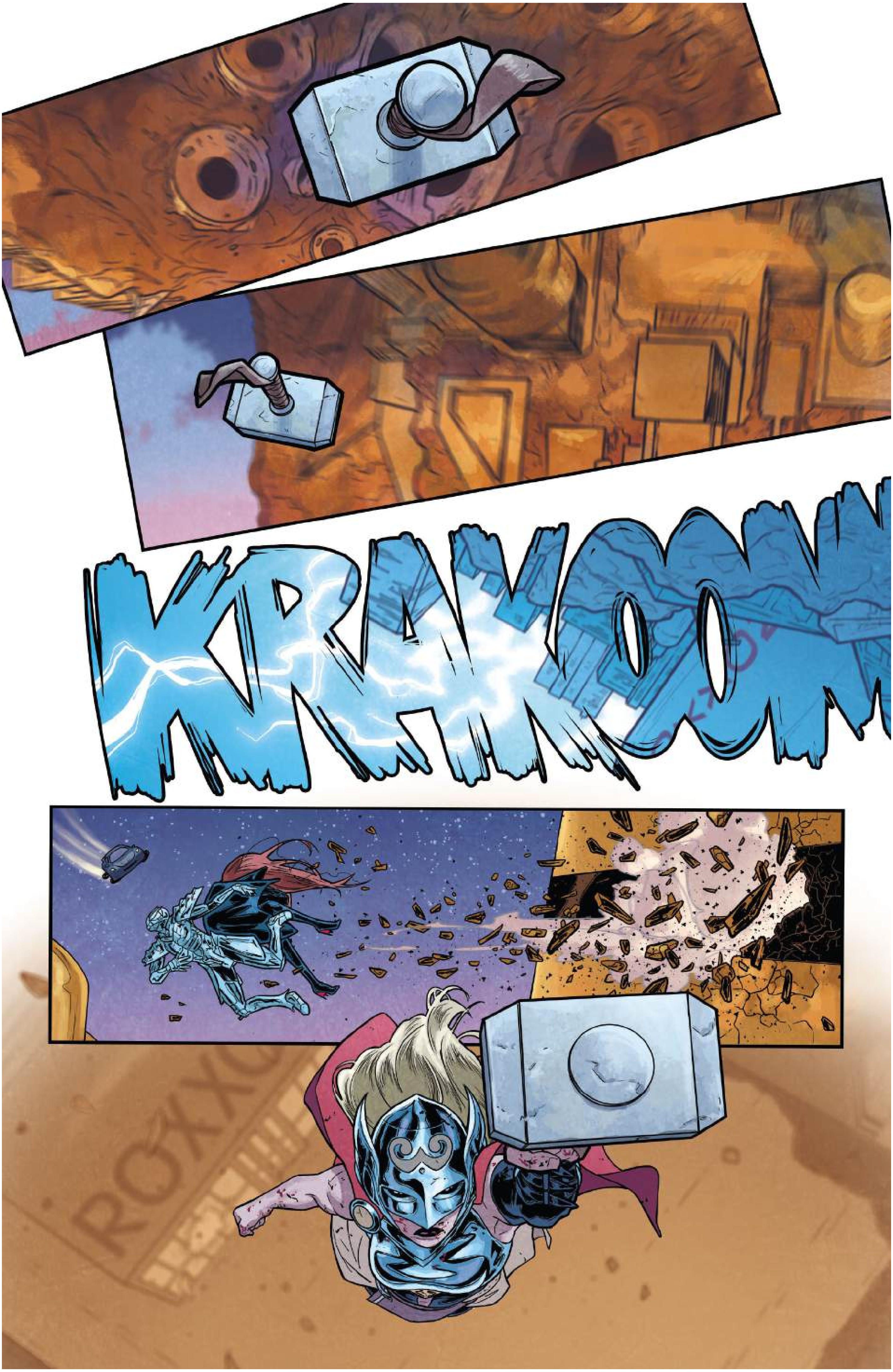

THOSE ARE MY INSTRUMENTS?
THEY ARE DR. FOSTER'S INSTRUMENTS.
THEN THEY'RE ASGARDIAN-FORGED. THEY CAN PIERCE MY SKIN.
YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT IT OUT. BUT IT'S...UP AGAINST MY ULNAR ARTERY. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T SLICE THAT.
I CAN BE PRECISE WHEN I NEED TO BE.
I CAN SEE THROUGH YOUR EYES. HOW CAN I...
FOCUS, THOR.
FOR BOTH OUR SAKES.
LOOK AT ME, YOU STUPID BULL-HEADED BASTARD!
WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE UNLESS YOU STOP THIS!
HGGHK.
YOU TELL ME, DARIO...ARE YOU A MAN OR JUST A MINDLESS MINOTAUR?
HRRRPH. I'M BOTH.
VOICE CONFIRMATION, DARIO AGGER. CANCEL THE AGGER IMPE--

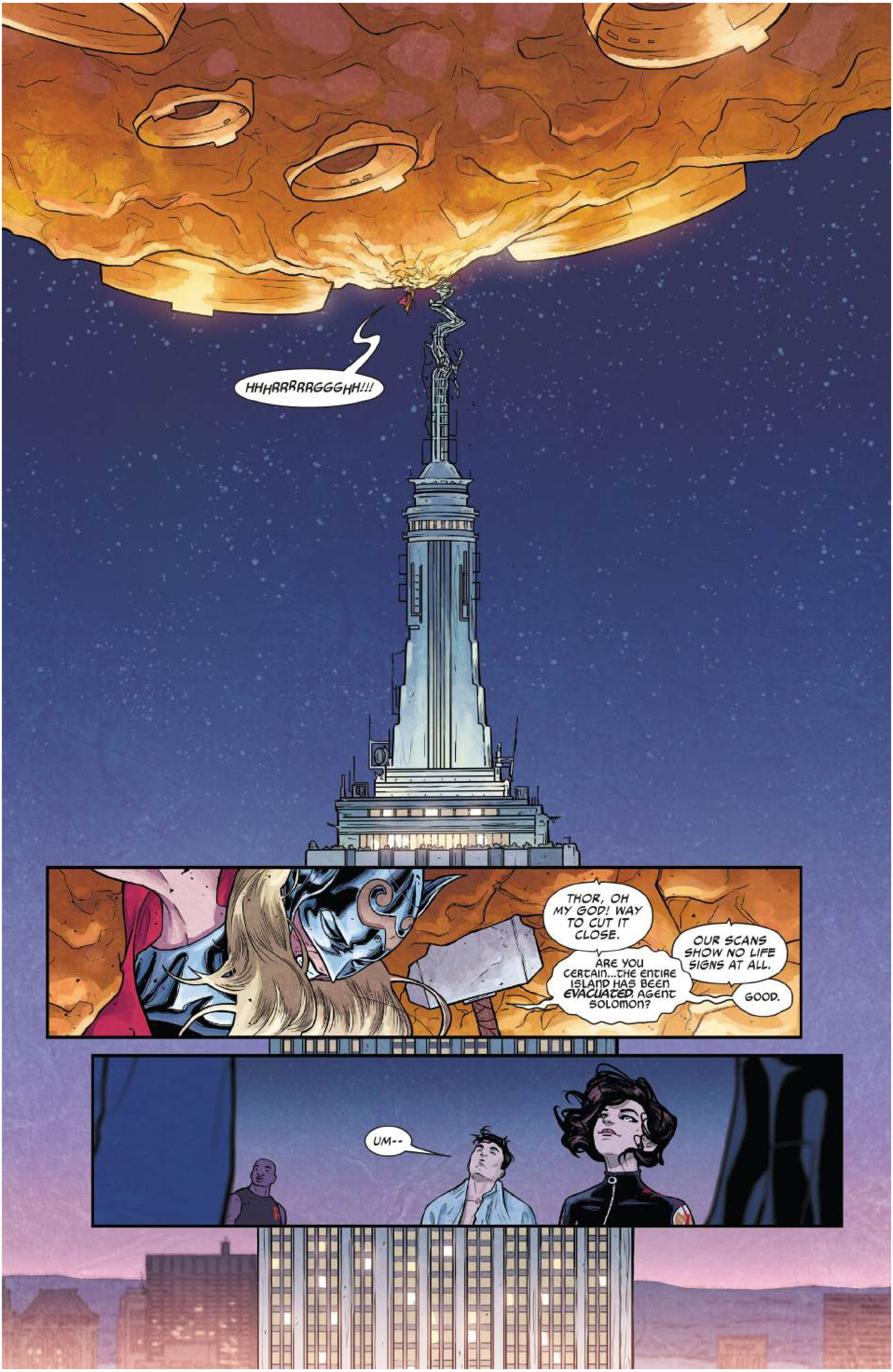

ZZZZZKKKKKT
WE CAME PREPARED TO TAKE DOWN THOR. YOU THINK WE CAN'T HANDLE A LOUSY *COW-MAN?*
BULL.
WHATEVER.
YOU SHOT HIM?! NO! HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO--
YOU'RE WELCOME FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE, SOLOMON.
NOW LET'S GET TO THE HELICARRIER.
YOU *IDIOTS!* ALL OF NEW YORK IS GOING TO *DIE* BECAUSE OF YOU!
I DON'T THINK SO.
THAT REALLY DOESN'T SOUND LIKE US.
LOOKS LIKE WE'D BETTER SKIP THE VAULT, MY DEAR MISS MIDAS.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SHINGEN. IT'LL BE ENOUGH OF A REWARD WATCHING ROXXON GO DOWN IN FLAMES.
ALONG WITH ALL OF NEW YORK CITY.
WELL YEAH, THAT TOO, I GUESS.

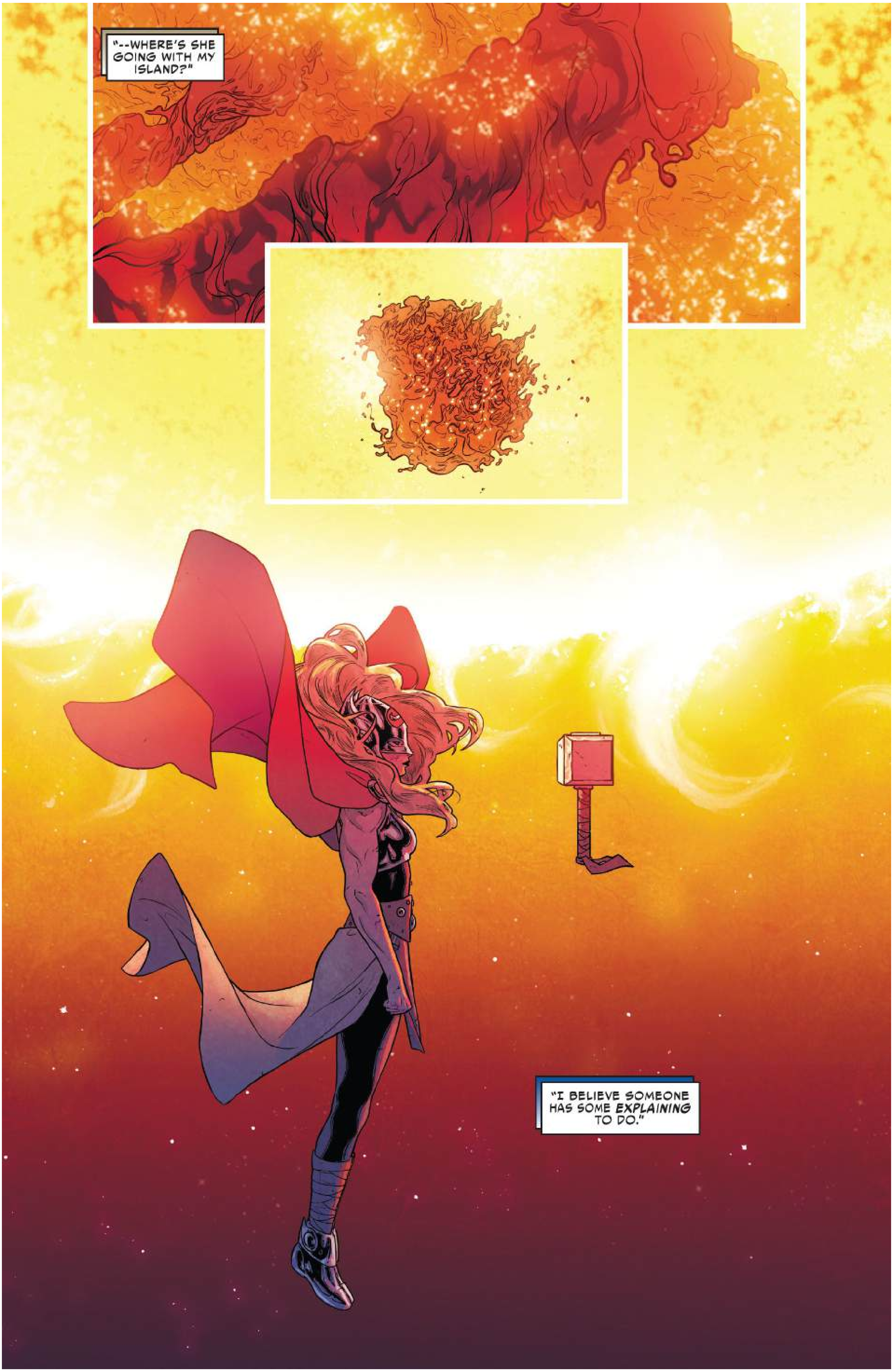

GAAGH!
UGGH!
GET EVERYONE OFF THE ISLAND, AGENT SOLOMON.
NO ONE DIES HERE TODAY.
EXCEPT PERHAPS *THESE TWO.*
YOU KNOW WHAT? MAYBE WE DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE JUST YET.
AND MAYBE I WOULDN'T MIND BEING A *THOR VILLAIN* AFTER ALL.
THE NEXT GOLDEN BULLET GOES BETWEEN YOUR EYES, PRETTY PRINCESS.

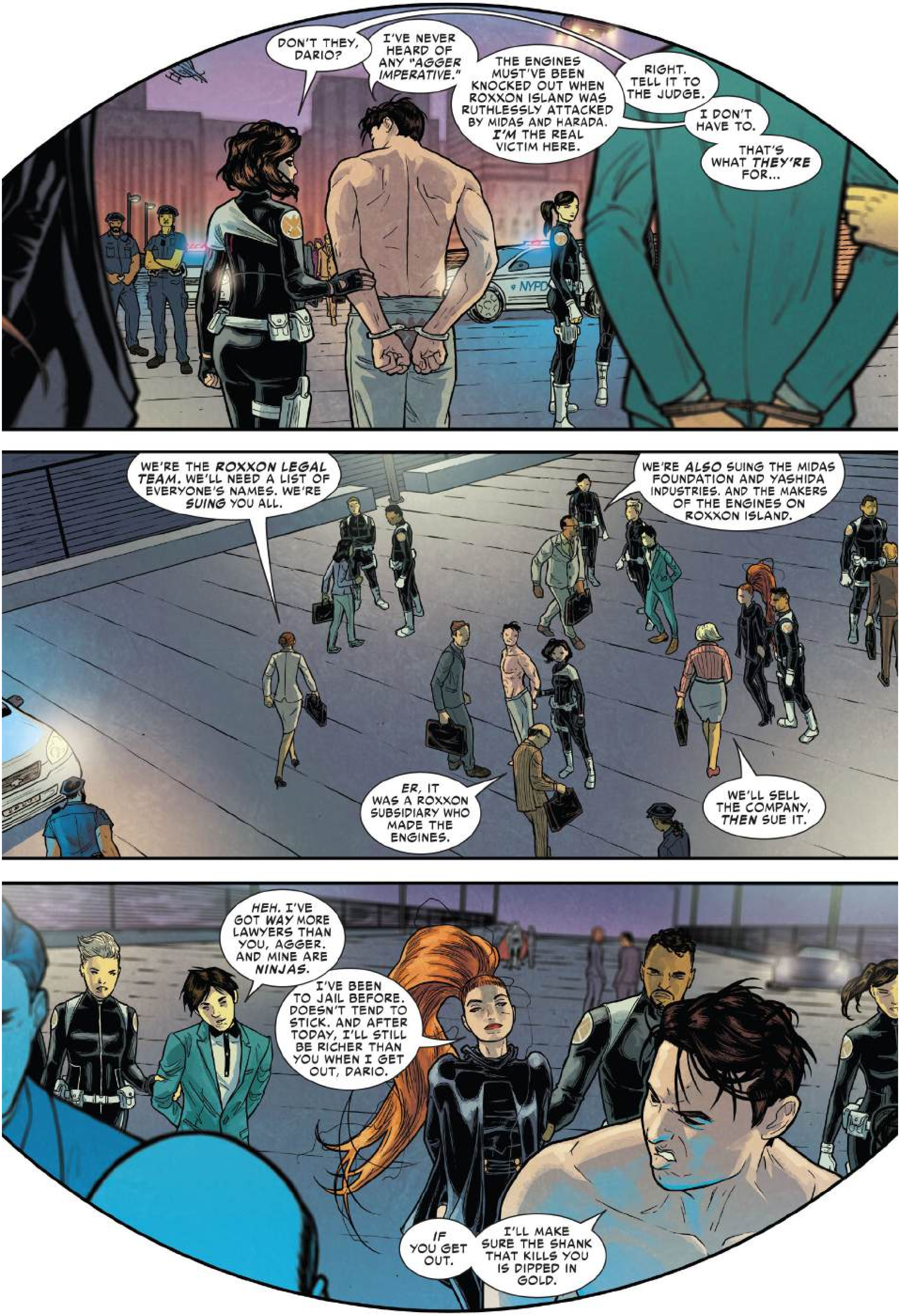

I DID IT. I REMOVED THE BULLET. NOW I SHOULD PROBABLY GO BACK TO...
AGENT SOLOMON TO HELICARRIER! SEND ALL CARS! **NOW!**
WAIT, I...
GET IN THE CAR, DR. FOSTER!
BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THE...
OH.
MOVE!
tink

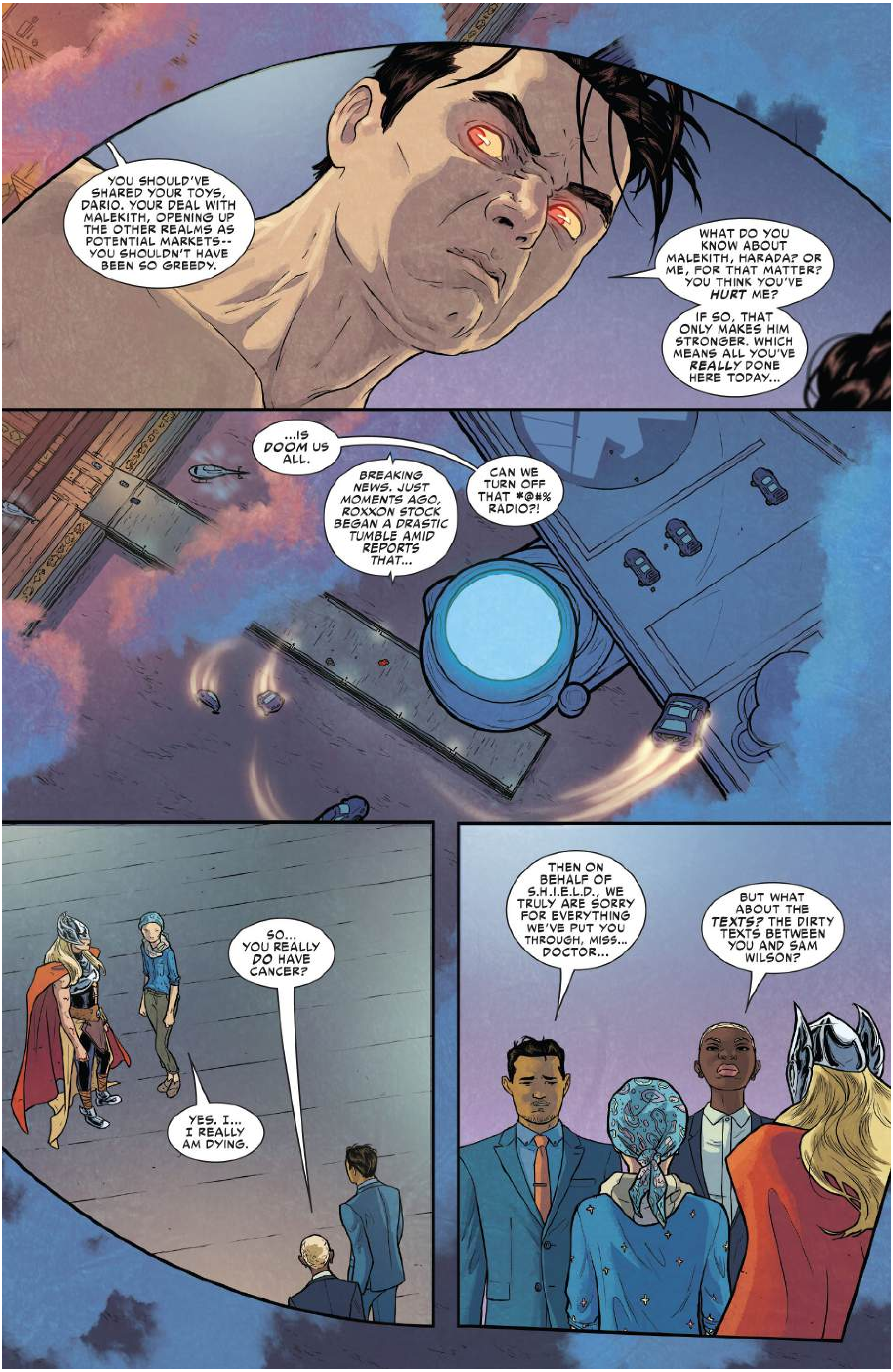

"ROXXON ISLAND... IS TURNING TO *GOLD*."
SOME *BLOOD* THAT MIDAS HAD.
GOLD IS NICE AND SOFT. WE HIT IT WITH ALL OUR MISSILES AT ONCE, WE COULD STILL MAYBE BLAST IT APART IN TIME.
ROZ TO THOR! GET CLEAR OF THE ISLAND!
THOR, COME IN!
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WE WERE WRONG. I WAS SO SURE IT WAS HER.
IT MADE A LOT OF SENSE. THOUGH WHEN I LOOK AT HER NOW...
RIGHT. HOW COULD WE HAVE BEEN SO STUPID?
A *PUNY* LITTLE THING LIKE THAT.
"JANE FOSTER IS NO GODDESS OF THUNDER."
THOR!!!
SHE'S NOT ANSWERING.
DR. FOSTER, IS THERE ANY WAY YOU CAN...
DR. FOSTER?

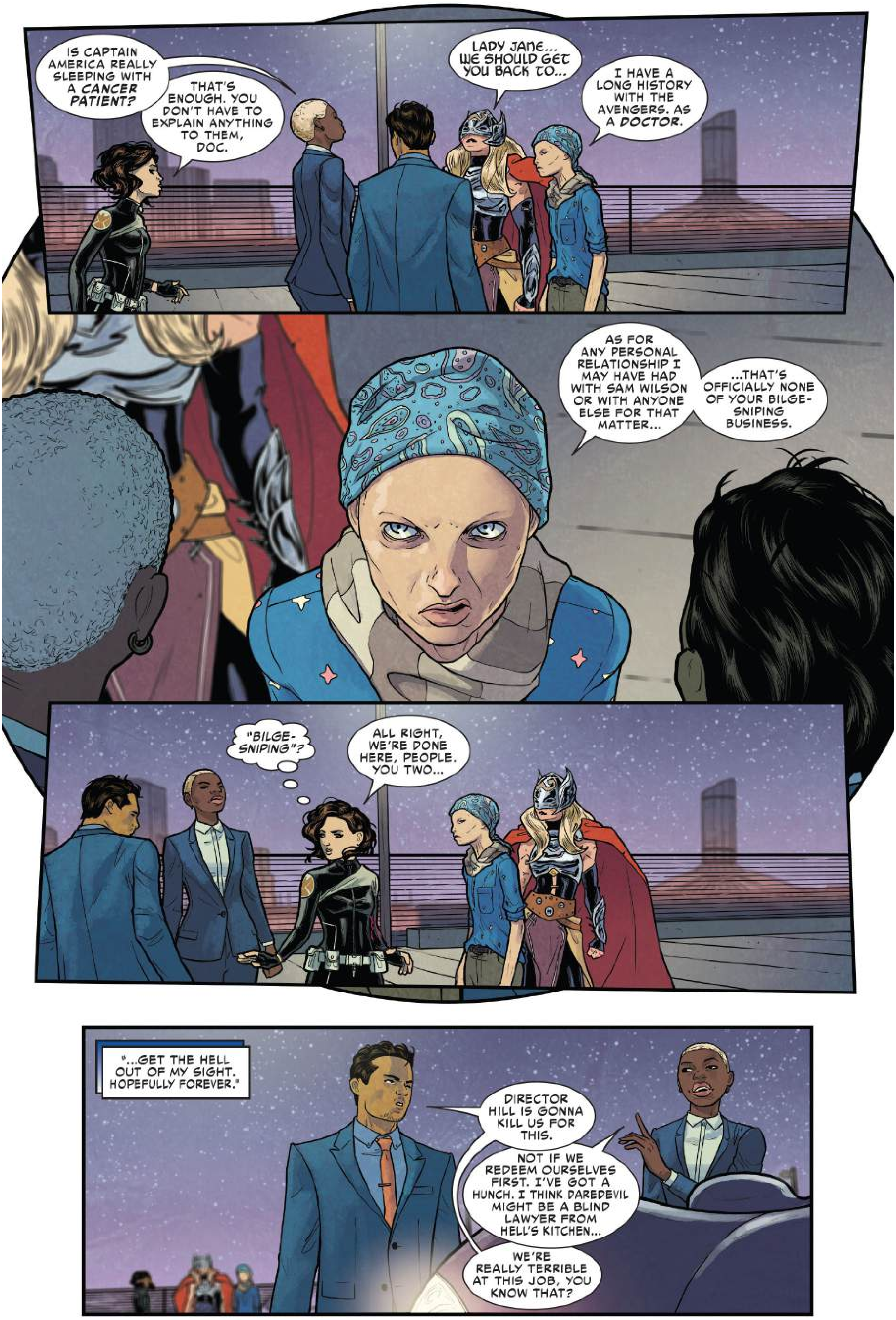

KRAKOOM
ROXXO

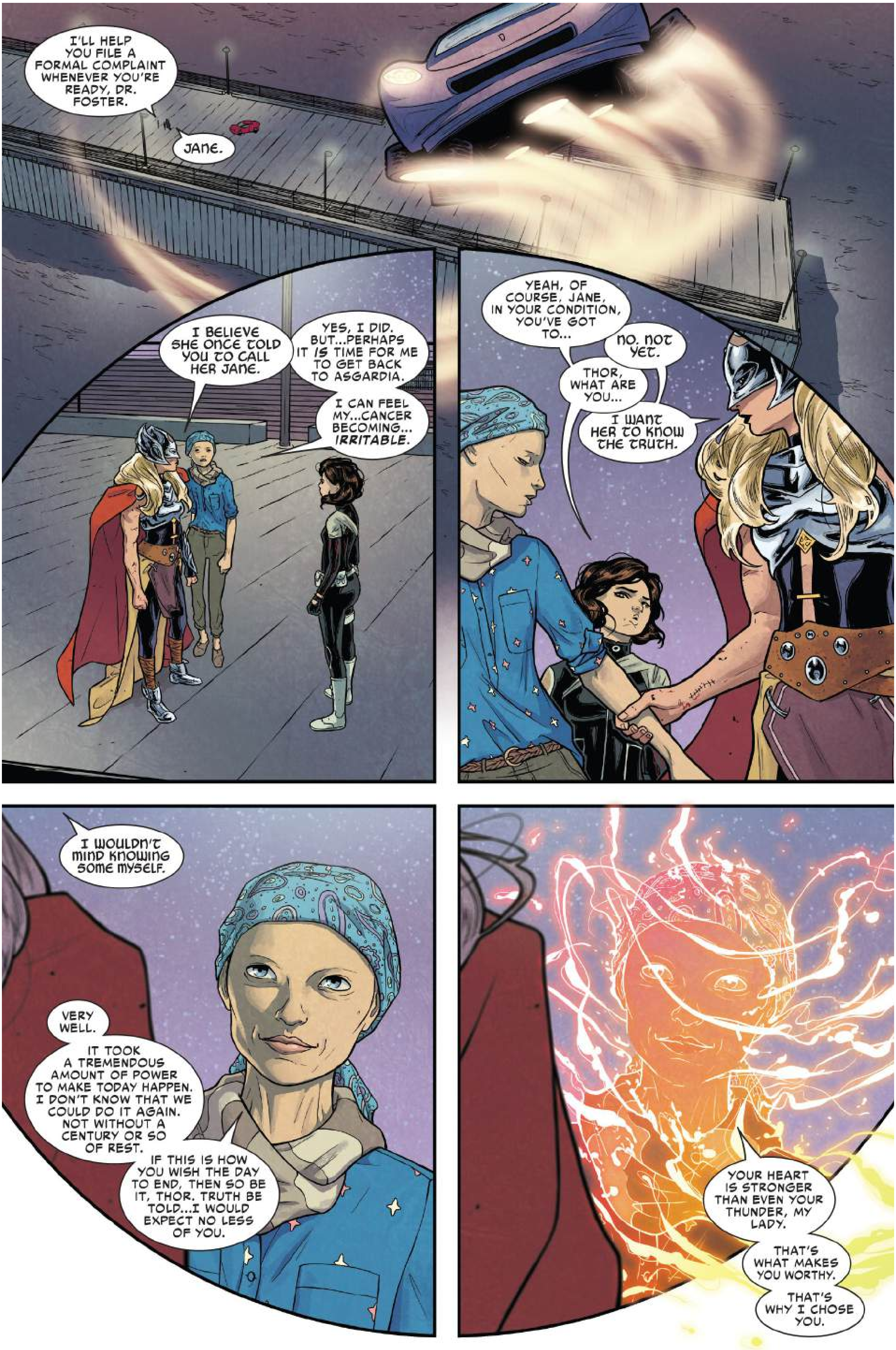

HHHRRRRRGGGHH!!!
THOR, OH MY GOD! WAY TO CUT IT CLOSE.
ARE YOU CERTAIN...THE ENTIRE ISLAND HAS BEEN *EVACUATED*, AGENT SOLOMON?
OUR SCANS SHOW NO LIFE SIGNS AT ALL.
GOOD.
UM--

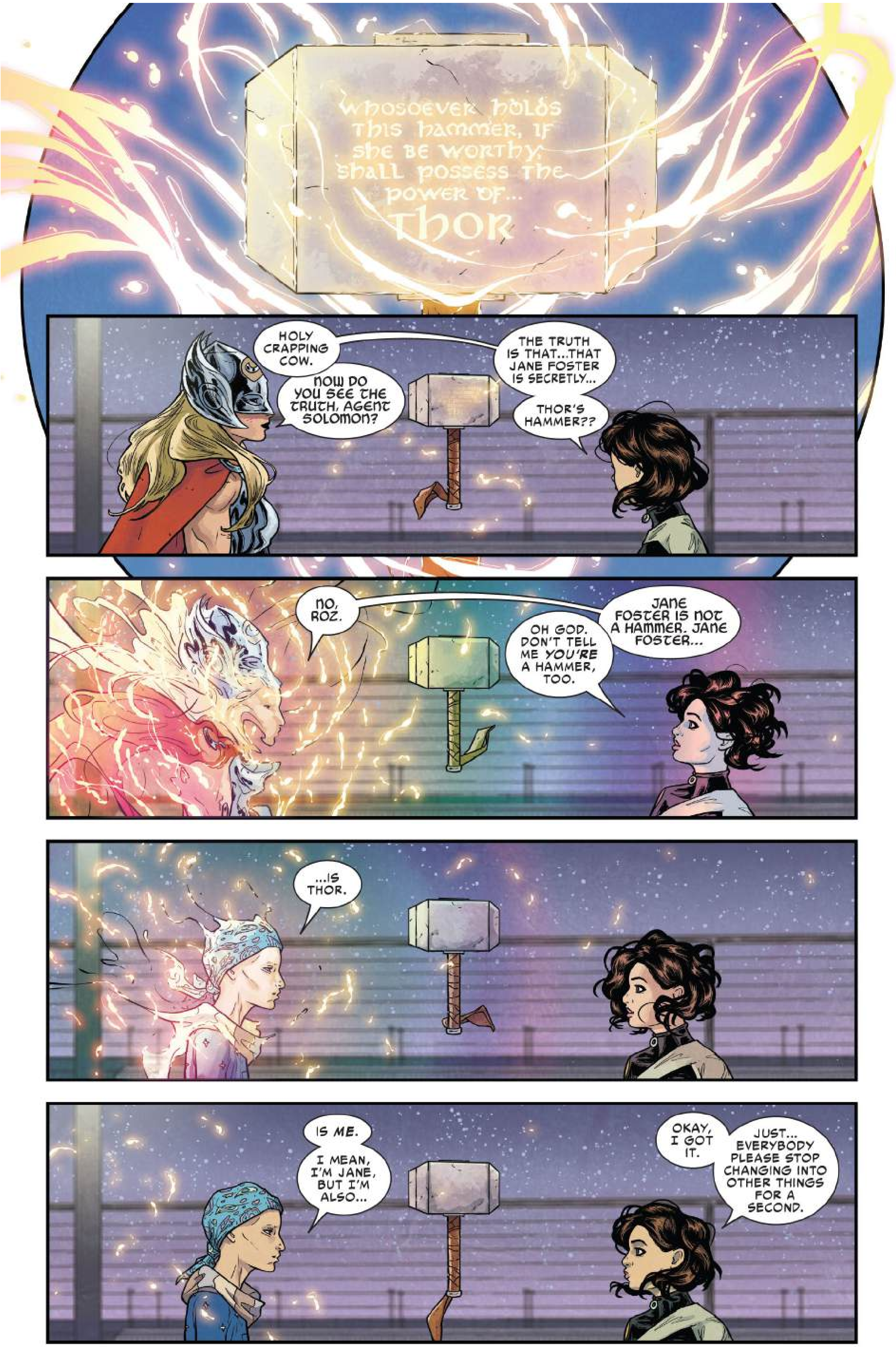

"--WHERE'S SHE GOING WITH MY ISLAND?"
"I BELIEVE SOMEONE HAS SOME *EXPLAINING* TO DO."

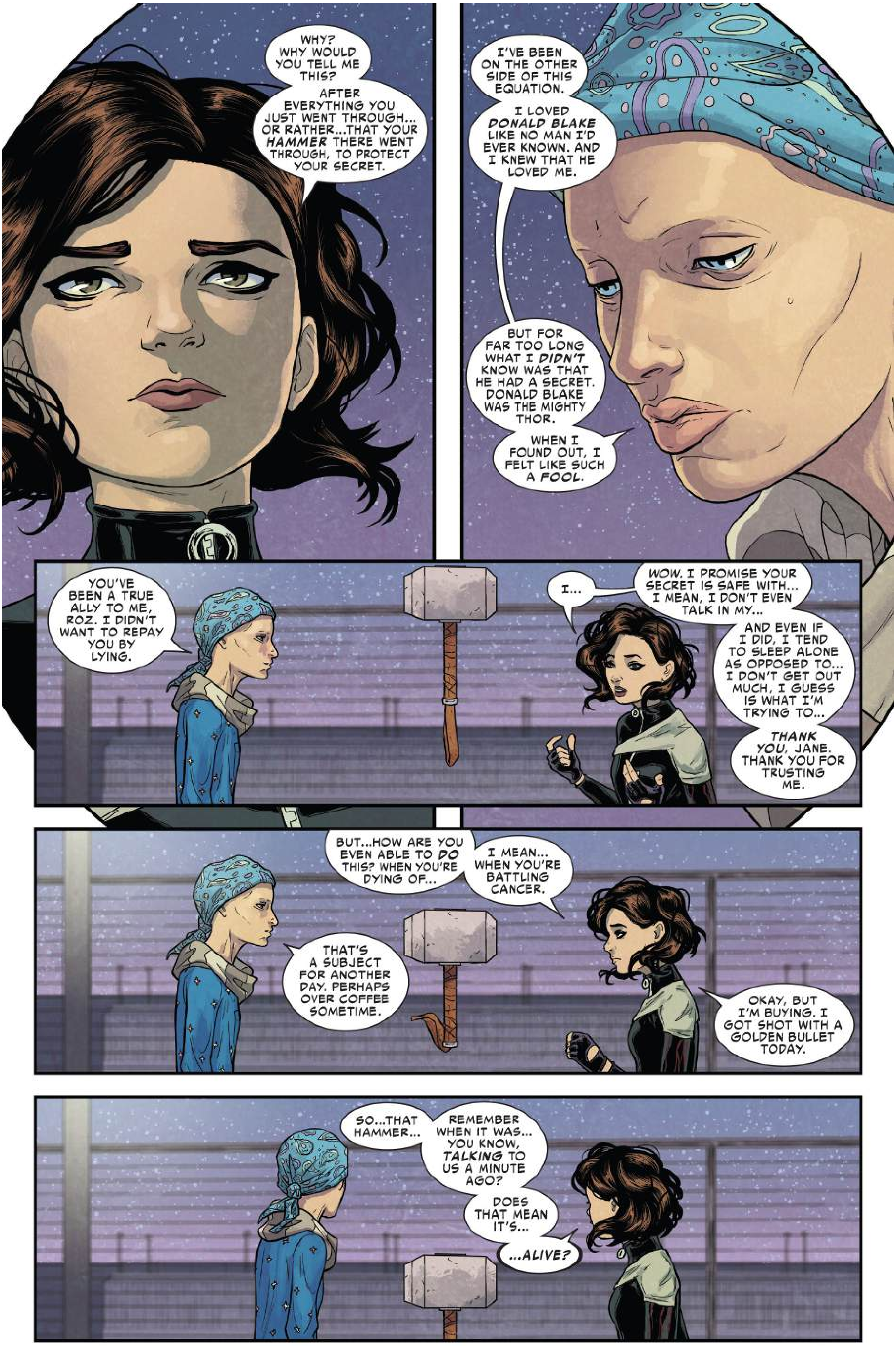

DON'T THEY, DARIO?
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY "AGGER IMPERATIVE."
THE ENGINES MUST'VE BEEN KNOCKED OUT WHEN ROXXON ISLAND WAS RUTHLESSLY ATTACKED BY MIDAS AND HARADA. I'M THE REAL VICTIM HERE.
RIGHT. TELL IT TO THE JUDGE.
I DON'T HAVE TO.
THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE FOR...
WE'RE THE ROXXON LEGAL TEAM. WE'LL NEED A LIST OF EVERYONE'S NAMES. WE'RE SUING YOU ALL.
WE'RE ALSO SUING THE MIDAS FOUNDATION AND YASHIDA INDUSTRIES. AND THE MAKERS OF THE ENGINES ON ROXXON ISLAND.
ER, IT WAS A ROXXON SUBSIDIARY WHO MADE THE ENGINES.
WE'LL SELL THE COMPANY, THEN SUE IT.
NYPD
HEH. I'VE GOT WAY MORE LAWYERS THAN YOU, AGGER. AND MINE ARE NINJAS.
I'VE BEEN TO JAIL BEFORE. DOESN'T TEND TO STICK. AND AFTER TODAY, I'LL STILL BE RICHER THAN YOU WHEN I GET OUT, DARIO.
IF YOU GET OUT.
I'LL MAKE SURE THE SHANK THAT KILLS YOU IS DIPPED IN GOLD.

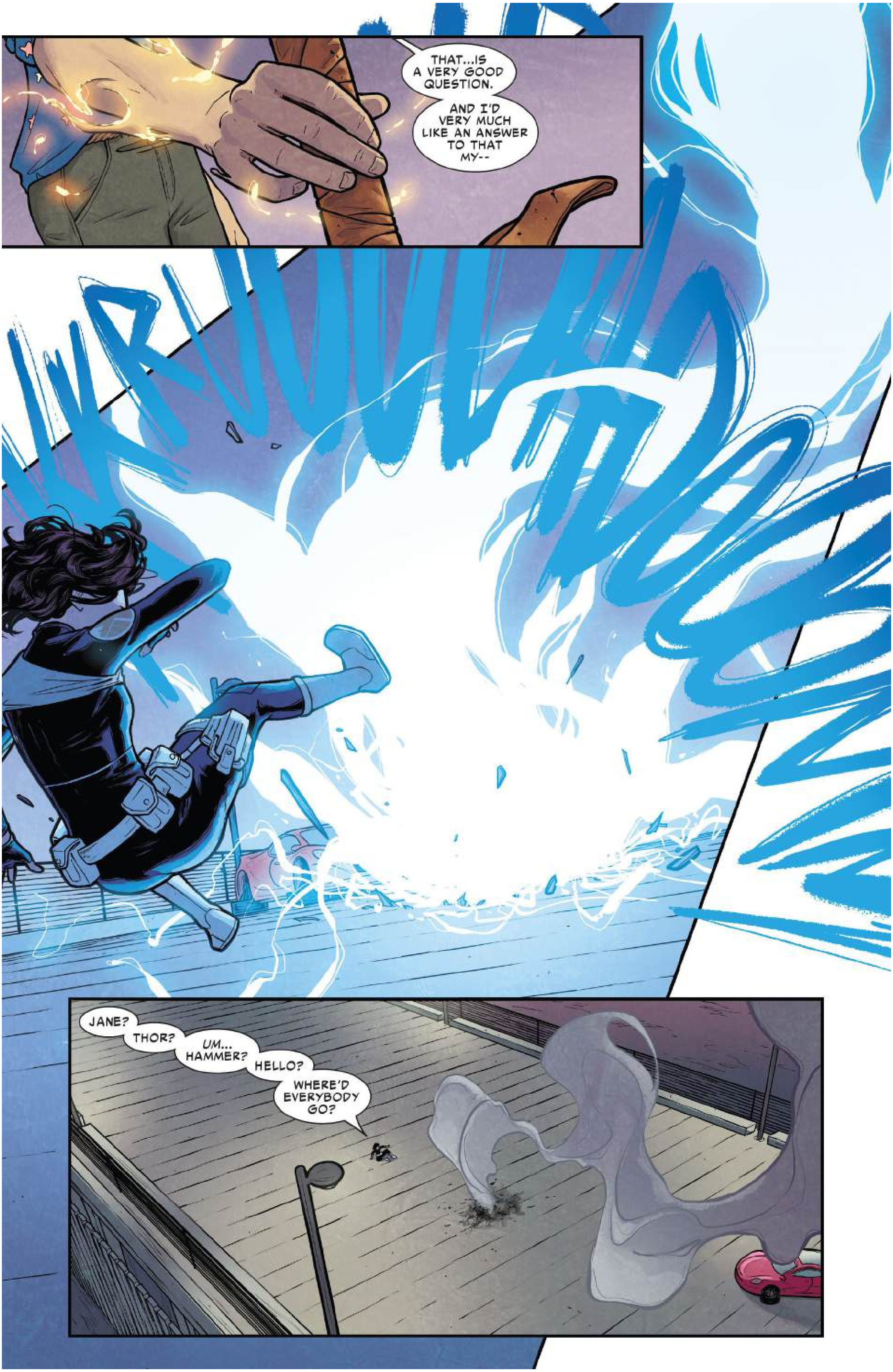

YOU SHOULD'VE SHARED YOUR TOYS, DARIO. YOUR DEAL WITH MALEKITH, OPENING UP THE OTHER REALMS AS POTENTIAL MARKETS--YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO GREEDY.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MALEKITH, HARADA? OR ME, FOR THAT MATTER? YOU THINK YOU'VE *HURT* ME?
IF SO, THAT ONLY MAKES HIM STRONGER. WHICH MEANS ALL YOU'VE *REALLY* DONE HERE TODAY...
...IS *DOOM* US ALL.
BREAKING NEWS. JUST MOMENTS AGO, ROXXON STOCK BEGAN A DRASTIC TUMBLE AMID REPORTS THAT...
CAN WE TURN OFF THAT *@#% RADIO?!
SO... YOU REALLY *DO* HAVE CANCER?
YES. I... I REALLY AM DYING.
THEN ON BEHALF OF S.H.I.E.L.D., WE TRULY ARE SORRY FOR EVERYTHING WE'VE PUT YOU THROUGH, MISS... DOCTOR...
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE *TEXTS?* THE DIRTY TEXTS BETWEEN YOU AND SAM WILSON?


IS CAPTAIN AMERICA REALLY SLEEPING WITH A *CANCER PATIENT?*
THAT'S ENOUGH. YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN ANYTHING TO THEM, DOC.
LADY JANE... WE SHOULD GET YOU BACK TO...
I HAVE A LONG HISTORY WITH THE AVENGERS. AS A *DOCTOR*.
AS FOR ANY PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP I MAY HAVE HAD WITH SAM WILSON OR WITH ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER...
...THAT'S OFFICIALLY NONE OF YOUR BILGE-SNIPING BUSINESS.
"BILGE-SNIPING"?
ALL RIGHT, WE'RE DONE HERE, PEOPLE. YOU TWO...
"...GET THE HELL OUT OF MY SIGHT. HOPEFULLY FOREVER."
DIRECTOR HILL IS GONNA KILL US FOR THIS.
NOT IF WE REDEEM OURSELVES FIRST. I'VE GOT A HUNCH. I THINK DAREDEVIL MIGHT BE A BLIND LAWYER FROM HELL'S KITCHEN...
WE'RE REALLY TERRIBLE AT THIS JOB, YOU KNOW THAT?


I'LL HELP YOU FILE A FORMAL COMPLAINT WHENEVER YOU'RE READY, DR. FOSTER.
JANE.
I BELIEVE SHE ONCE TOLD YOU TO CALL HER JANE.
YES, I DID. BUT...PERHAPS IT *IS* TIME FOR ME TO GET BACK TO ASGARDIA.
I CAN FEEL MY...CANCER BECOMING... *IRRITABLE*.
YEAH, OF COURSE, JANE, IN YOUR CONDITION, YOU'VE GOT TO...
NO, NOT YET.
THOR, WHAT ARE YOU...
I WANT HER TO KNOW THE TRUTH.
I WOULDN'T MIND KNOWING SOME MYSELF.
VERY WELL.
IT TOOK A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF POWER TO MAKE TODAY HAPPEN. I DON'T KNOW THAT WE COULD DO IT AGAIN. NOT WITHOUT A CENTURY OR SO OF REST.
IF THIS IS HOW YOU WISH THE DAY TO END, THEN SO BE IT, THOR. TRUTH BE TOLD...I WOULD EXPECT NO LESS OF YOU.
YOUR HEART IS STRONGER THAN EVEN YOUR THUNDER, MY LADY.
THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU WORTHY.
THAT'S WHY I CHOSE YOU.


WHOSOEVER HOLDS THIS HAMMER, IF SHE BE WORTHY, SHALL POSSESS THE POWER OF... THOR
HOLY CRAPPING COW.
NOW DO YOU SEE THE TRUTH, AGENT SOLOMON?
THE TRUTH IS THAT...THAT JANE FOSTER IS SECRETLY...
THOR'S HAMMER??
NO, ROZ.
JANE FOSTER IS NOT A HAMMER. JANE FOSTER...
OH GOD. DON'T TELL ME *YOU'RE* A HAMMER, TOO.
...IS THOR.
IS *ME*.
I MEAN, I'M JANE, BUT I'M ALSO...
OKAY, I GOT IT.
JUST... EVERYBODY PLEASE STOP CHANGING INTO OTHER THINGS FOR A SECOND.


WHY? WHY WOULD YOU TELL ME THIS?
AFTER EVERYTHING YOU JUST WENT THROUGH... OR RATHER...THAT YOUR *HAMMER* THERE WENT THROUGH, TO PROTECT YOUR SECRET.
I'VE BEEN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS EQUATION.
I LOVED ***DONALD BLAKE*** LIKE NO MAN I'D EVER KNOWN. AND I KNEW THAT HE LOVED ME.
BUT FOR FAR TOO LONG WHAT I *DIDN'T* KNOW WAS THAT HE HAD A SECRET. DONALD BLAKE WAS THE MIGHTY THOR.
WHEN I FOUND OUT, I FELT LIKE SUCH A ***FOOL***.
YOU'VE BEEN A TRUE ALLY TO ME, ROZ. I DIDN'T WANT TO REPAY YOU BY LYING.
I...
WOW. I PROMISE YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH... I MEAN, I DON'T EVEN TALK IN MY...
AND EVEN IF I DID, I TEND TO SLEEP ALONE AS OPPOSED TO... I DON'T GET OUT MUCH, I GUESS IS WHAT I'M TRYING TO...
THANK YOU, JANE. THANK YOU FOR TRUSTING ME.
BUT...HOW ARE YOU EVEN ABLE TO *DO* THIS? WHEN YOU'RE DYING OF...
I MEAN... WHEN YOU'RE BATTLING CANCER.
THAT'S A SUBJECT FOR ANOTHER DAY. PERHAPS OVER COFFEE SOMETIME.
OKAY, BUT I'M BUYING. I GOT SHOT WITH A GOLDEN BULLET TODAY.
SO...THAT HAMMER...
REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS... YOU KNOW, *TALKING* TO US A MINUTE AGO?
DOES THAT MEAN IT'S...
...ALIVE?

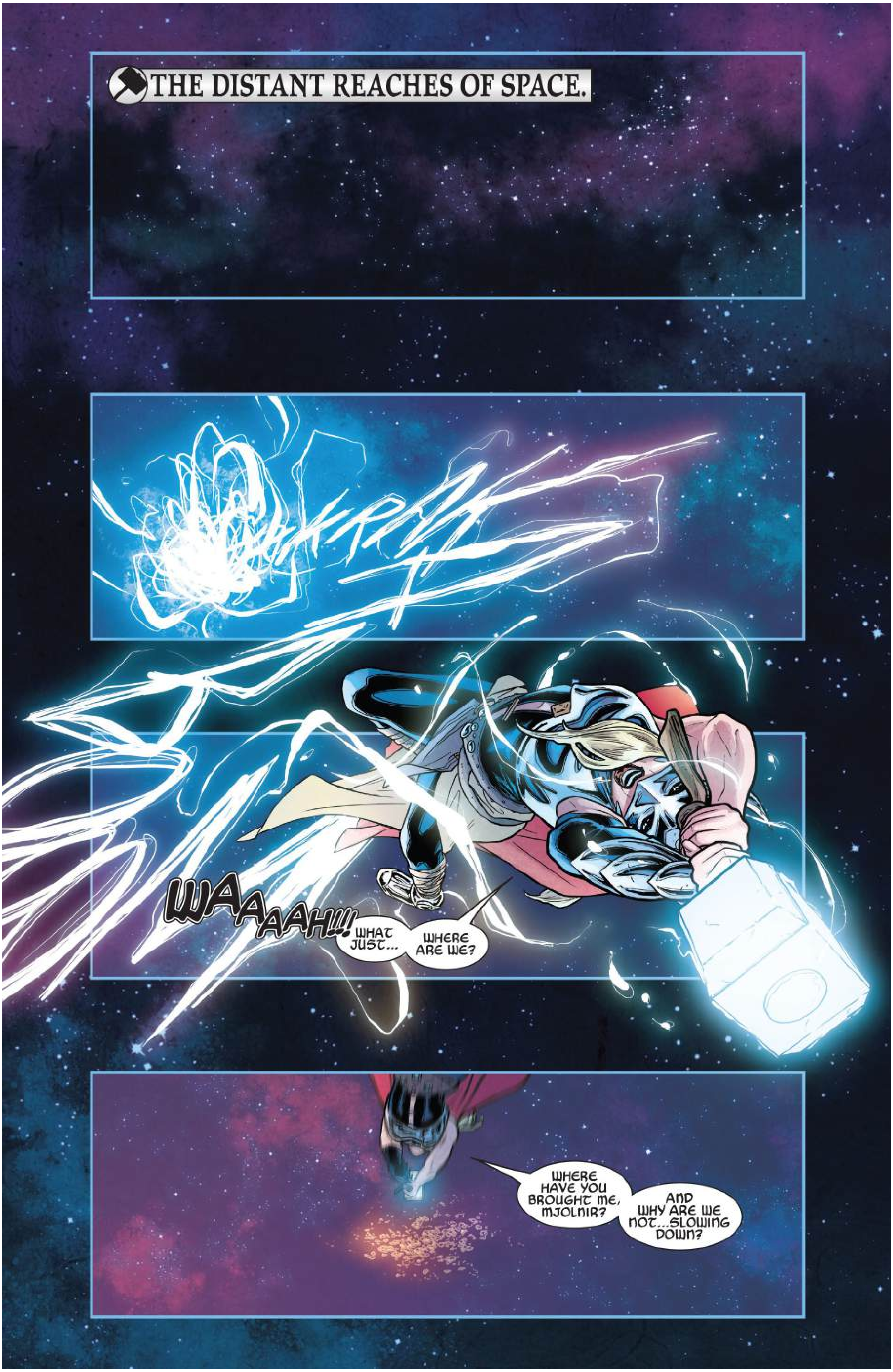

THAT...IS A VERY GOOD QUESTION.
AND I'D VERY MUCH LIKE AN ANSWER TO THAT MY--
KRUUUUDOOOOM
JANE?
THOR?
UM... HAMMER?
HELLO?
WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?

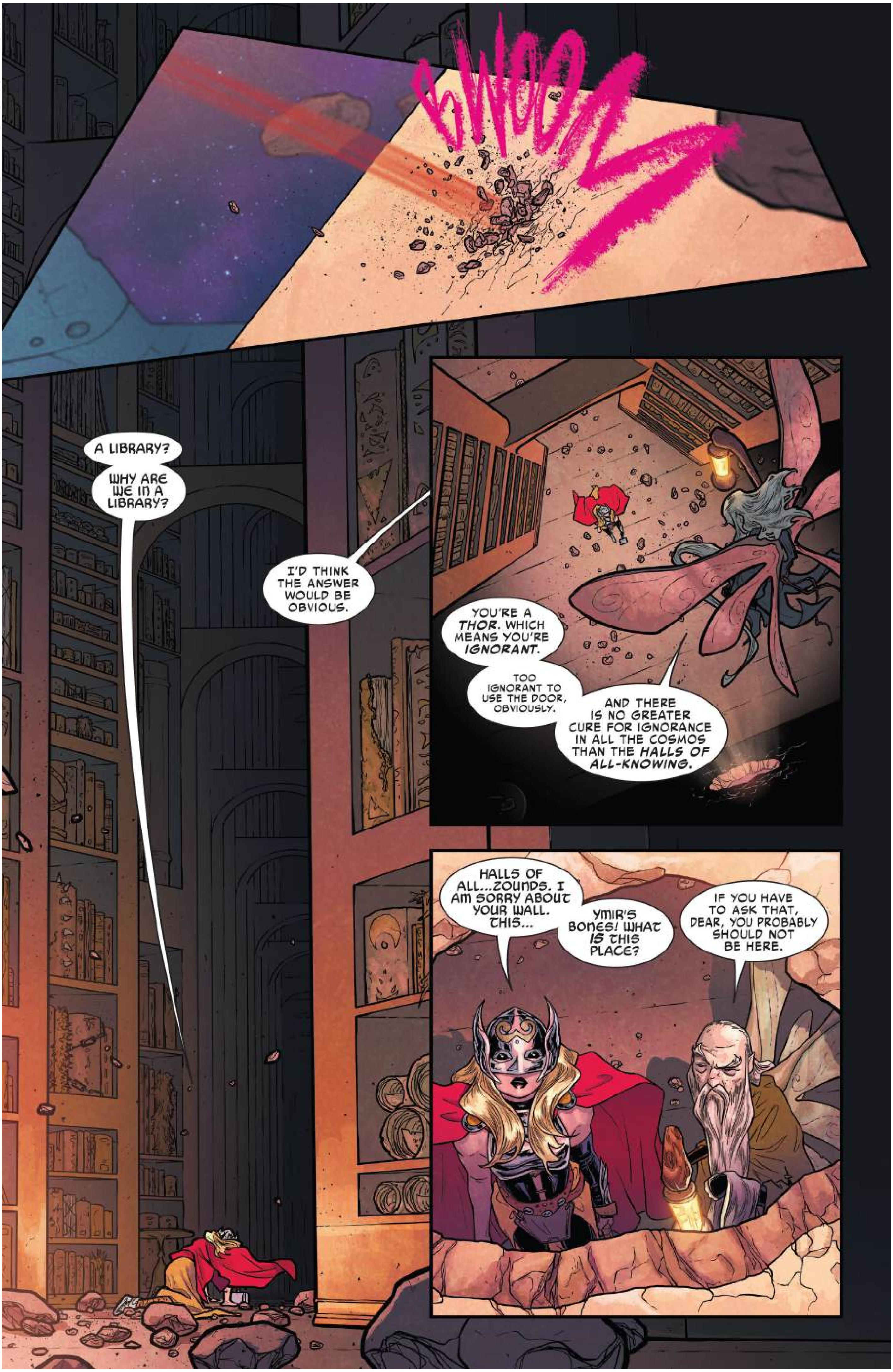
MIGHTY THOR #2 VARIANT BY Artyom Trakhanov

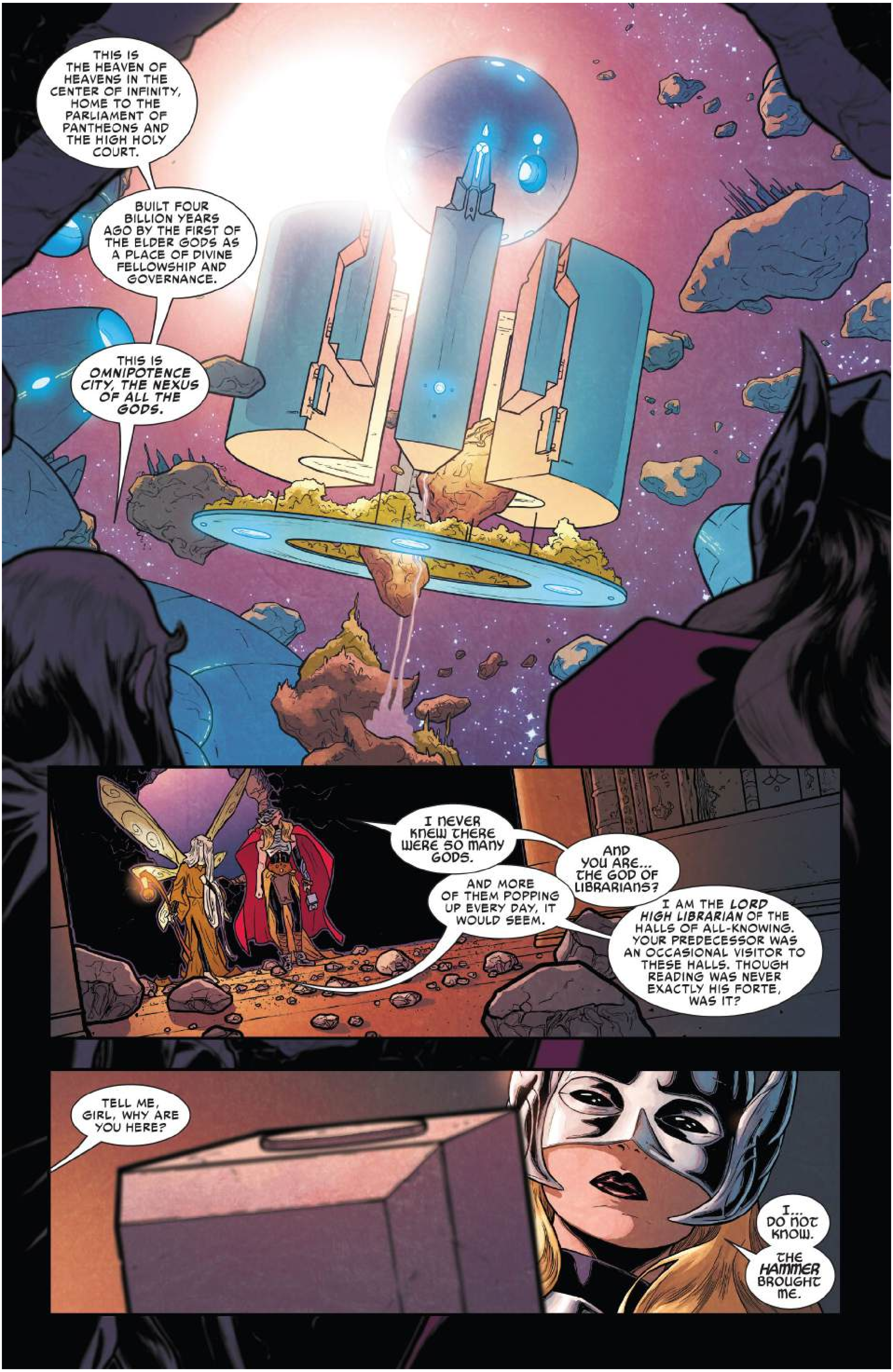
The Mighty
THOR
MARVEL
RD
16 MW

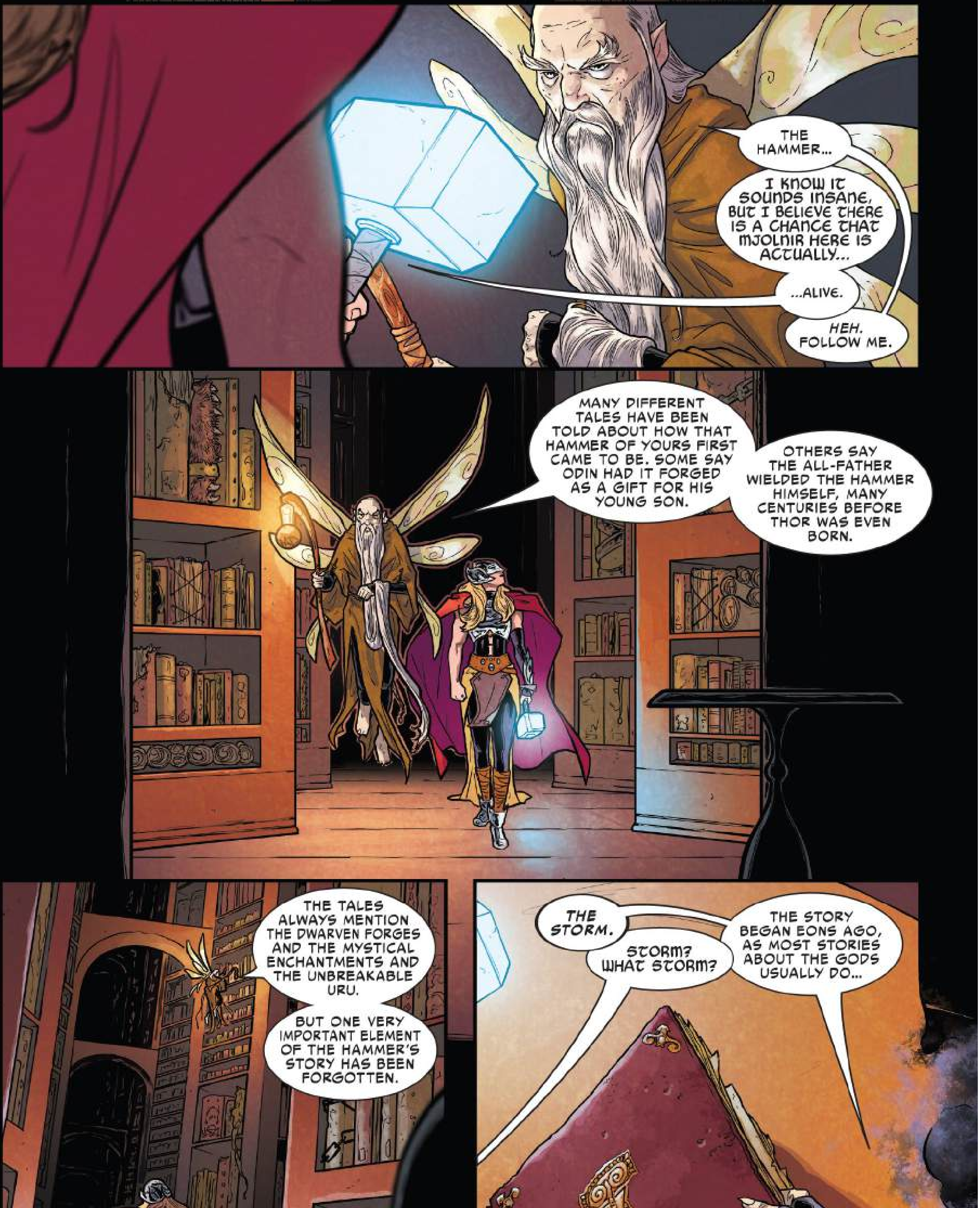
MIGHTY THOR | 12

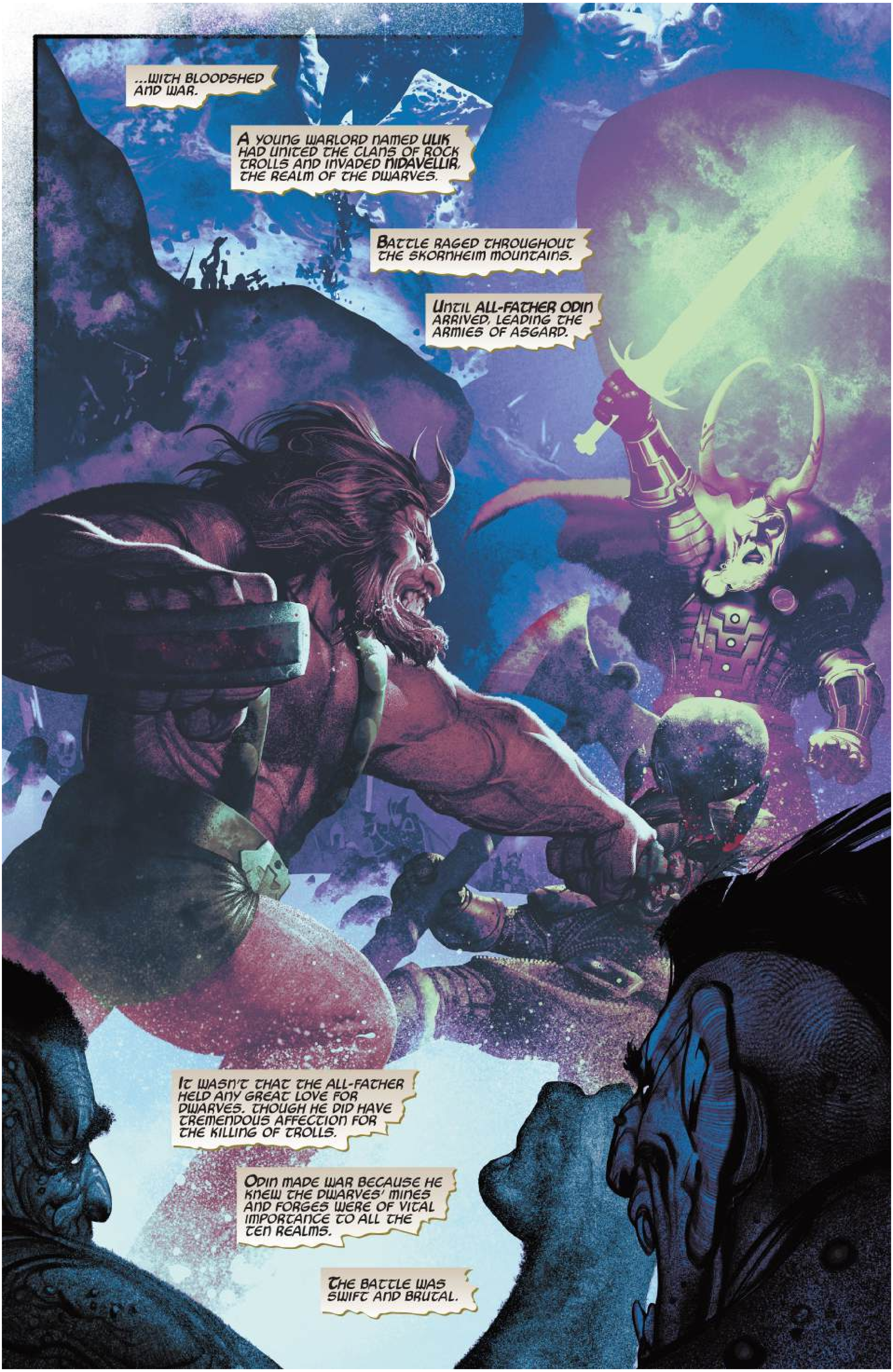
The Untold Origin of Mjolnir

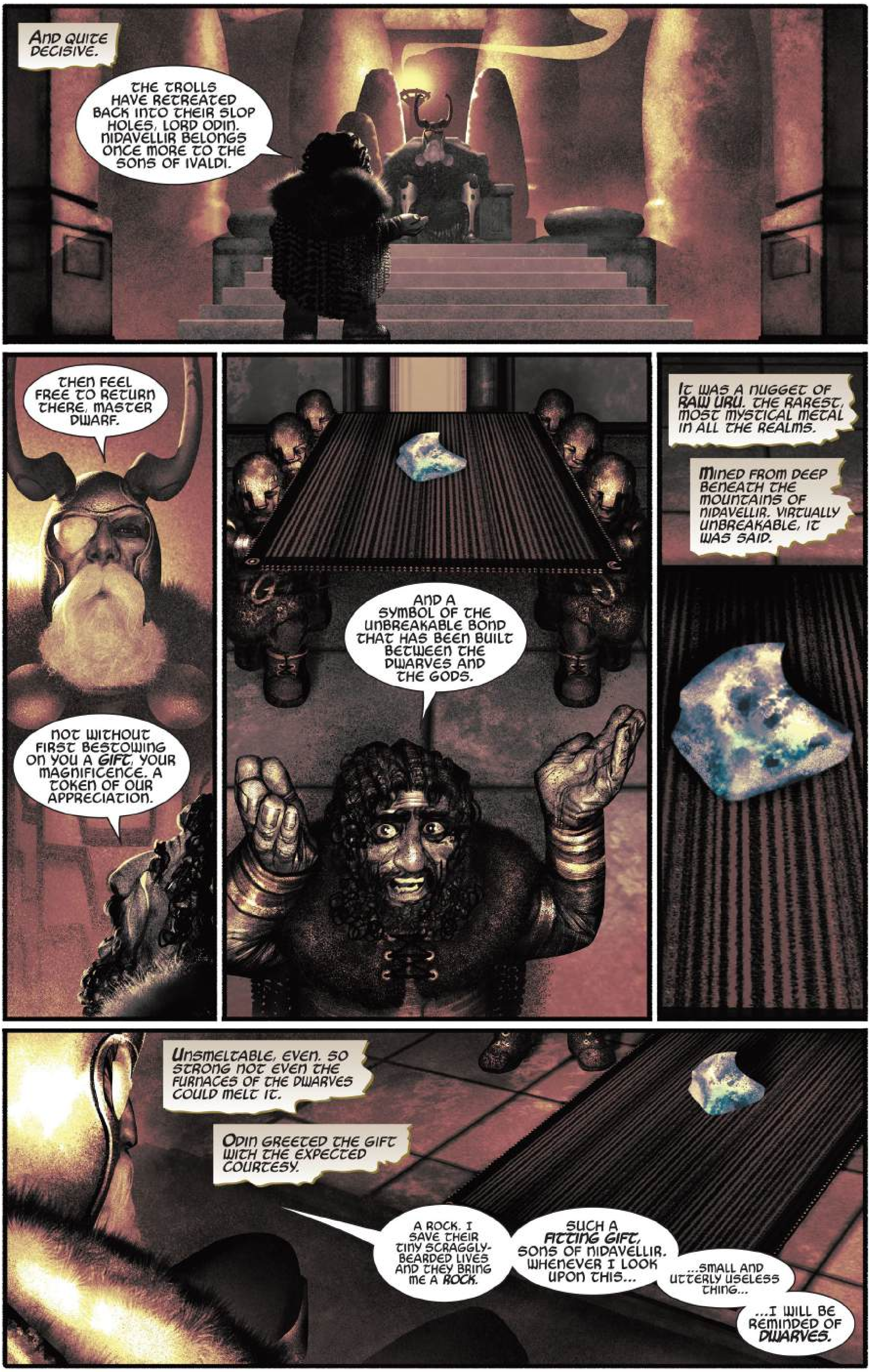

THE DISTANT REACHES OF SPACE.
WAAAAAH!!!
WHAT JUST...
WHERE ARE WE?
WHERE HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME, MJOLNIR?
AND WHY ARE WE NOT...SLOWING DOWN?

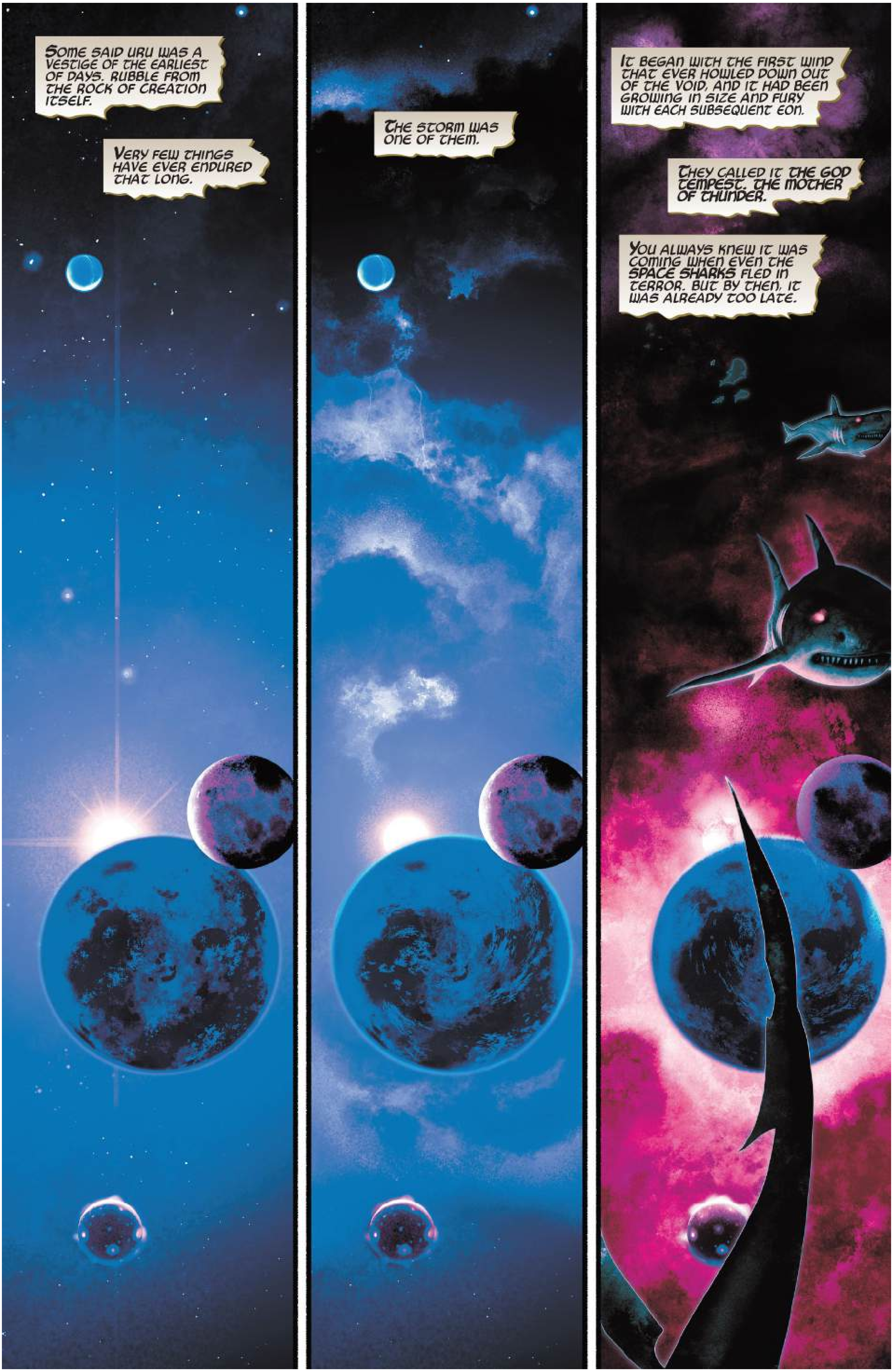

BWOOM
A LIBRARY?
WHY ARE WE IN A LIBRARY?
I'D THINK THE ANSWER WOULD BE OBVIOUS.
YOU'RE A *THOR*. WHICH MEANS YOU'RE *IGNORANT*.
TOO IGNORANT TO USE THE DOOR, OBVIOUSLY.
AND THERE IS NO GREATER CURE FOR IGNORANCE IN ALL THE COSMOS THAN THE *HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING*.
HALLS OF ALL...ZOUNDS. I AM SORRY ABOUT YOUR WALL. THIS...
YMIR'S BONES! WHAT *IS* THIS PLACE?
IF YOU HAVE TO ASK THAT, DEAR, YOU PROBABLY SHOULD NOT BE HERE.

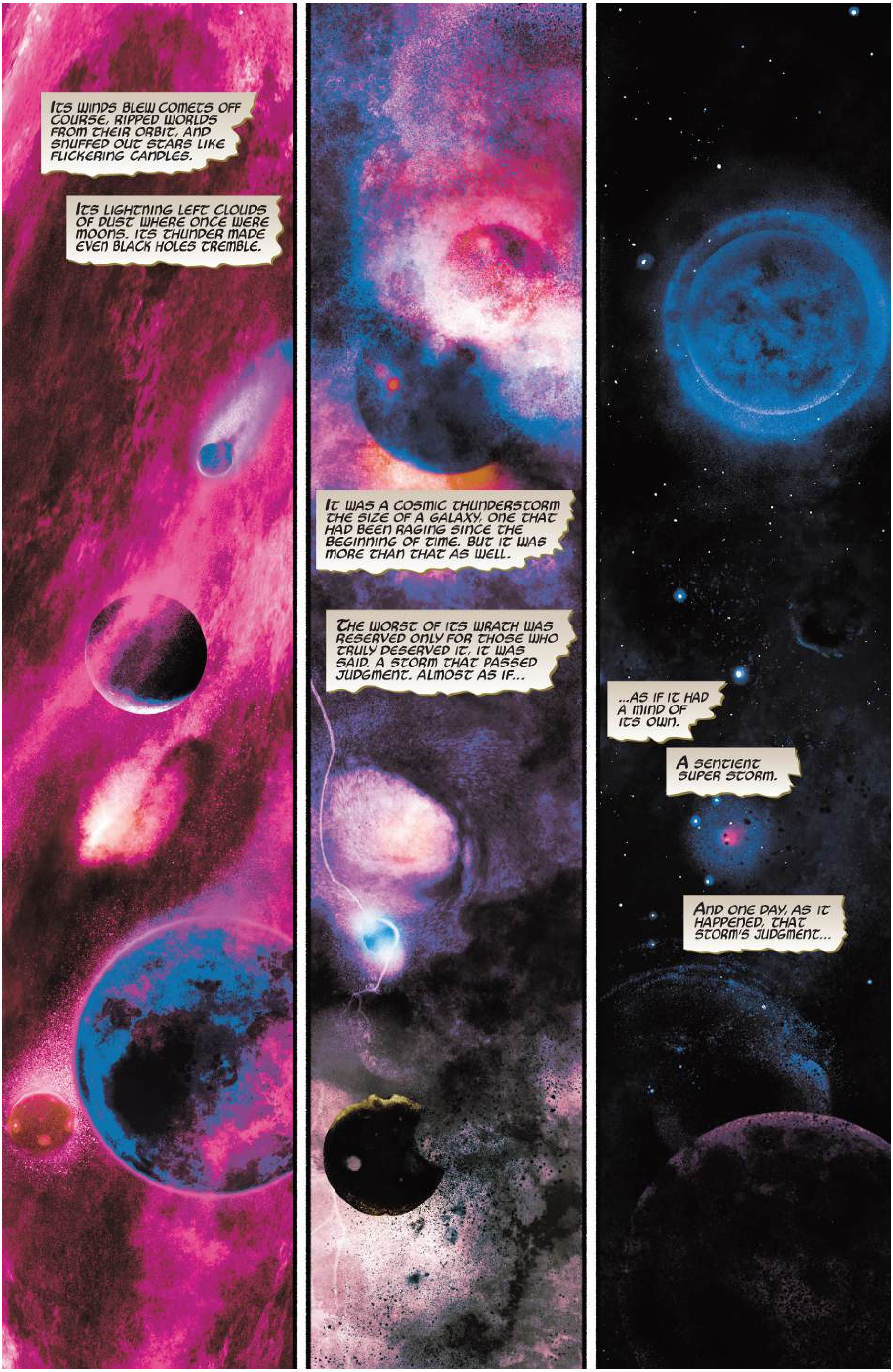

THIS IS THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS IN THE CENTER OF INFINITY, HOME TO THE PARLIAMENT OF PANTHEONS AND THE HIGH HOLY COURT.
BUILT FOUR BILLION YEARS AGO BY THE FIRST OF THE ELDER GODS AS A PLACE OF DIVINE FELLOWSHIP AND GOVERNANCE.
THIS IS *OMNIPOTENCE CITY, THE NEXUS OF ALL THE GODS.*
I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SO MANY GODS.
AND MORE OF THEM POPPING UP EVERY DAY, IT WOULD SEEM.
AND YOU ARE... THE GOD OF LIBRARIANS?
I AM THE *LORD HIGH LIBRARIAN* OF THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING. YOUR PREDECESSOR WAS AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR TO THESE HALLS. THOUGH READING WAS NEVER EXACTLY HIS FORTE, WAS IT?
TELL ME, GIRL, WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I... DO NOT KNOW.
THE ***HAMMER*** BROUGHT ME.

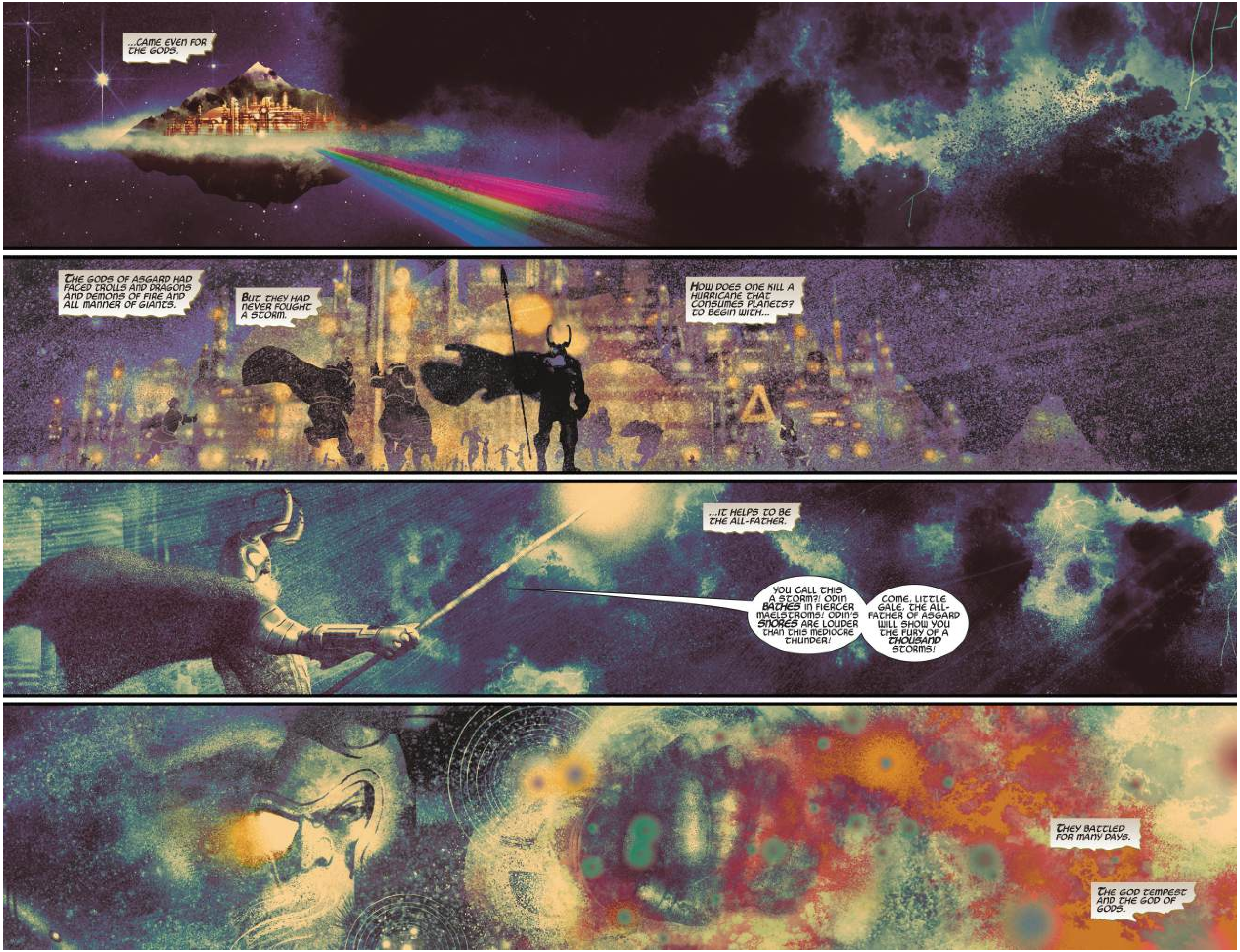

THE HAMMER...
I KNOW IT SOUNDS INSANE, BUT I BELIEVE THERE IS A CHANCE THAT MJOLNIR HERE IS ACTUALLY...
...ALIVE.
HEH. FOLLOW ME.
MANY DIFFERENT TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD ABOUT HOW THAT HAMMER OF YOURS FIRST CAME TO BE. SOME SAY ODIN HAD IT FORGED AS A GIFT FOR HIS YOUNG SON.
OTHERS SAY THE ALL-FATHER WIELDED THE HAMMER HIMSELF, MANY CENTURIES BEFORE THOR WAS EVEN BORN.
THE TALES ALWAYS MENTION THE DWARVEN FORGES AND THE MYSTICAL ENCHANTMENTS AND THE UNBREAKABLE URU.
BUT ONE VERY IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF THE HAMMER'S STORY HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.
THE STORM.
STORM? WHAT STORM?
THE STORY BEGAN EONS AGO, AS MOST STORIES ABOUT THE GODS USUALLY DO...

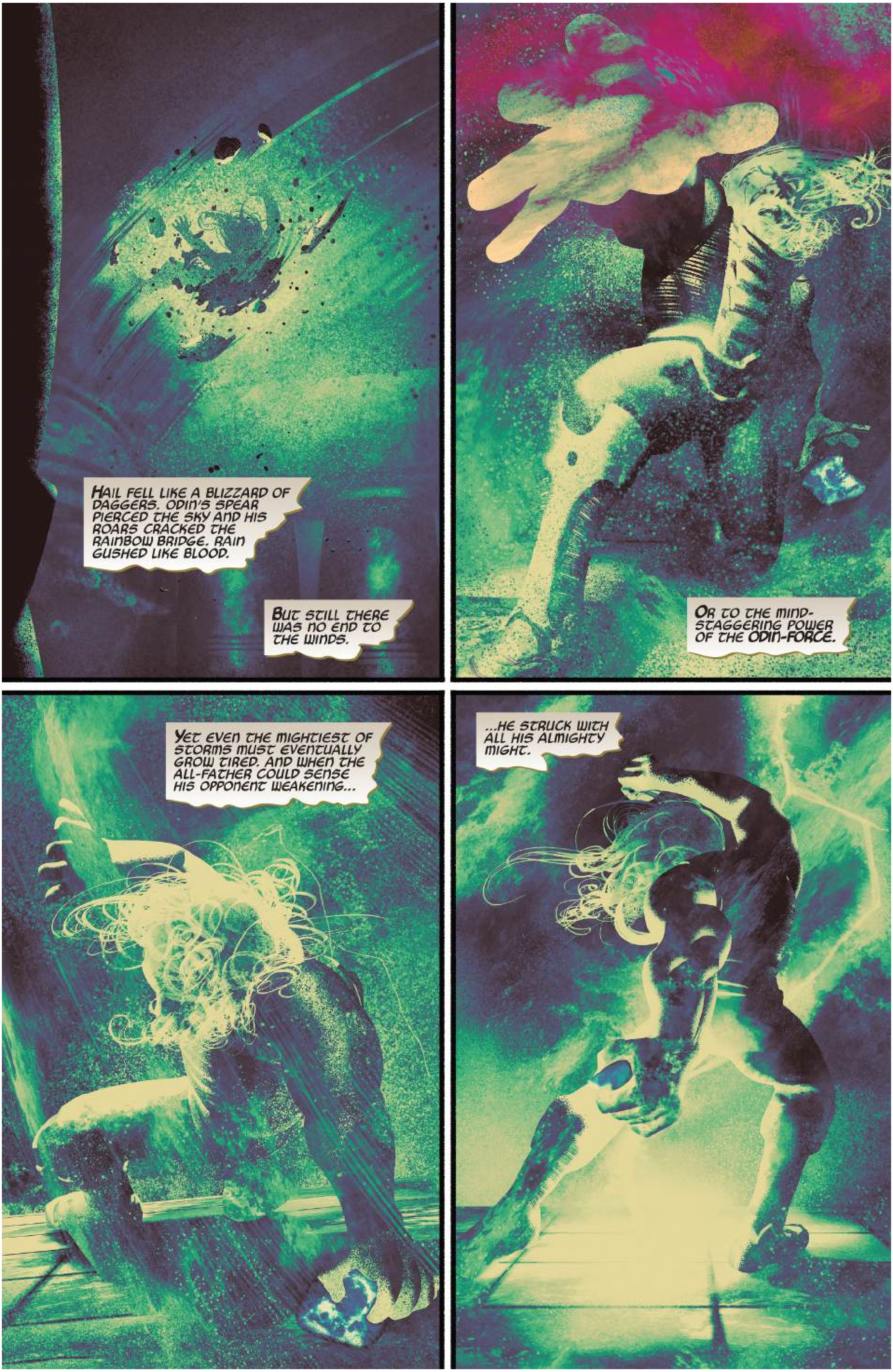

...WITH BLOODSHED AND WAR.
A YOUNG WARLORD NAMED ULIK HAD UNITED THE CLANS OF ROCK TROLLS AND INVADED NIDAVELLIR, THE REALM OF THE DWARVES.
BATTLE RAGED THROUGHOUT THE SKORNHEIM MOUNTAINS.
UNTIL ALL-FATHER ODIN ARRIVED, LEADING THE ARMIES OF ASGARD.
IT WASN'T THAT THE ALL-FATHER HELD ANY GREAT LOVE FOR DWARVES. THOUGH HE DID HAVE TREMENDOUS AFFECTION FOR THE KILLING OF TROLLS.
ODIN MADE WAR BECAUSE HE KNEW THE DWARVES' MINES AND FORGES WERE OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO ALL THE TEN REALMS.
THE BATTLE WAS SWIFT AND BRUTAL.

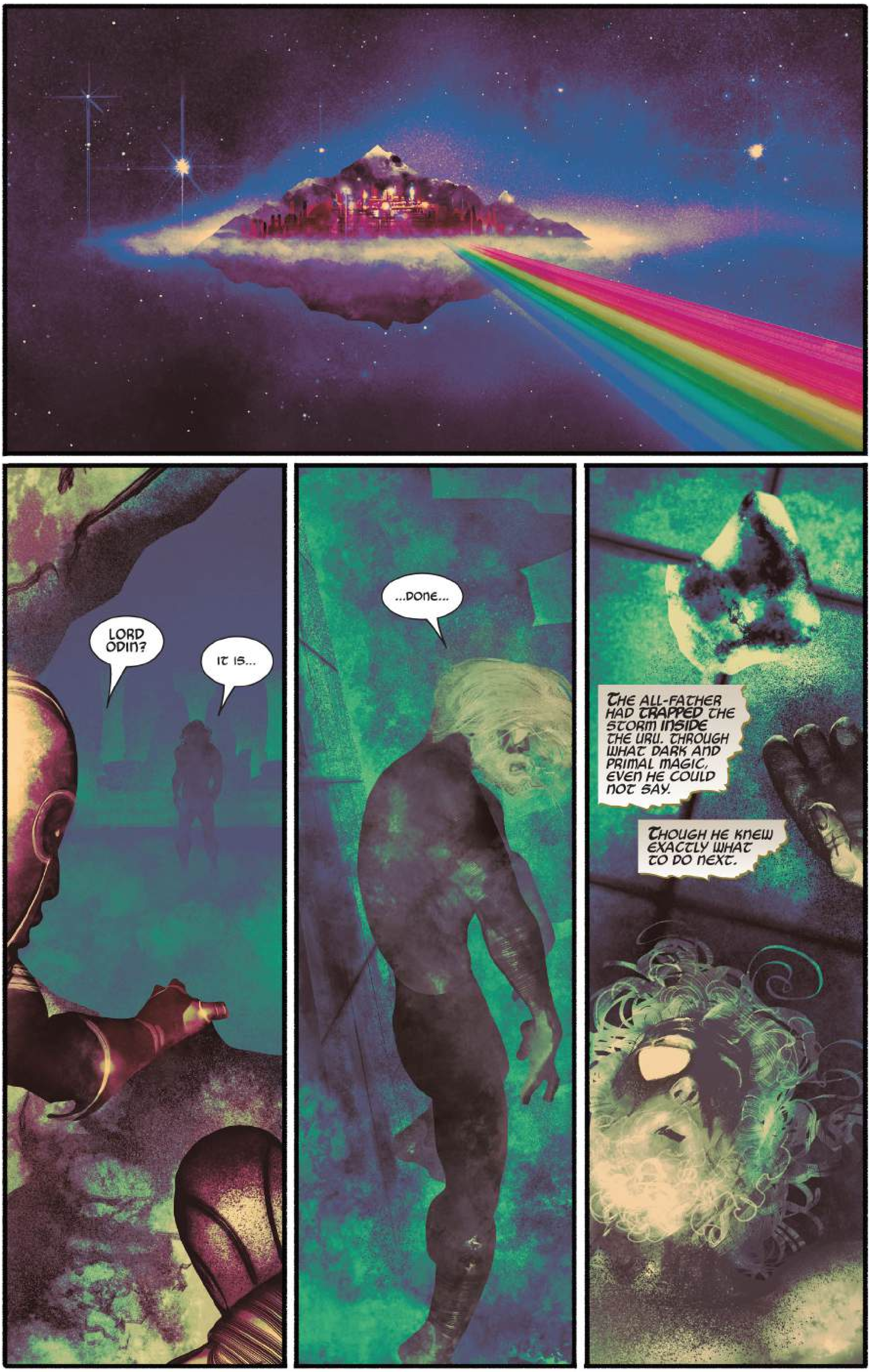

And quite decisive.
The trolls have retreated back into their slop holes, Lord Odin. Nidavellir belongs once more to the sons of Ivaldi.
Then feel free to return there, master dwarf.
Not without first bestowing on you a *gift*, your magnificence. A token of our appreciation.
And a symbol of the unbreakable bond that has been built between the dwarves and the gods.
It was a nugget of *raw uru*. The rarest, most mystical metal in all the realms.
Mined from deep beneath the mountains of Nidavellir. Virtually unbreakable, it was said.
Unsmeltable, even. So strong not even the furnaces of the dwarves could melt it.
Odin greeted the gift with the expected courtesy.
A rock. I save their tiny scraggly-bearded lives and they bring me a *rock*.
Such a *fitting gift*, sons of Nidavellir. Whenever I look upon this...
...small and utterly useless thing...
...I will be reminded of *dwarves.*

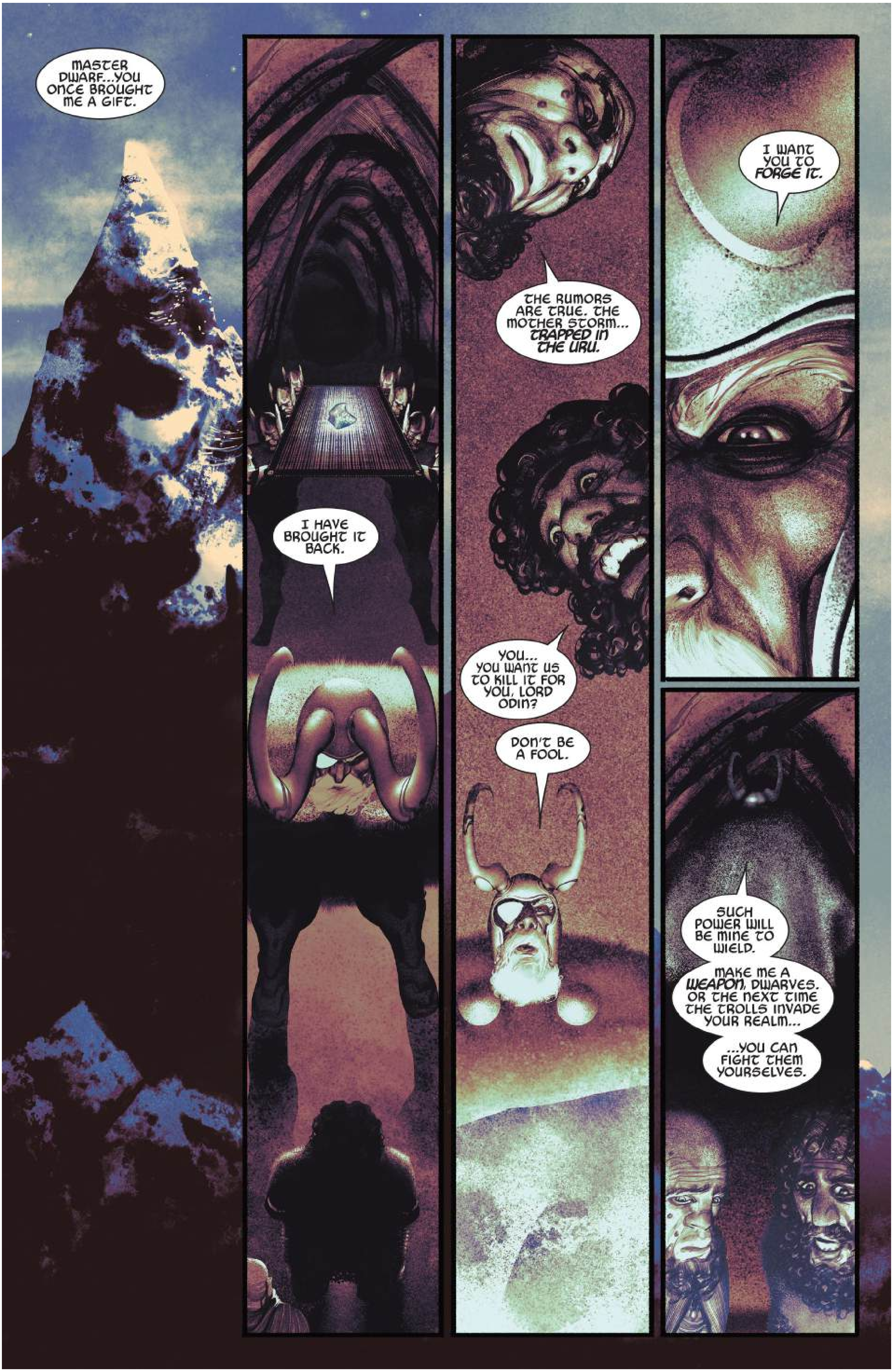

Some said uru was a vestige of the earliest of days. Rubble from the rock of creation itself.
Very few things have ever endured that long.
The storm was one of them.
It began with the first wind that ever howled down out of the void, and it had been growing in size and fury with each subsequent eon.
They called it the god tempest. The mother of thunder.
You always knew it was coming when even the space sharks fled in terror. But by then, it was already too late.

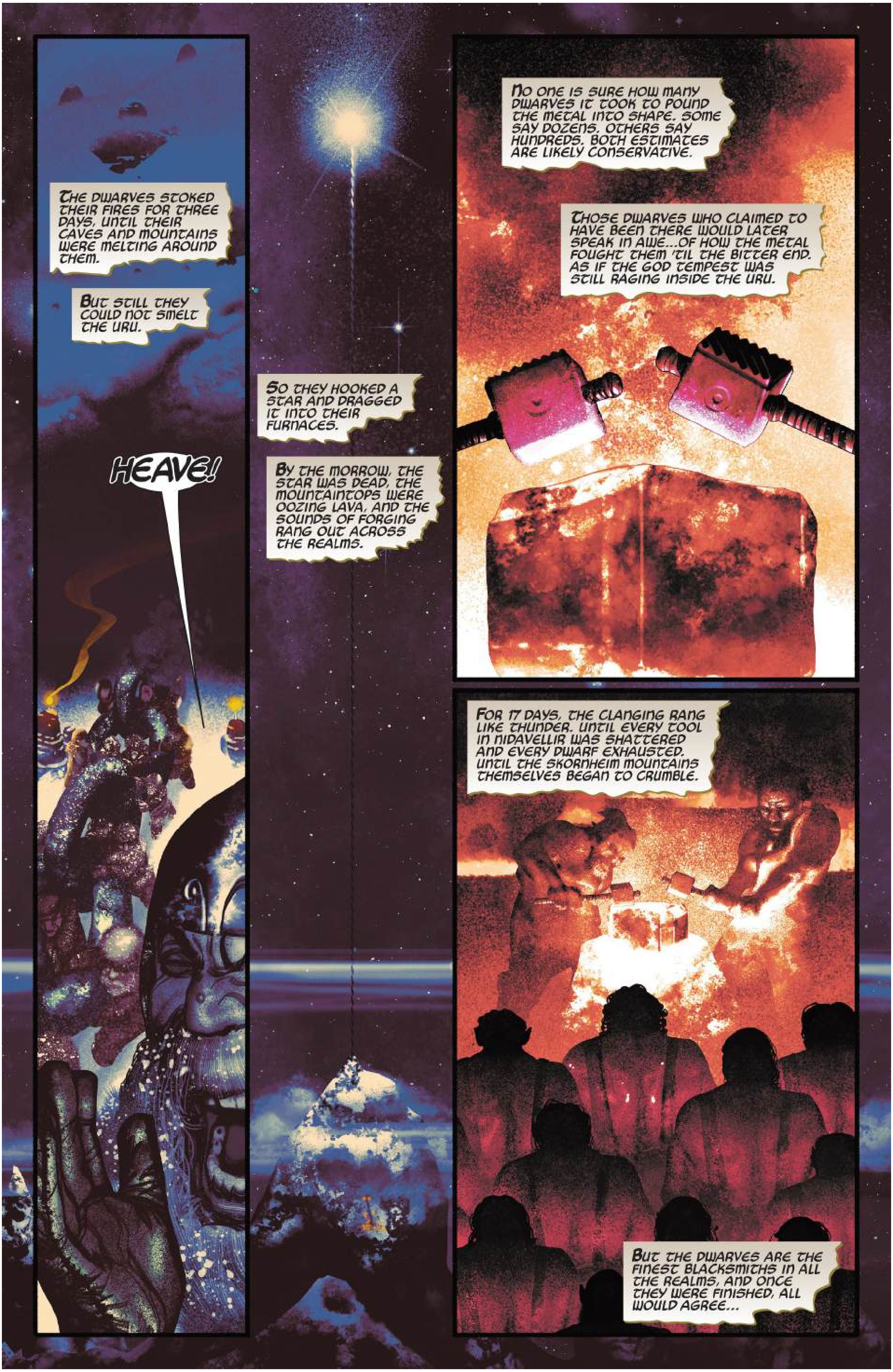

ITS WINDS BLEW COMETS OFF COURSE, RIPPED WORLDS FROM THEIR ORBIT, AND SNUFFED OUT STARS LIKE FLICKERING CANDLES.
ITS LIGHTNING LEFT CLOUDS OF DUST WHERE ONCE WERE MOONS. ITS THUNDER MADE EVEN BLACK HOLES TREMBLE.
IT WAS A COSMIC THUNDERSTORM THE SIZE OF A GALAXY, ONE THAT HAD BEEN RAGING SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME. BUT IT WAS MORE THAN THAT AS WELL.
THE WORST OF ITS WRATH WAS RESERVED ONLY FOR THOSE WHO TRULY DESERVED IT, IT WAS SAID. A STORM THAT PASSED JUDGMENT. ALMOST AS IF...
...AS IF IT HAD A MIND OF ITS OWN.
A SENTIENT SUPER STORM.
AND ONE DAY, AS IT HAPPENED, THAT STORM'S JUDGMENT...

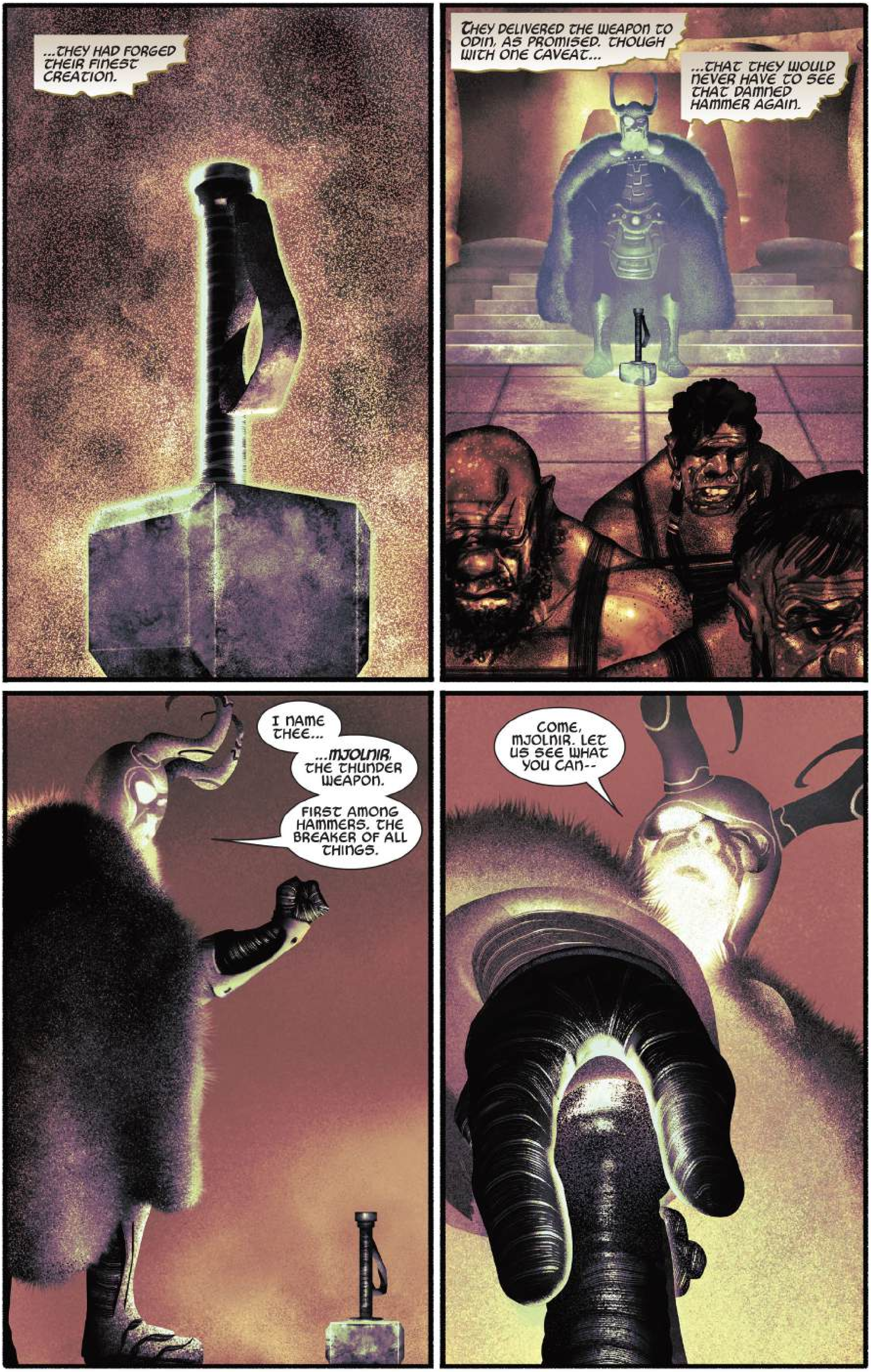

...CAME EVEN FOR THE GODS.
THE GODS OF ASGARD HAD FACED TROLLS AND DRAGONS AND DEMONS OF FIRE AND ALL MANNER OF GIANTS.
BUT THEY HAD NEVER FOUGHT A STORM.
HOW DOES ONE KILL A HURRICANE THAT CONSUMES PLANETS? TO BEGIN WITH...
...IT HELPS TO BE THE ALL-FATHER.
YOU CALL THIS A STORM?! ODIN BATHES IN FIERCER MAELSTROMS! ODIN'S SNORES ARE LOUDER THAN THIS MEDIOCRE THUNDER!
COME, LITTLE GALE. THE ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD WILL SHOW YOU THE FURY OF A THOUSAND STORMS!
THEY BATTLED FOR MANY DAYS.
THE GOD TEMPEST AND THE GOD OF GODS.

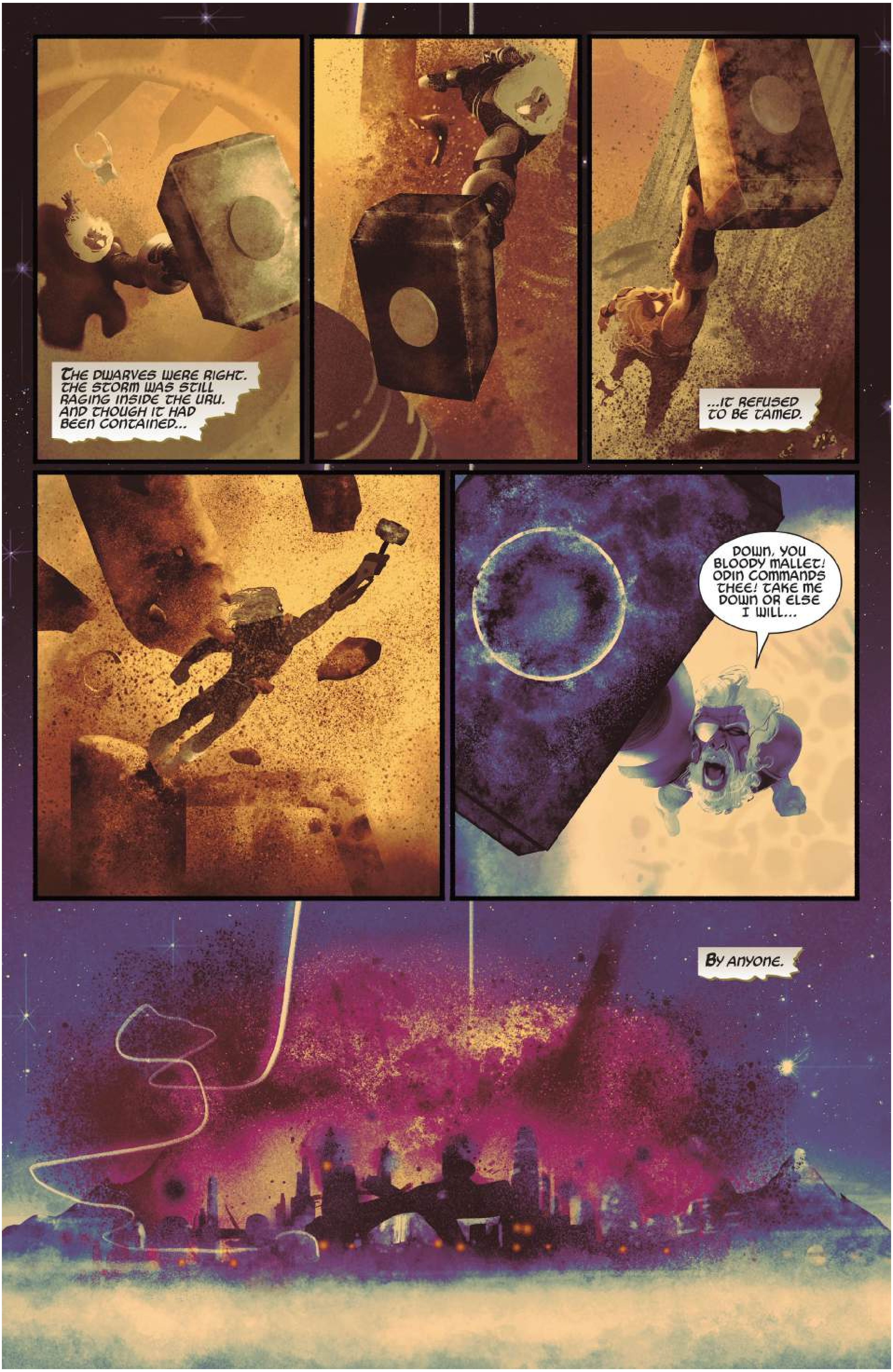

HAIL FELL LIKE A BLIZZARD OF DAGGERS. ODIN'S SPEAR PIERCED THE SKY AND HIS ROARS CRACKED THE RAINBOW BRIDGE. RAIN GUSHED LIKE BLOOD.
BUT STILL THERE WAS NO END TO THE WINDS.
OR TO THE MIND-STAGGERING POWER OF THE ODIN-FORCE.
YET EVEN THE MIGHTIEST OF STORMS MUST EVENTUALLY GROW TIRED. AND WHEN THE ALL-FATHER COULD SENSE HIS OPPONENT WEAKENING...
...HE STRUCK WITH ALL HIS ALMIGHTY MIGHT.

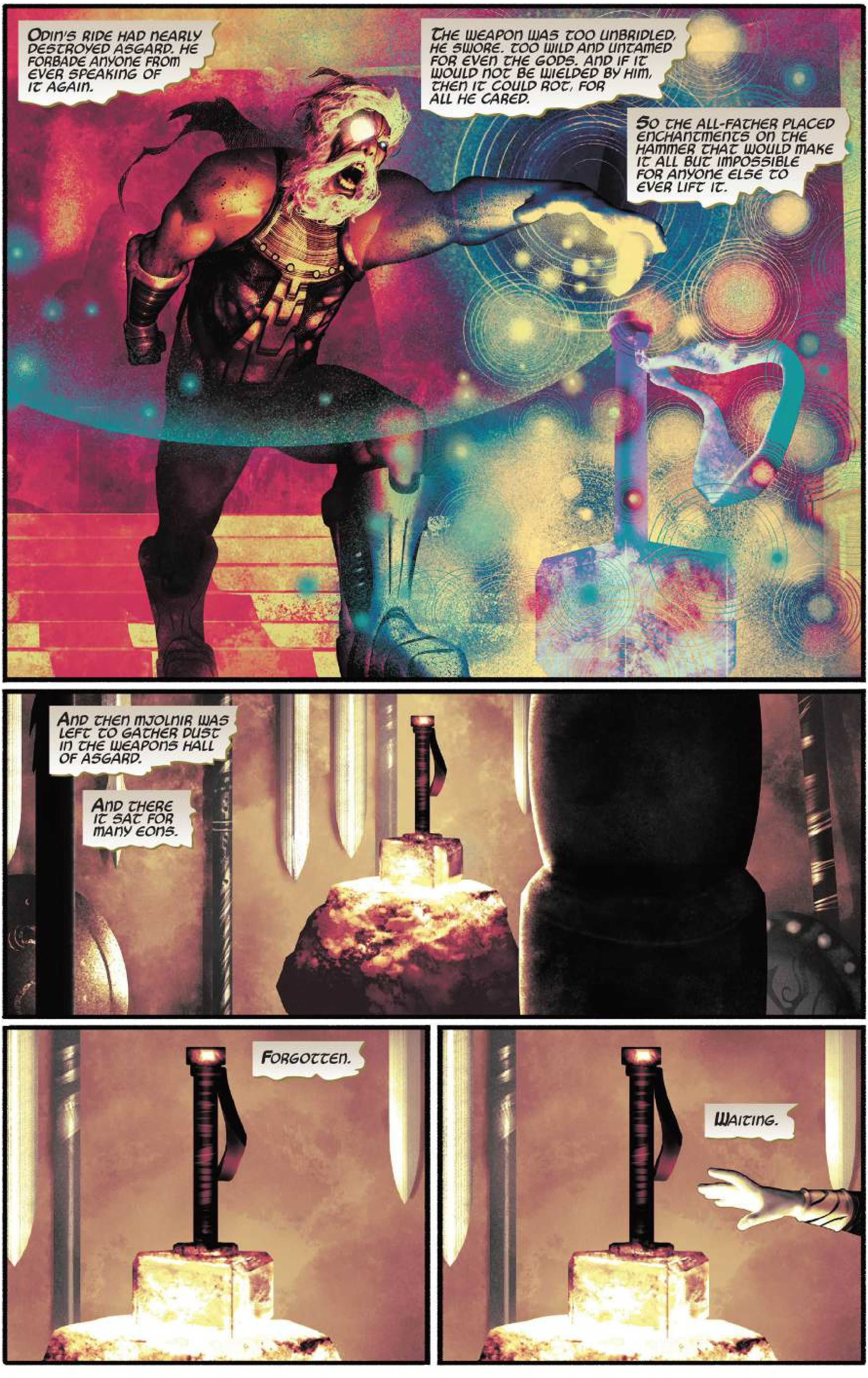

LORD ODIN?
IT IS...
...DONE...
THE ALL-FATHER HAD TRAPPED THE STORM INSIDE THE URU. THROUGH WHAT DARK AND PRIMAL MAGIC, EVEN HE COULD NOT SAY.
THOUGH HE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO NEXT.

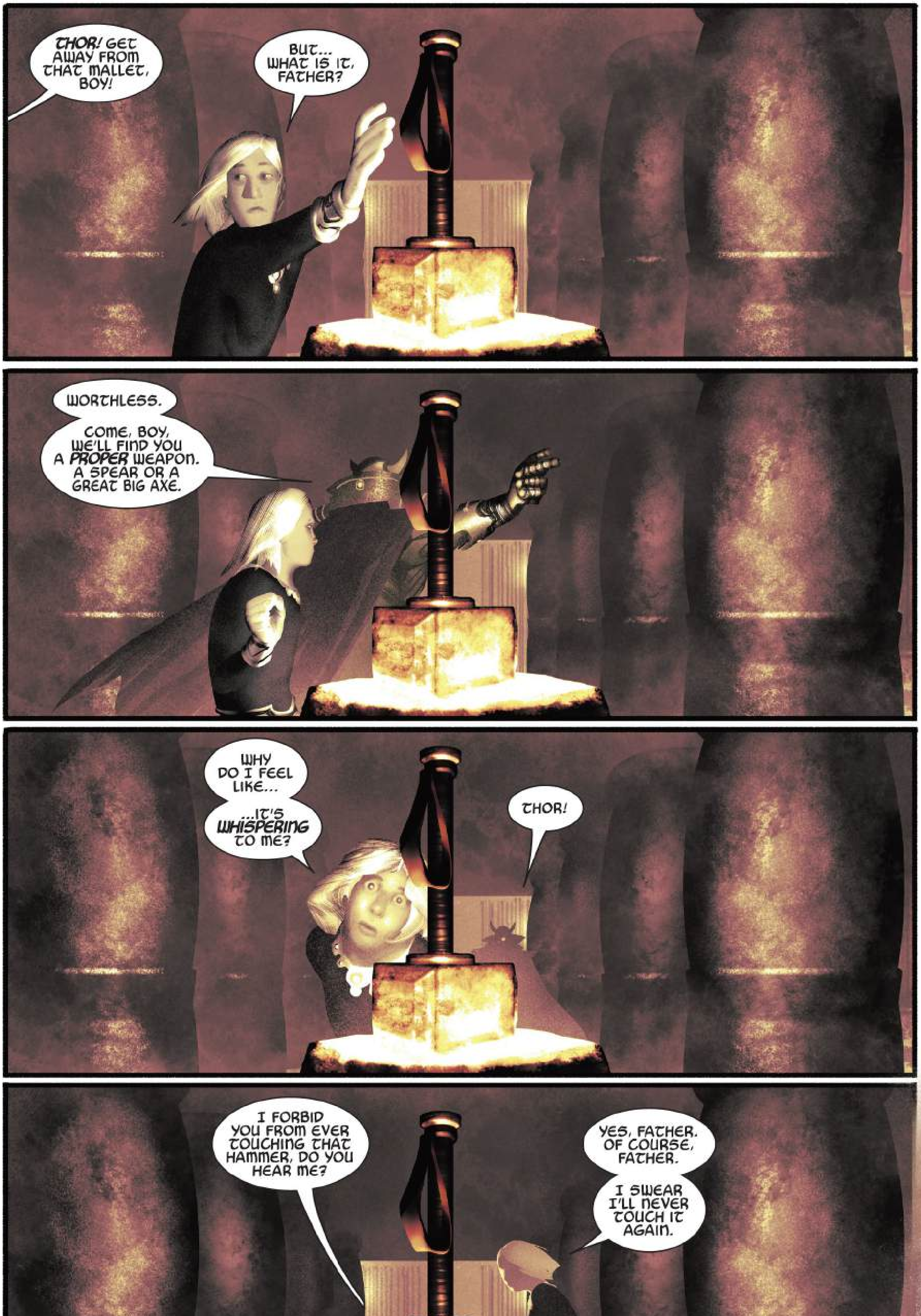

MASTER DWARF...YOU ONCE BROUGHT ME A GIFT.
I HAVE BROUGHT IT BACK.
THE RUMORS ARE TRUE. THE MOTHER STORM... *TRAPPED IN THE URU.*
YOU... YOU WANT US TO KILL IT FOR YOU, LORD ODIN?
DON'T BE A FOOL.
I WANT YOU TO *FORGE IT.*
SUCH POWER WILL BE MINE TO WIELD.
MAKE ME A *WEAPON*, DWARVES. OR THE NEXT TIME THE TROLLS INVADE YOUR REALM...
...YOU CAN FIGHT THEM YOURSELVES.

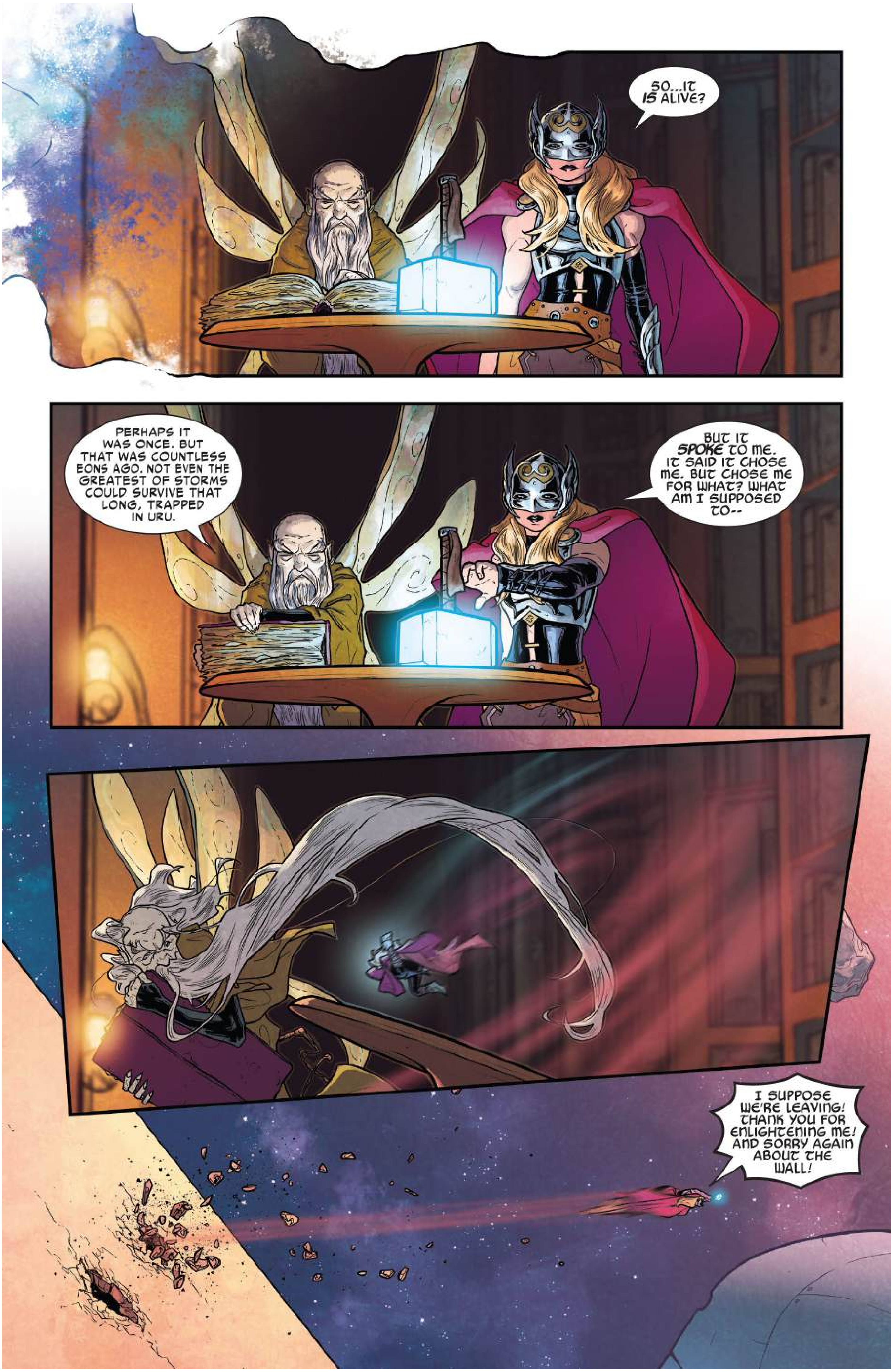

The dwarves stoked their fires for three days, until their caves and mountains were melting around them.
But still they could not smelt the Uru.
So they hooked a star and dragged it into their furnaces.
HEAVE!
By the morrow, the star was dead, the mountaintops were oozing lava, and the sounds of forging rang out across the realms.
No one is sure how many dwarves it took to pound the metal into shape. Some say dozens. Others say hundreds. Both estimates are likely conservative.
Those dwarves who claimed to have been there would later speak in awe...of how the metal fought them 'til the bitter end. As if the God Tempest was still raging inside the Uru.
For 17 days, the clanging rang like thunder. Until every tool in Nidavellir was shattered and every dwarf exhausted. Until the Skornheim mountains themselves began to crumble.
But the dwarves are the finest blacksmiths in all the realms, and once they were finished, all would agree...

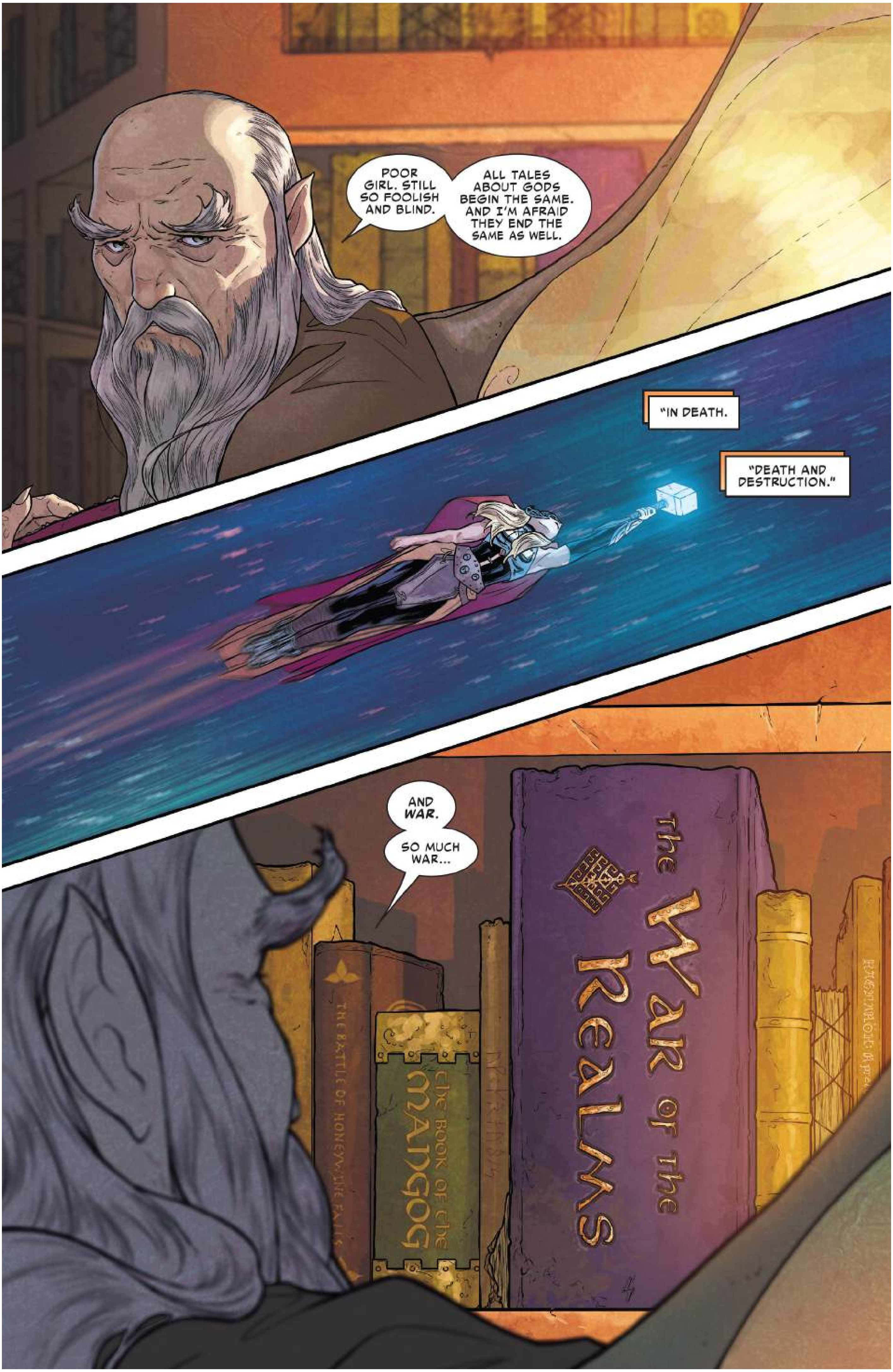

...THEY HAD FORGED THEIR FINEST CREATION.
THEY DELIVERED THE WEAPON TO ODIN, AS PROMISED. THOUGH WITH ONE CAVEAT...
...THAT THEY WOULD NEVER HAVE TO SEE THAT DAMNED HAMMER AGAIN.
I NAME THEE...
...MJOLNIR, THE THUNDER WEAPON.
FIRST AMONG HAMMERS. THE BREAKER OF ALL THINGS.
COME, MJOLNIR. LET US SEE WHAT YOU CAN--

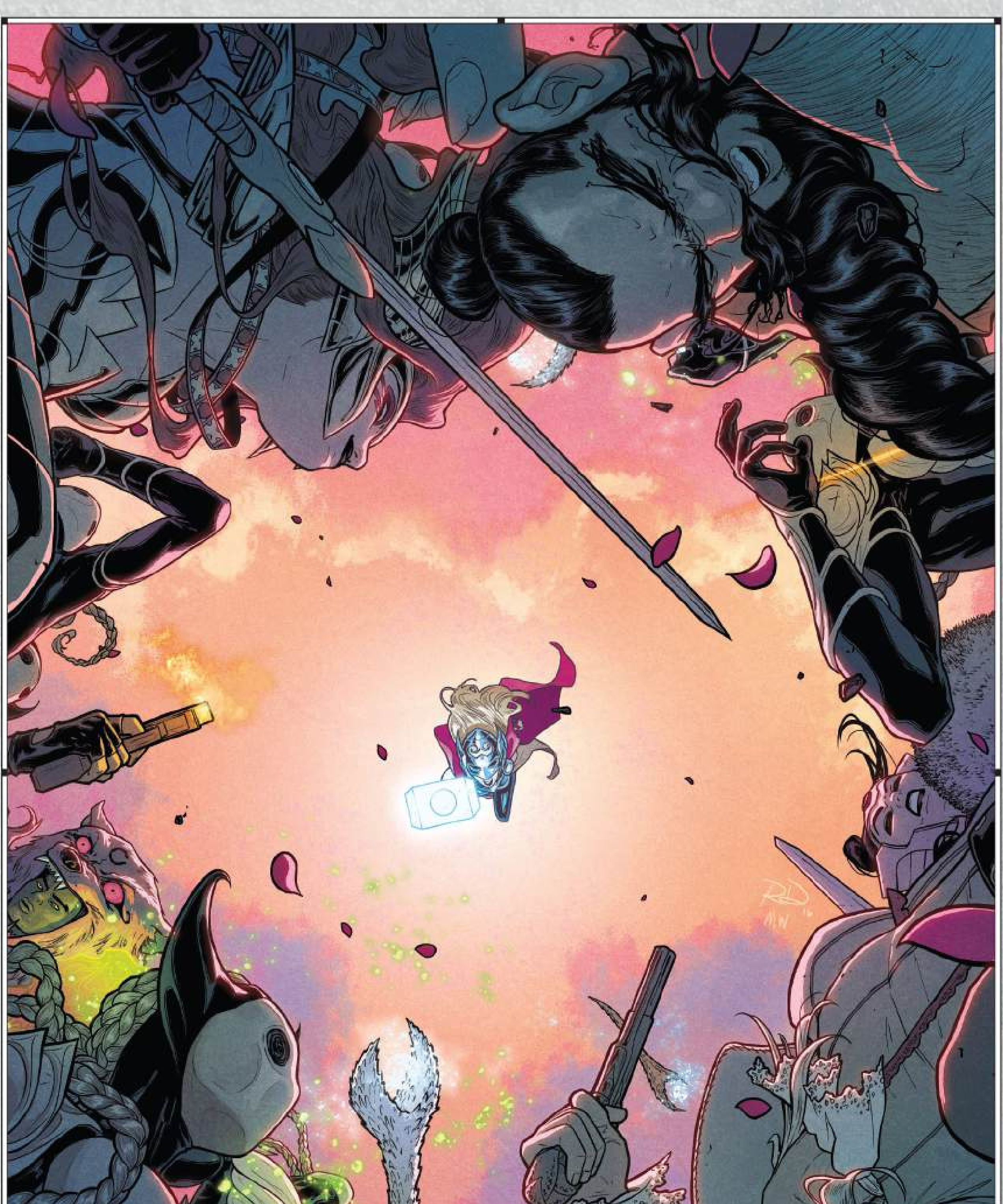

THE DWARVES WERE RIGHT. THE STORM WAS STILL RAGING INSIDE THE URU. AND THOUGH IT HAD BEEN CONTAINED...
...IT REFUSED TO BE TAMED.
DOWN, YOU BLOODY MALLET! ODIN COMMANDS THEE! TAKE ME DOWN OR ELSE I WILL...
BY ANYONE.


Odin's ride had nearly destroyed Asgard. He forbade anyone from ever speaking of it again.
The weapon was too unbridled, he swore. Too wild and untamed for even the gods. And if it would not be wielded by him, then it could rot, for all he cared.
So the All-Father placed enchantments on the hammer that would make it all but impossible for anyone else to ever lift it.
And then Mjolnir was left to gather dust in the weapons hall of Asgard.
And there it sat for many eons.
Forgotten.
Waiting.


THOR! GET AWAY FROM THAT MALLET, BOY!
BUT... WHAT IS IT, FATHER?
WORTHLESS.
COME, BOY, WE'LL FIND YOU A PROPER WEAPON. A SPEAR OR A GREAT BIG AXE.
WHY DO I FEEL LIKE...
...IT'S WHISPERING TO ME?
THOR!
I FORBID YOU FROM EVER TOUCHING THAT HAMMER, DO YOU HEAR ME?
YES, FATHER. OF COURSE, FATHER.
I SWEAR I'LL NEVER TOUCH IT AGAIN.

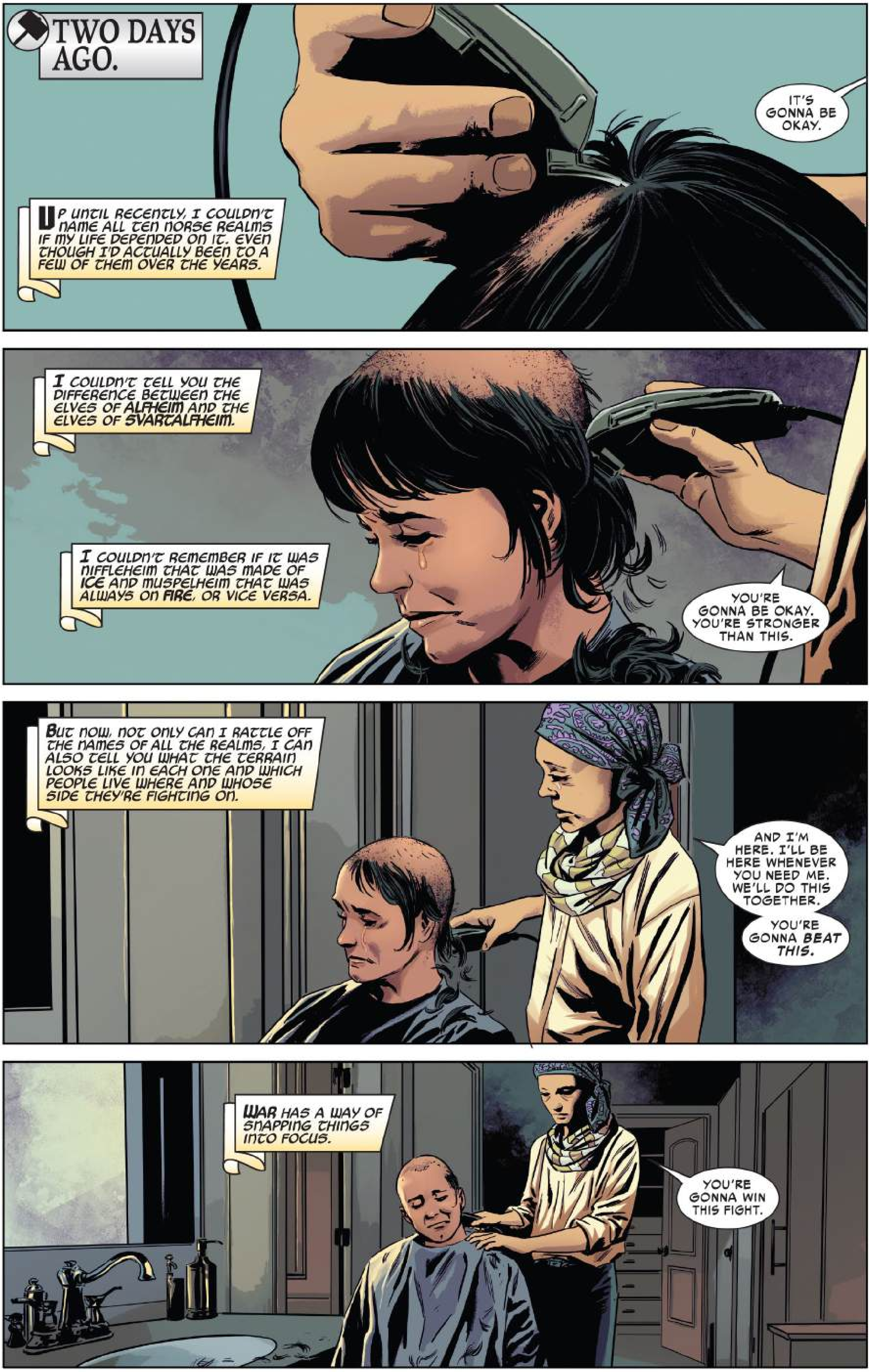

SO...IT IS ALIVE?
PERHAPS IT WAS ONCE. BUT THAT WAS COUNTLESS EONS AGO. NOT EVEN THE GREATEST OF STORMS COULD SURVIVE THAT LONG, TRAPPED IN URU.
BUT IT SPOKE TO ME. IT SAID IT CHOSE ME. BUT CHOSE ME FOR WHAT? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO--
I SUPPOSE WE'RE LEAVING! THANK YOU FOR ENLIGHTENING ME! AND SORRY AGAIN ABOUT THE WALL!

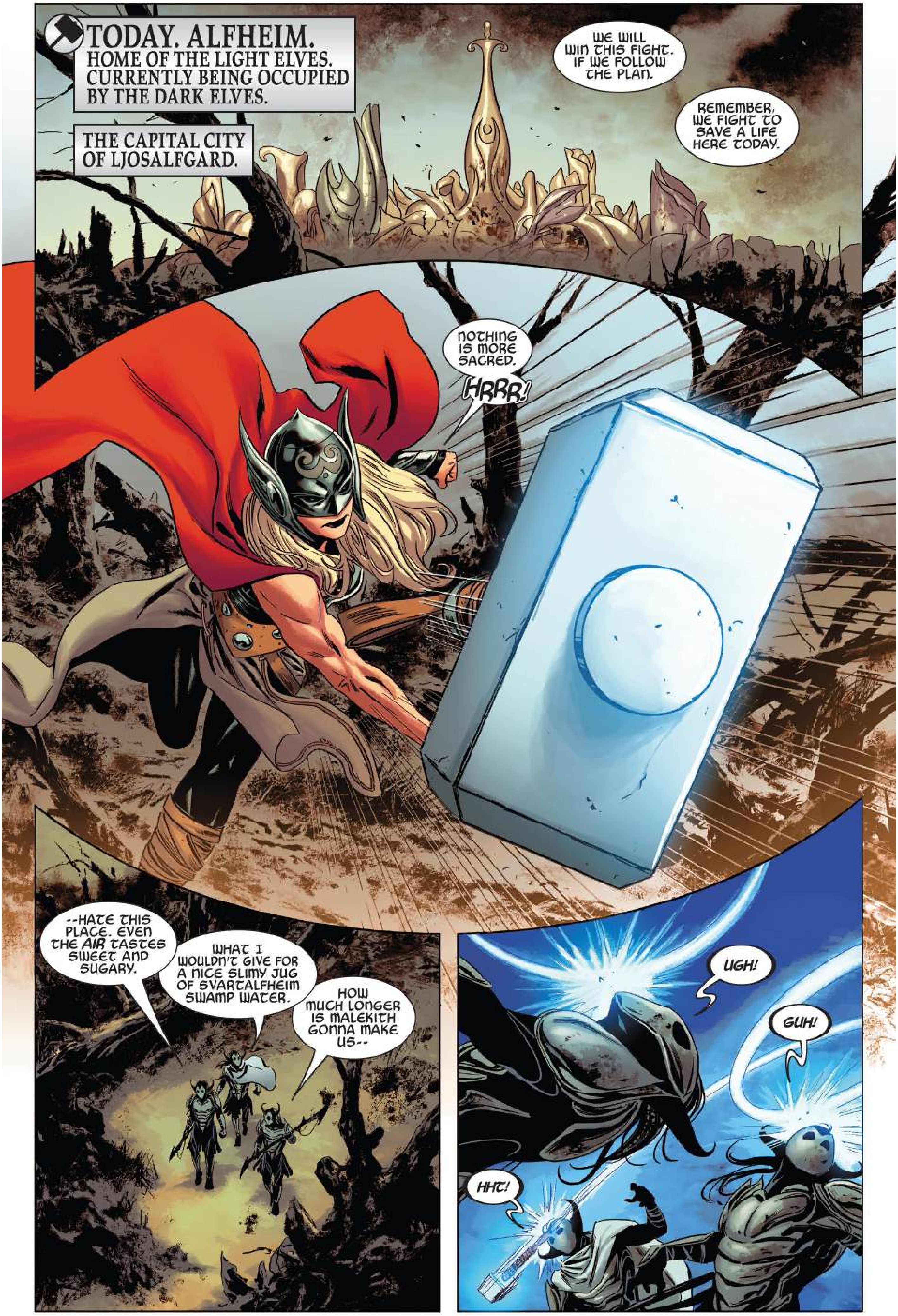

POOR GIRL. STILL SO FOOLISH AND BLIND.
ALL TALES ABOUT GODS BEGIN THE SAME. AND I'M AFRAID THEY END THE SAME AS WELL.
"IN DEATH.
"DEATH AND DESTRUCTION."
AND WAR.
SO MUCH WAR...
THE BATTLE OF HONEYWINE FALLS
The Book of the MANGOG
The War of the Realms

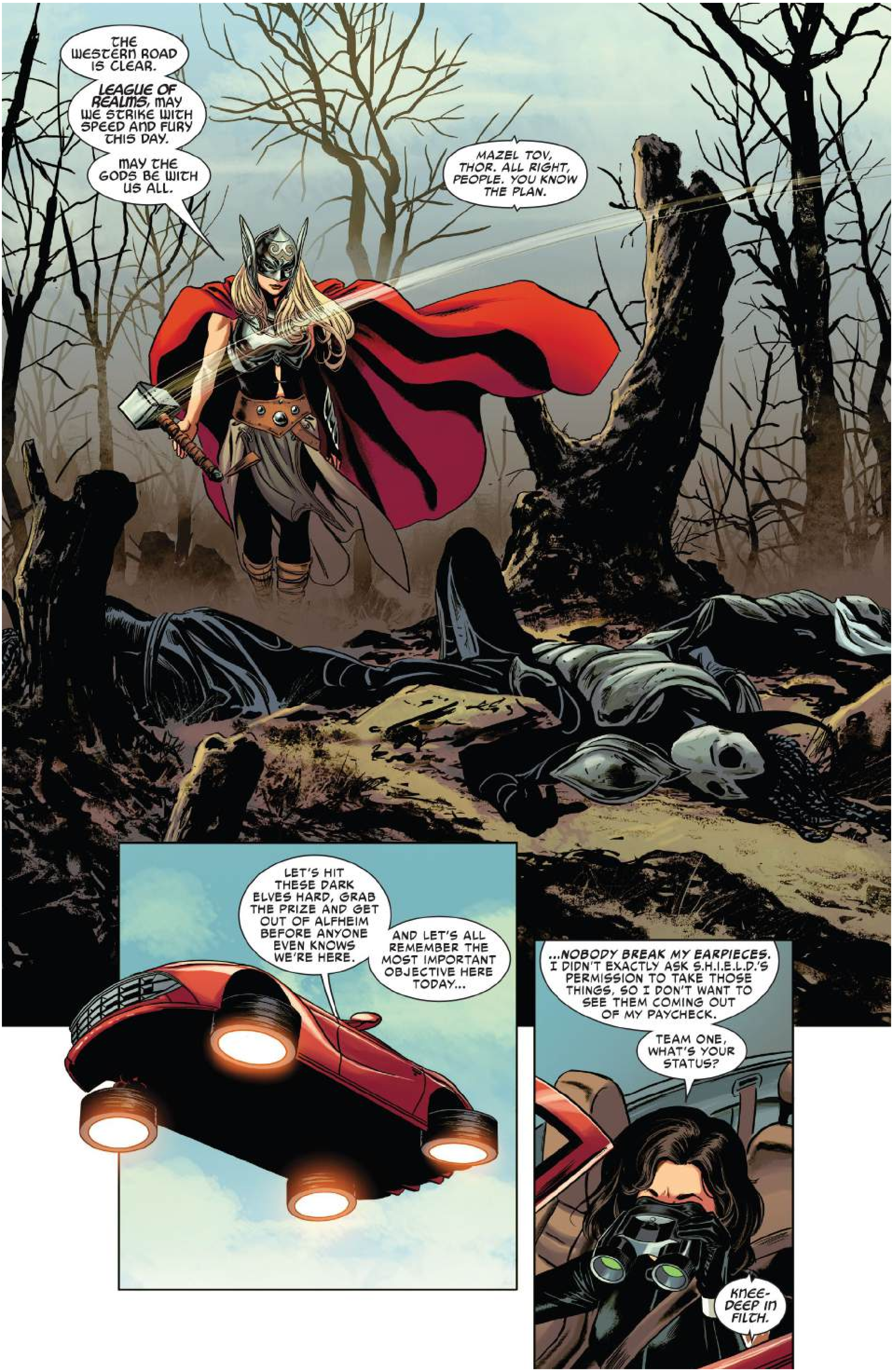


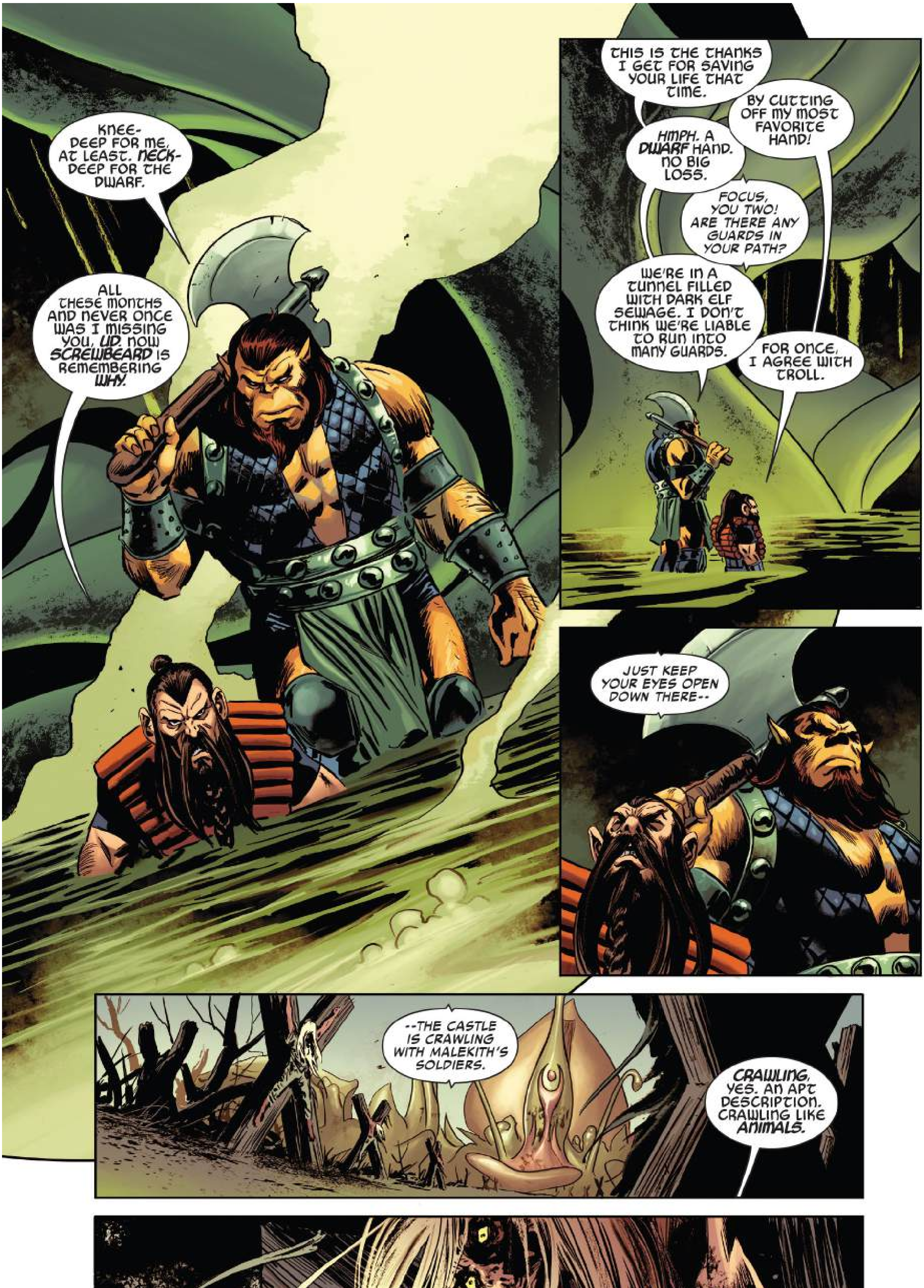
MIGHTY THOR | 13

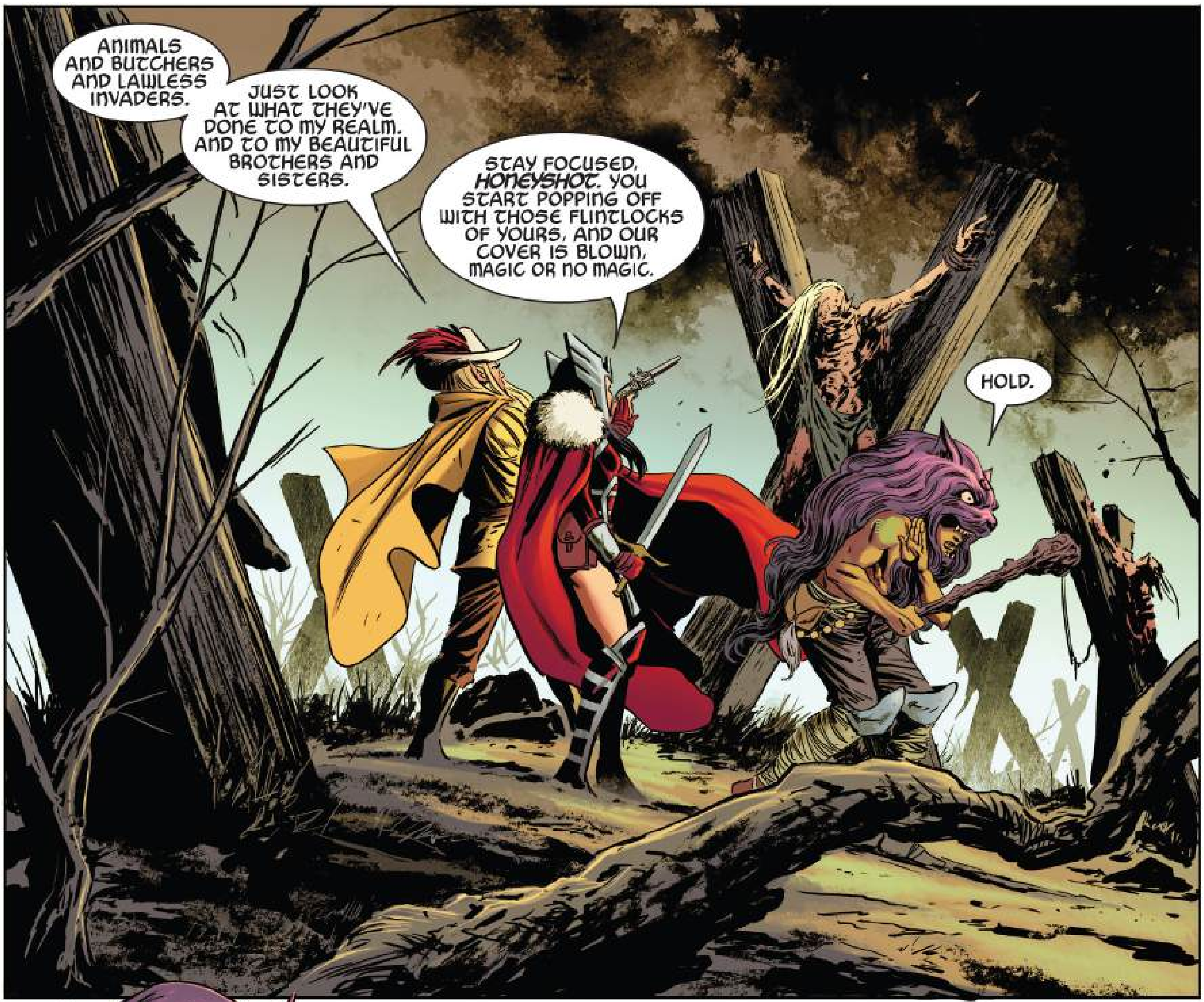
The League of Realms Rides Again

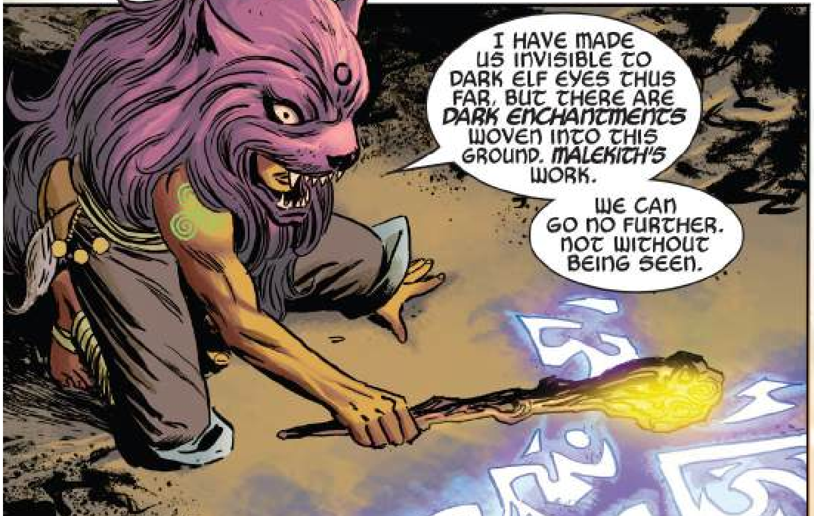

TWO DAYS AGO.
IT'S GONNA BE OKAY.
UP UNTIL RECENTLY, I COULDN'T NAME ALL TEN NORSE REALMS IF MY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT. EVEN THOUGH I'D ACTUALLY BEEN TO A FEW OF THEM OVER THE YEARS.
I COULDN'T TELL YOU THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ELVES OF ALFHEIM AND THE ELVES OF SVARTALFHEIM.
I COULDN'T REMEMBER IF IT WAS NIFFLEHEIM THAT WAS MADE OF ICE AND MUSPELHEIM THAT WAS ALWAYS ON FIRE, OR VICE VERSA.
YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY. YOU'RE STRONGER THAN THIS.
BUT NOW, NOT ONLY CAN I RATTLE OFF THE NAMES OF ALL THE REALMS, I CAN ALSO TELL YOU WHAT THE TERRAIN LOOKS LIKE IN EACH ONE AND WHICH PEOPLE LIVE WHERE AND WHOSE SIDE THEY'RE FIGHTING ON.
AND I'M HERE. I'LL BE HERE WHENEVER YOU NEED ME. WE'LL DO THIS TOGETHER.
YOU'RE GONNA BEAT THIS.
WAR HAS A WAY OF SNAPPING THINGS INTO FOCUS.
YOU'RE GONNA WIN THIS FIGHT.

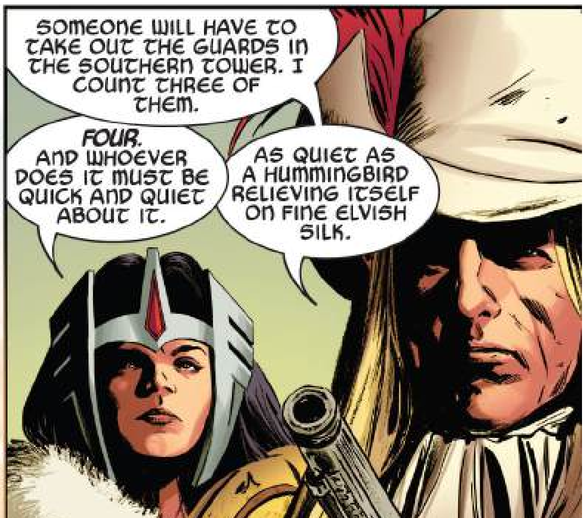

TODAY. ALFHEIM.
HOME OF THE LIGHT ELVES. CURRENTLY BEING OCCUPIED BY THE DARK ELVES.
THE CAPITAL CITY OF LJOSALFGARD.
WE WILL WIN THIS FIGHT. IF WE FOLLOW THE PLAN.
REMEMBER, WE FIGHT TO SAVE A LIFE HERE TODAY.
NOTHING IS MORE SACRED.
HRRR!
--HATE THIS PLACE. EVEN THE AIR TASTES SWEET AND SUGARY.
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A NICE SLIMY JUG OF SVARTALFHEIM SWAMP WATER.
HOW MUCH LONGER IS MALEKITH GONNA MAKE US--
UGH!
GUH!
HHT!

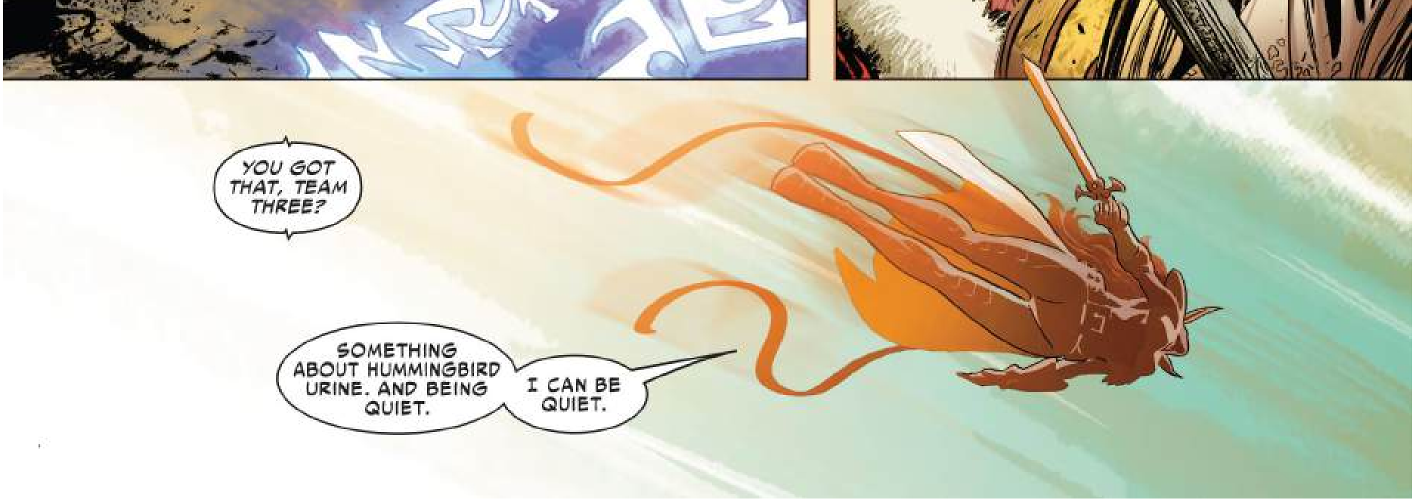

THE WESTERN ROAD IS CLEAR.
LEAGUE OF REALMS, MAY WE STRIKE WITH SPEED AND FURY THIS DAY.
MAY THE GODS BE WITH US ALL.
MAZEL TOV, THOR. ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE. YOU KNOW THE PLAN.
LET'S HIT THESE DARK ELVES HARD, GRAB THE PRIZE AND GET OUT OF ALFHEIM BEFORE ANYONE EVEN KNOWS WE'RE HERE.
AND LET'S ALL REMEMBER THE MOST IMPORTANT OBJECTIVE HERE TODAY...
...*NOBODY BREAK MY EARPIECES.* I DIDN'T EXACTLY ASK S.H.I.E.L.D.'S PERMISSION TO TAKE THOSE THINGS, SO I DON'T WANT TO SEE THEM COMING OUT OF MY PAYCHECK.
TEAM ONE, WHAT'S YOUR STATUS?
KNEE-DEEP IN FILTH.

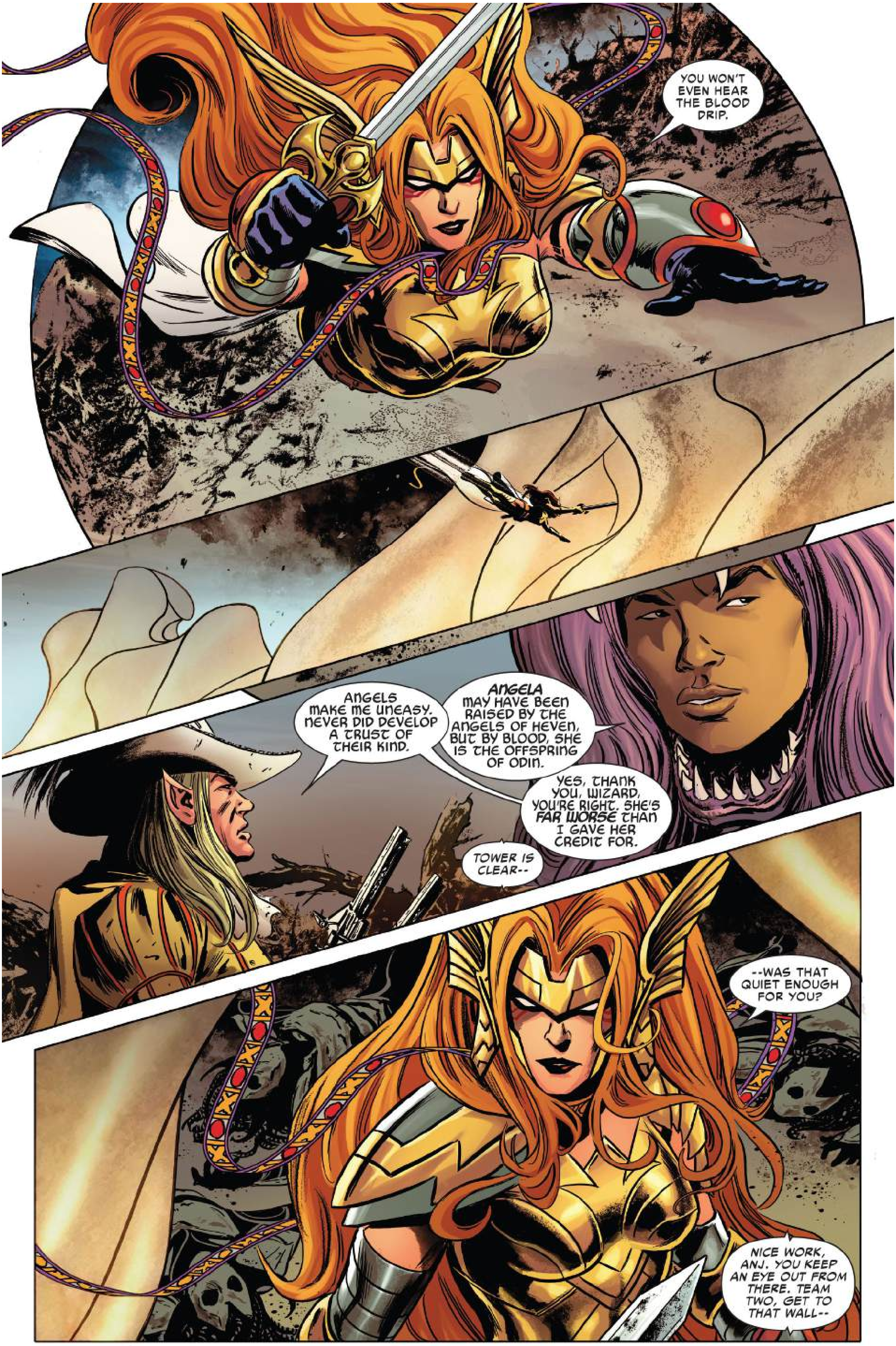

KNEE-DEEP FOR ME, AT LEAST. NECK-DEEP FOR THE DWARF.
ALL THESE MONTHS AND NEVER ONCE WAS I MISSING YOU, UD. NOW SCREWBEARD IS REMEMBERING WHY.
THIS IS THE THANKS I GET FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE THAT TIME.
BY CUTTING OFF MY MOST FAVORITE HAND!
HMPH. A DWARF HAND. NO BIG LOSS.
FOCUS, YOU TWO! ARE THERE ANY GUARDS IN YOUR PATH?
WE'RE IN A TUNNEL FILLED WITH DARK ELF SEWAGE. I DON'T THINK WE'RE LIABLE TO RUN INTO MANY GUARDS.
FOR ONCE, I AGREE WITH TROLL.
JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN DOWN THERE--
--THE CASTLE IS CRAWLING WITH MALEKITH'S SOLDIERS.
CRAWLING, YES. AN APT DESCRIPTION. CRAWLING LIKE ANIMALS.
FOR THAT IS WHAT THEY ARE.

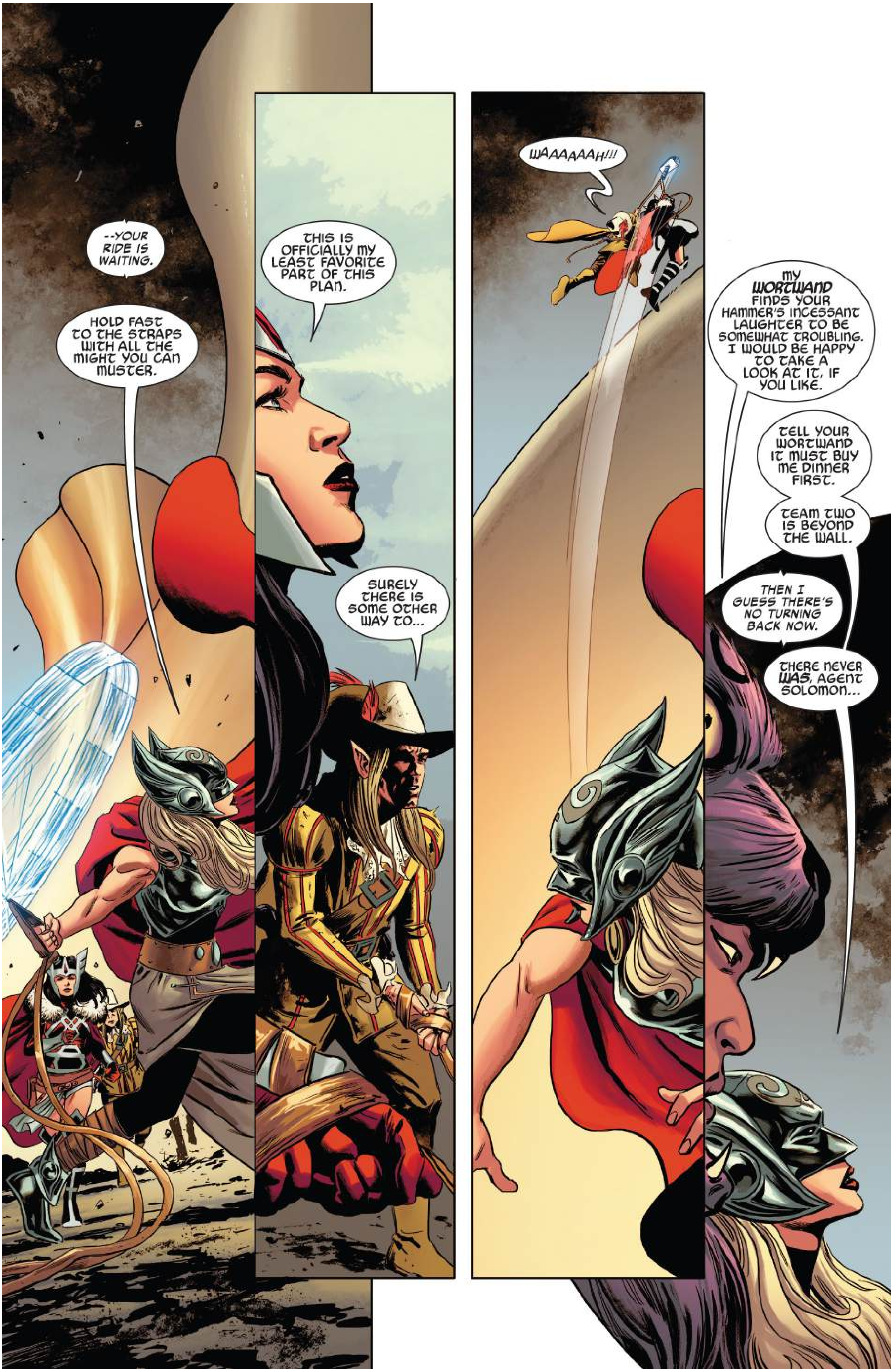

ANIMALS AND BUTCHERS AND LAWLESS INVADERS.
JUST LOOK AT WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO MY REALM. AND TO MY BEAUTIFUL BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
STAY FOCUSED, *HONEYSHOT.* YOU START POPPING OFF WITH THOSE FLINTLOCKS OF YOURS, AND OUR COVER IS BLOWN, MAGIC OR NO MAGIC.
HOLD.

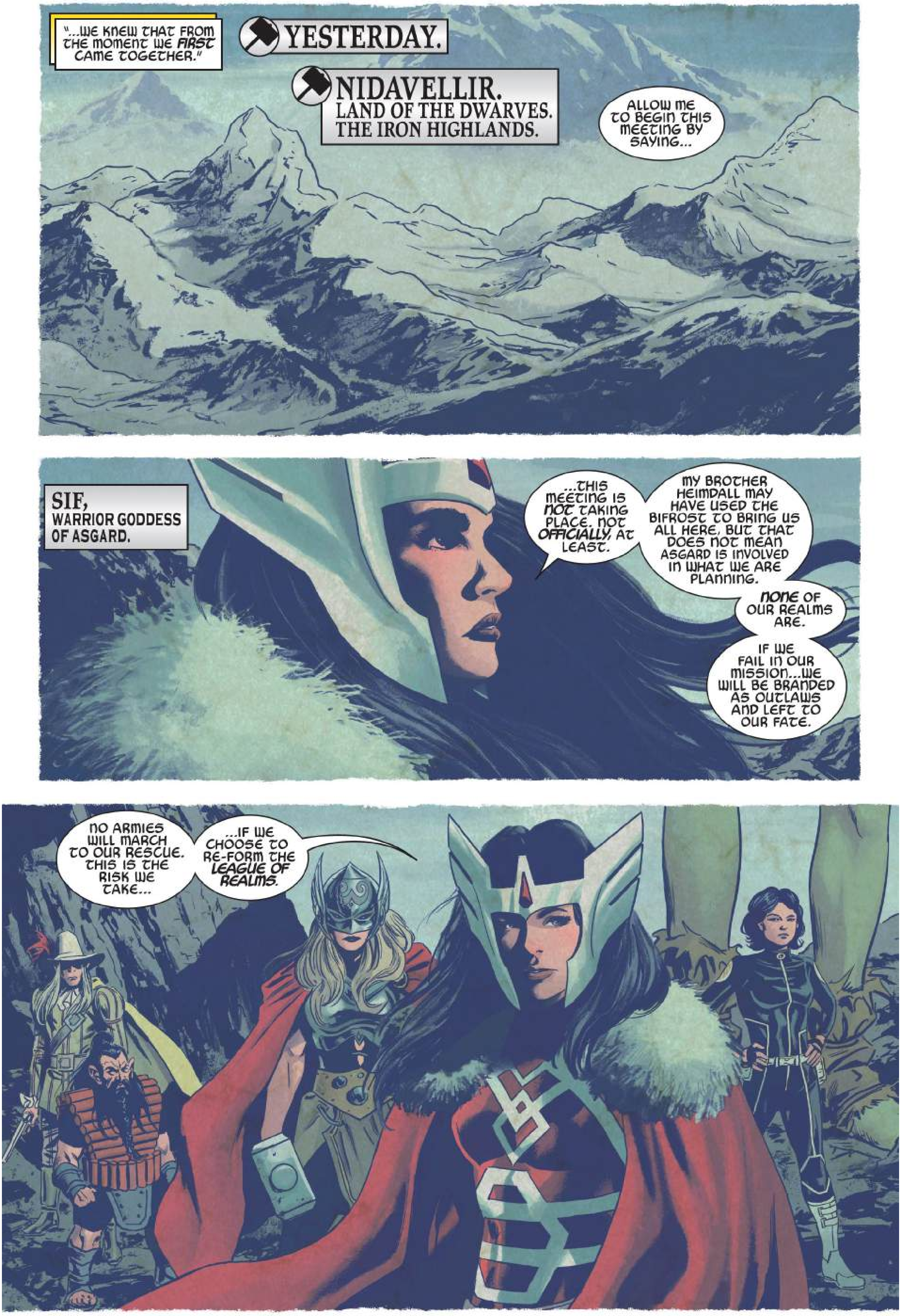

I HAVE MADE US INVISIBLE TO DARK ELF EYES THUS FAR, BUT THERE ARE *DARK ENCHANTMENTS* WOVEN INTO THIS GROUND. *MALEKITH'S* WORK.
WE CAN GO NO FURTHER. NOT WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

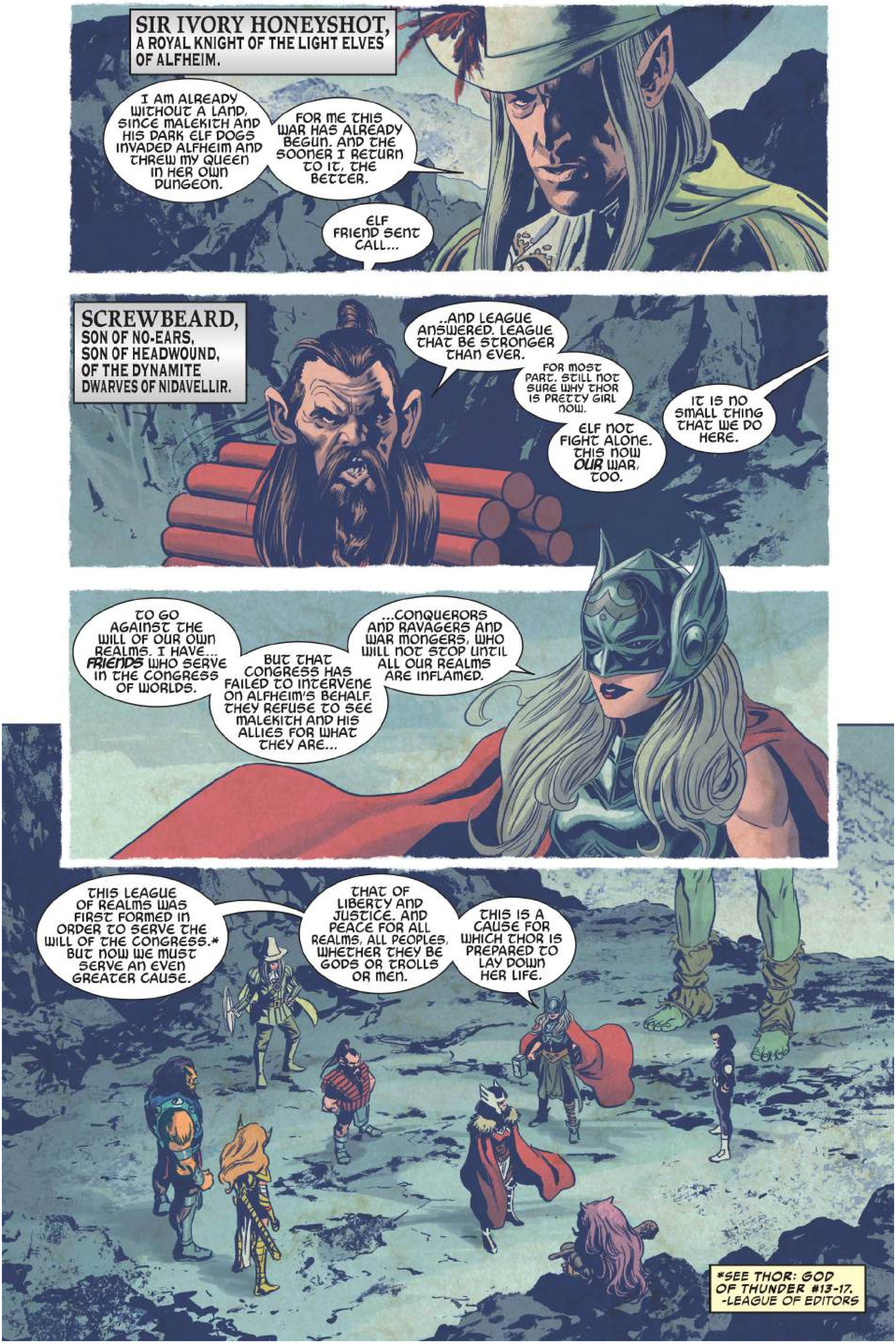

SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO TAKE OUT THE GUARDS IN THE SOUTHERN TOWER. I COUNT THREE OF THEM.
FOUR. AND WHOEVER DOES IT MUST BE QUICK AND QUIET ABOUT IT.
AS QUIET AS A HUMMINGBIRD RELIEVING ITSELF ON FINE ELVISH SILK.

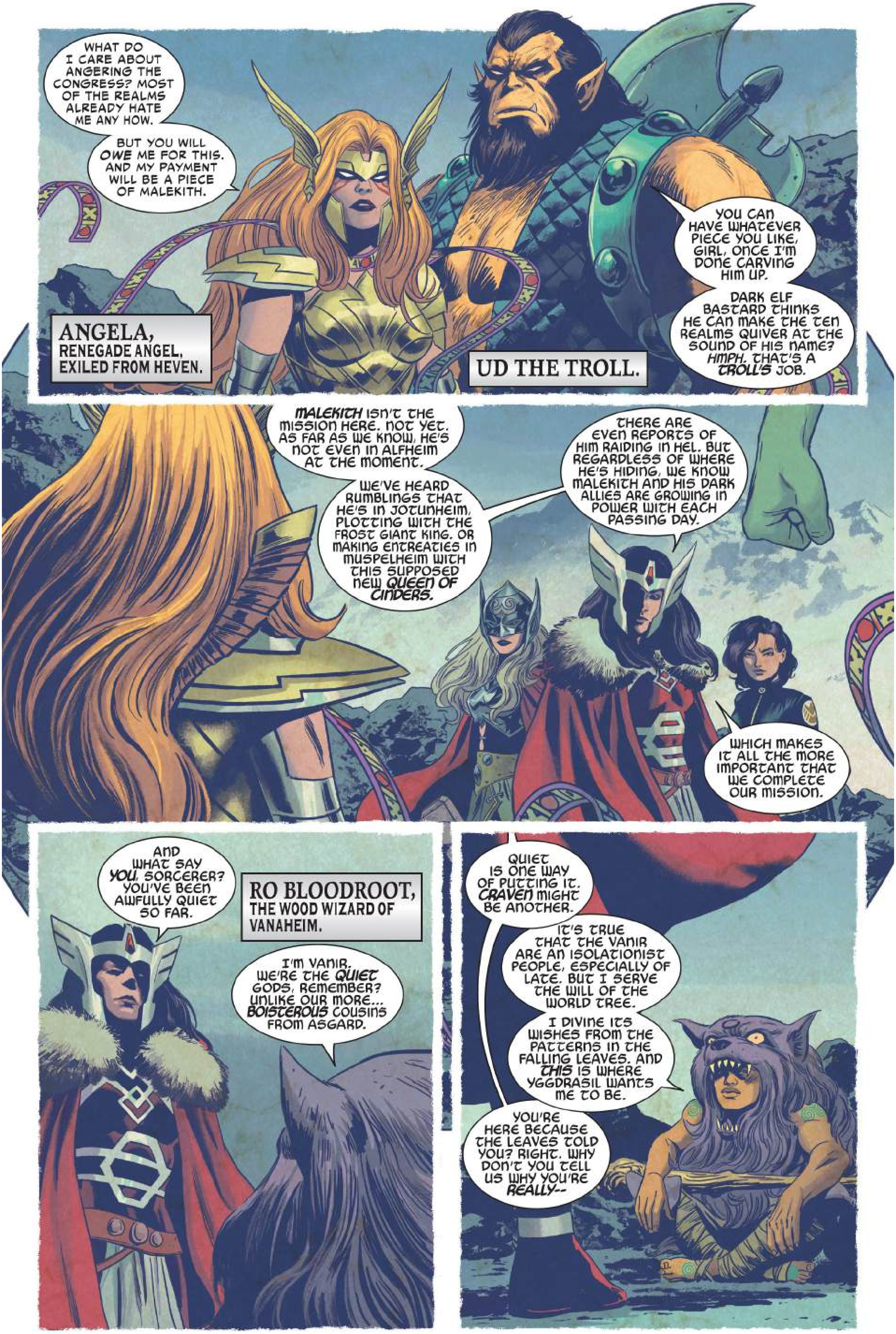

YOU GOT THAT, TEAM THREE?
SOMETHING ABOUT HUMMINGBIRD URINE. AND BEING QUIET.
I CAN BE QUIET.

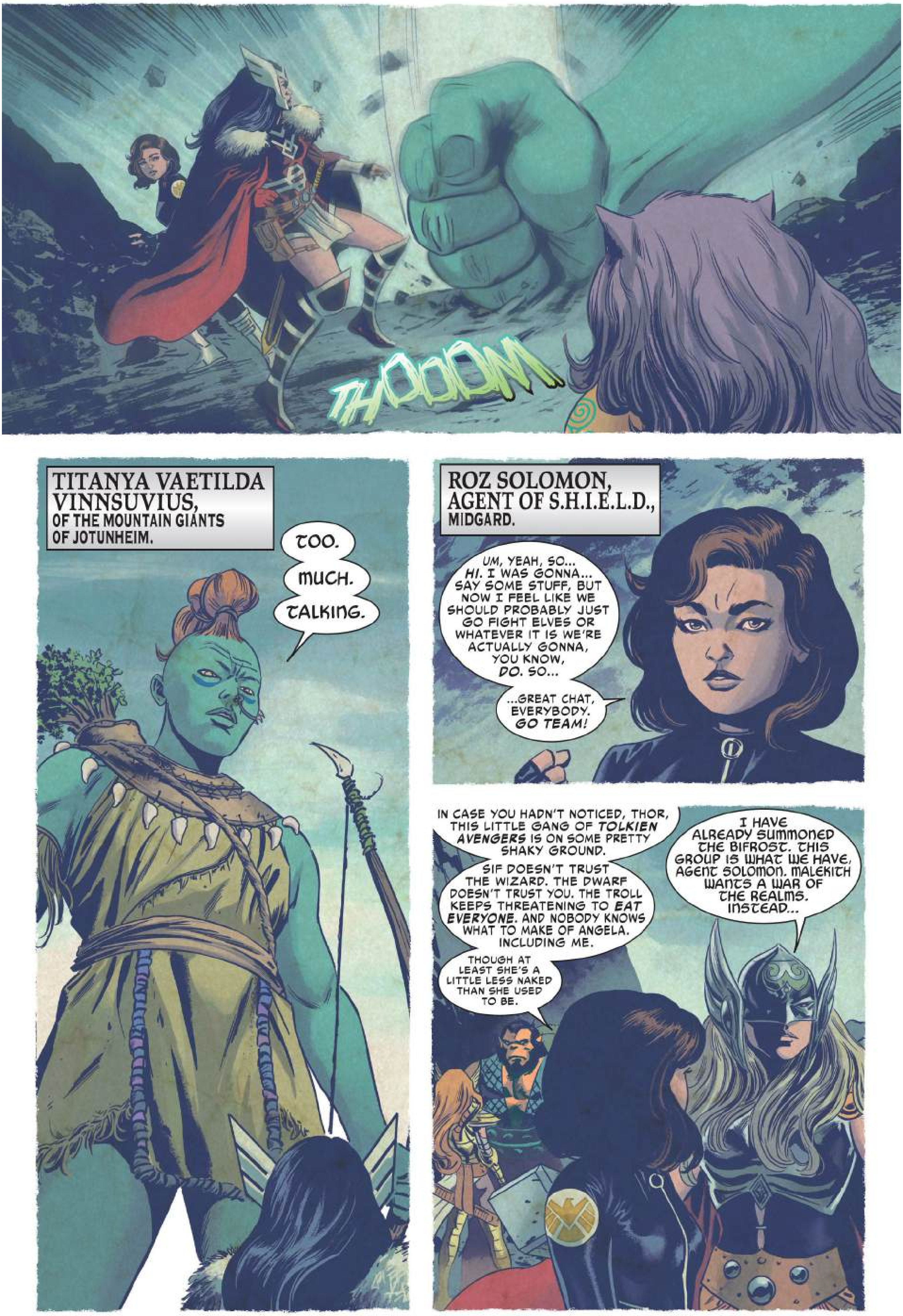

YOU WON'T EVEN HEAR THE BLOOD DRIP.
ANGELS MAKE ME UNEASY. NEVER DID DEVELOP A TRUST OF THEIR KIND.
ANGELA MAY HAVE BEEN RAISED BY THE ANGELS OF HEVEN, BUT BY BLOOD, SHE IS THE OFFSPRING OF ODIN.
YES, THANK YOU, WIZARD. YOU'RE RIGHT. SHE'S ***FAR WORSE*** THAN I GAVE HER CREDIT FOR.
TOWER IS CLEAR--
--WAS THAT QUIET ENOUGH FOR YOU?
NICE WORK, ANJ. YOU KEEP AN EYE OUT FROM THERE. TEAM TWO, GET TO THAT WALL--

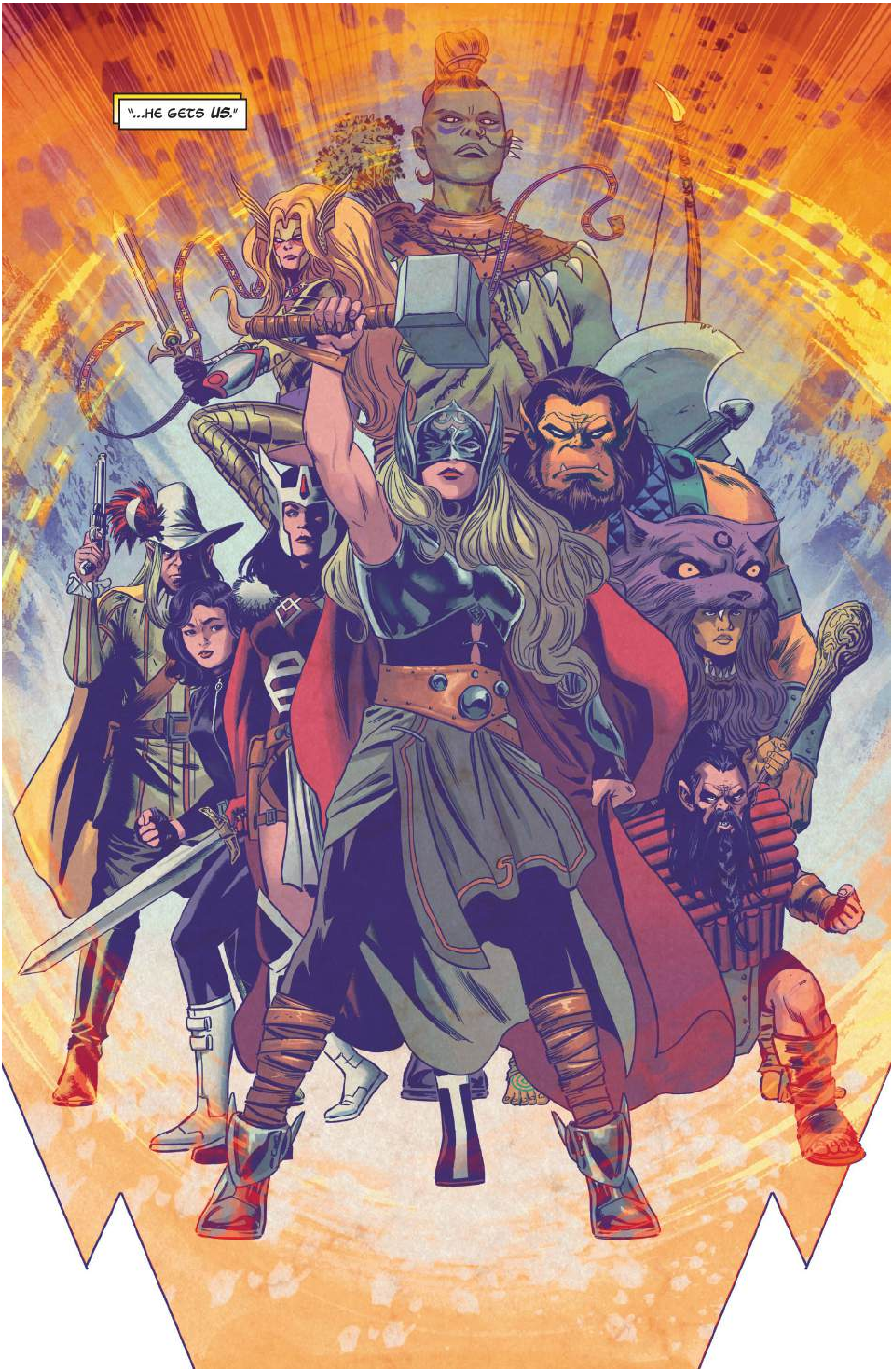

--YOUR RIDE IS WAITING.
HOLD FAST TO THE STRAPS WITH ALL THE MIGHT YOU CAN MUSTER.
THIS IS OFFICIALLY MY LEAST FAVORITE PART OF THIS PLAN.
SURELY THERE IS SOME OTHER WAY TO...
WAAAAAAH!!!
MY **WORTWAND** FINDS YOUR HAMMER'S INCESSANT LAUGHTER TO BE SOMEWHAT TROUBLING. I WOULD BE HAPPY TO TAKE A LOOK AT IT, IF YOU LIKE.
TELL YOUR WORTWAND IT MUST BUY ME DINNER FIRST.
TEAM TWO IS BEYOND THE WALL.
THEN I GUESS THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW.
THERE NEVER *WAS*, AGENT SOLOMON...

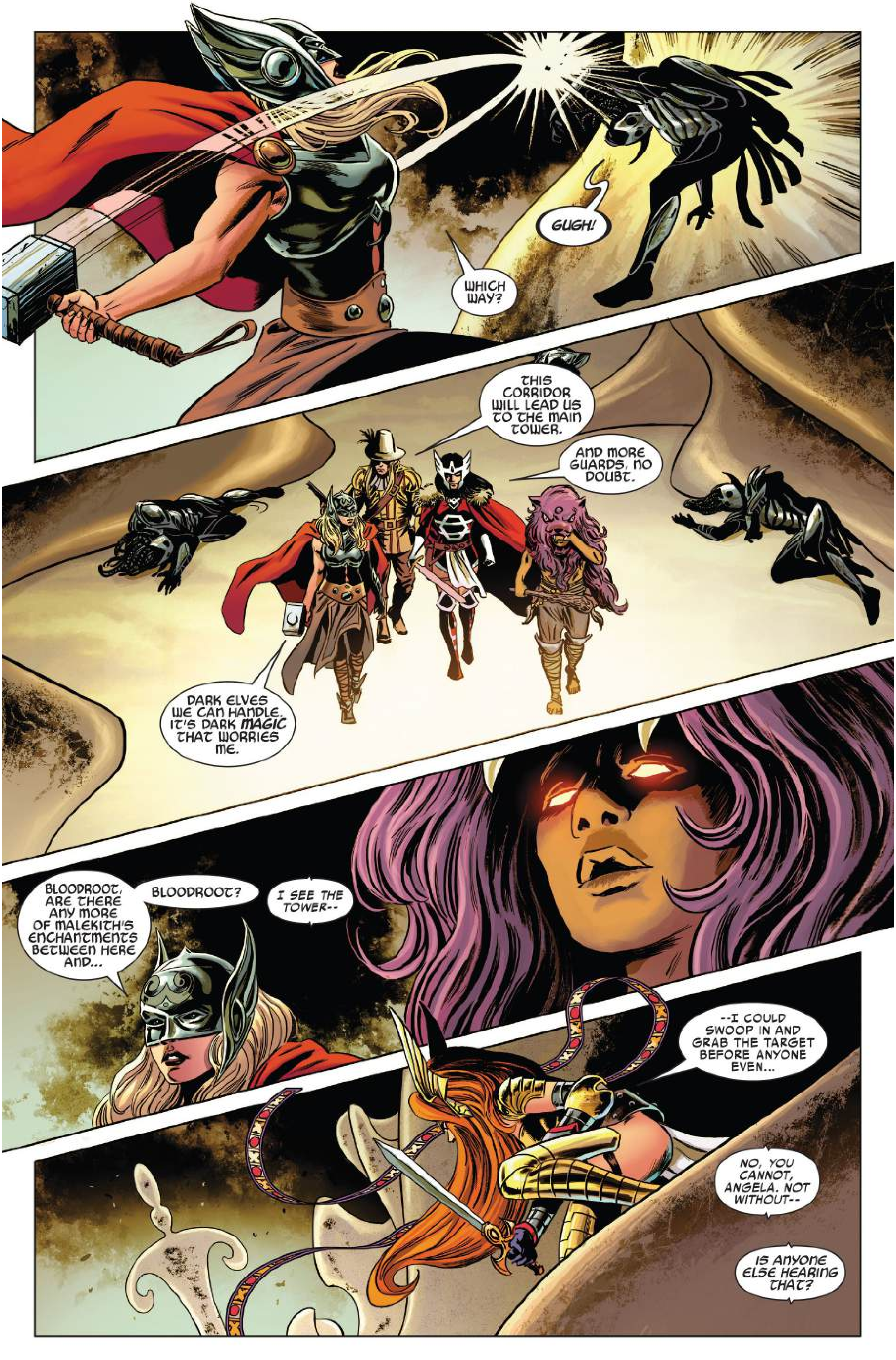

"...WE KNEW THAT FROM THE MOMENT WE *FIRST* CAME TOGETHER."
YESTERDAY.
NIDAVELLIR. LAND OF THE DWARVES. THE IRON HIGHLANDS.
ALLOW ME TO BEGIN THIS MEETING BY SAYING...
SIF, WARRIOR GODDESS OF ASGARD.
...THIS MEETING IS *NOT* TAKING PLACE. NOT *OFFICIALLY*, AT LEAST.
MY BROTHER HEIMDALL MAY HAVE USED THE BIFROST TO BRING US ALL HERE, BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN ASGARD IS INVOLVED IN WHAT WE ARE PLANNING.
NONE OF OUR REALMS ARE.
IF WE FAIL IN OUR MISSION...WE WILL BE BRANDED AS OUTLAWS AND LEFT TO OUR FATE.
NO ARMIES WILL MARCH TO OUR RESCUE. THIS IS THE RISK WE TAKE...
...IF WE CHOOSE TO RE-FORM THE *LEAGUE OF REALMS*.

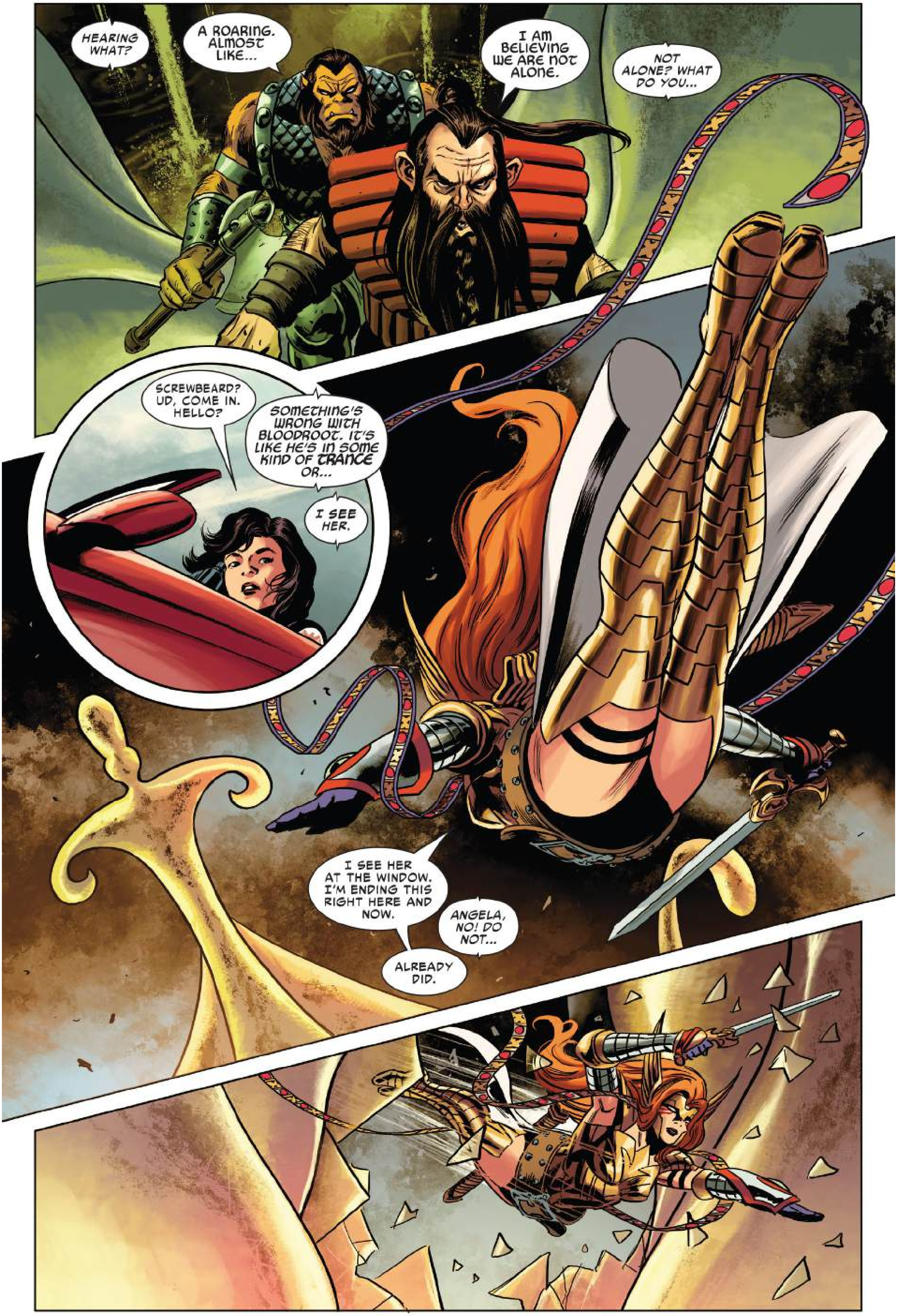

SIR IVORY HONEYSHOT, A ROYAL KNIGHT OF THE LIGHT ELVES OF ALFHEIM.
I AM ALREADY WITHOUT A LAND, SINCE MALEKITH AND HIS DARK ELF DOGS INVADED ALFHEIM AND THREW MY QUEEN IN HER OWN DUNGEON.
FOR ME THIS WAR HAS ALREADY BEGUN. AND THE SOONER I RETURN TO IT, THE BETTER.
ELF FRIEND SENT CALL...
SCREWBEARD, SON OF NO-EARS, SON OF HEADWOUND, OF THE DYNAMITE DWARVES OF NIDAVELLIR.
..AND LEAGUE ANSWERED. LEAGUE THAT BE STRONGER THAN EVER.
FOR MOST PART. STILL NOT SURE WHY THOR IS PRETTY GIRL NOW.
ELF NOT FIGHT ALONE. THIS NOW OUR WAR, TOO.
IT IS NO SMALL THING THAT WE DO HERE.
TO GO AGAINST THE WILL OF OUR OWN REALMS. I HAVE... FRIENDS WHO SERVE IN THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS.
BUT THAT CONGRESS HAS FAILED TO INTERVENE ON ALFHEIM'S BEHALF. THEY REFUSE TO SEE MALEKITH AND HIS ALLIES FOR WHAT THEY ARE...
...CONQUERORS AND RAVAGERS AND WAR MONGERS, WHO WILL NOT STOP UNTIL ALL OUR REALMS ARE INFLAMED.
THIS LEAGUE OF REALMS WAS FIRST FORMED IN ORDER TO SERVE THE WILL OF THE CONGRESS.* BUT NOW WE MUST SERVE AN EVEN GREATER CAUSE.
THAT OF LIBERTY AND JUSTICE. AND PEACE FOR ALL REALMS, ALL PEOPLES, WHETHER THEY BE GODS OR TROLLS OR MEN.
THIS IS A CAUSE FOR WHICH THOR IS PREPARED TO LAY DOWN HER LIFE.
*SEE THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #13-17. -LEAGUE OF EDITORS

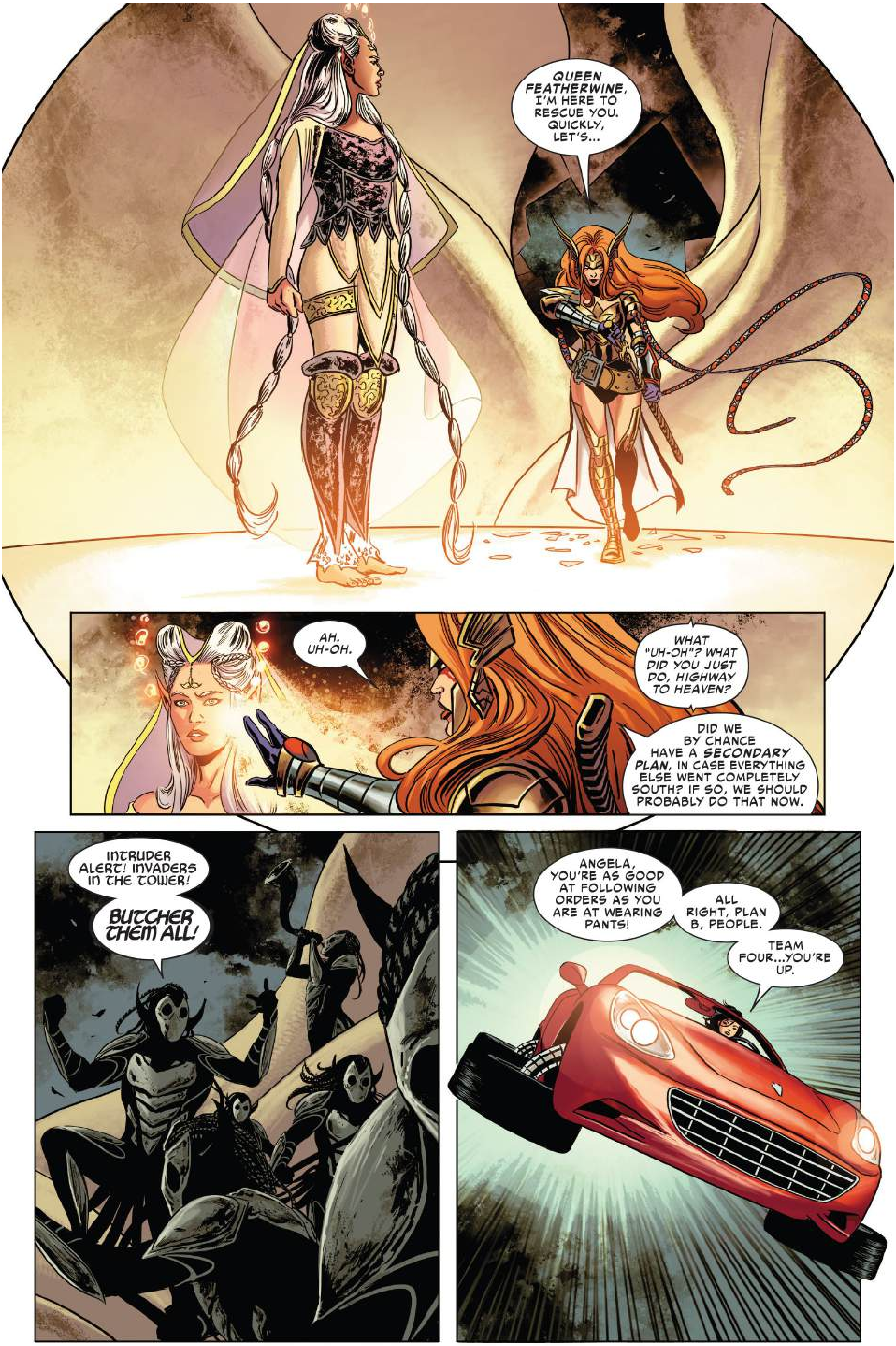

WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT ANGERING THE CONGRESS? MOST OF THE REALMS ALREADY HATE ME ANY HOW.
BUT YOU WILL OWE ME FOR THIS. AND MY PAYMENT WILL BE A PIECE OF MALEKITH.
ANGELA, RENEGADE ANGEL, EXILED FROM HEVEN.
YOU CAN HAVE WHATEVER PIECE YOU LIKE, GIRL, ONCE I'M DONE CARVING HIM UP.
DARK ELF BASTARD THINKS HE CAN MAKE THE TEN REALMS QUIVER AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME? HMPH. THAT'S A TROLL'S JOB.
UD THE TROLL.
MALEKITH ISN'T THE MISSION HERE. NOT YET. AS FAR AS WE KNOW, HE'S NOT EVEN IN ALFHEIM AT THE MOMENT.
WE'VE HEARD RUMBLINGS THAT HE'S IN JOTUNHEIM, PLOTTING WITH THE FROST GIANT KING. OR MAKING ENTREATIES IN MUSPELHEIM WITH THIS SUPPOSED NEW QUEEN OF CINDERS.
THERE ARE EVEN REPORTS OF HIM RAIDING IN HEL. BUT REGARDLESS OF WHERE HE'S HIDING, WE KNOW MALEKITH AND HIS DARK ALLIES ARE GROWING IN POWER WITH EACH PASSING DAY.
WHICH MAKES IT ALL THE MORE IMPORTANT THAT WE COMPLETE OUR MISSION.
AND WHAT SAY YOU, SORCERER? YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY QUIET SO FAR.
RO BLOODROOT, THE WOOD WIZARD OF VANAHEIM.
I'M VANIR. WE'RE THE QUIET GODS, REMEMBER? UNLIKE OUR MORE... BOISTEROUS COUSINS FROM ASGARD.
QUIET IS ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT. CRAVEN MIGHT BE ANOTHER.
IT'S TRUE THAT THE VANIR ARE AN ISOLATIONIST PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY OF LATE. BUT I SERVE THE WILL OF THE WORLD TREE.
I DIVINE ITS WISHES FROM THE PATTERNS IN THE FALLING LEAVES. AND THIS IS WHERE YGGDRASIL WANTS ME TO BE.
YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE THE LEAVES TOLD YOU? RIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHY YOU'RE REALLY--

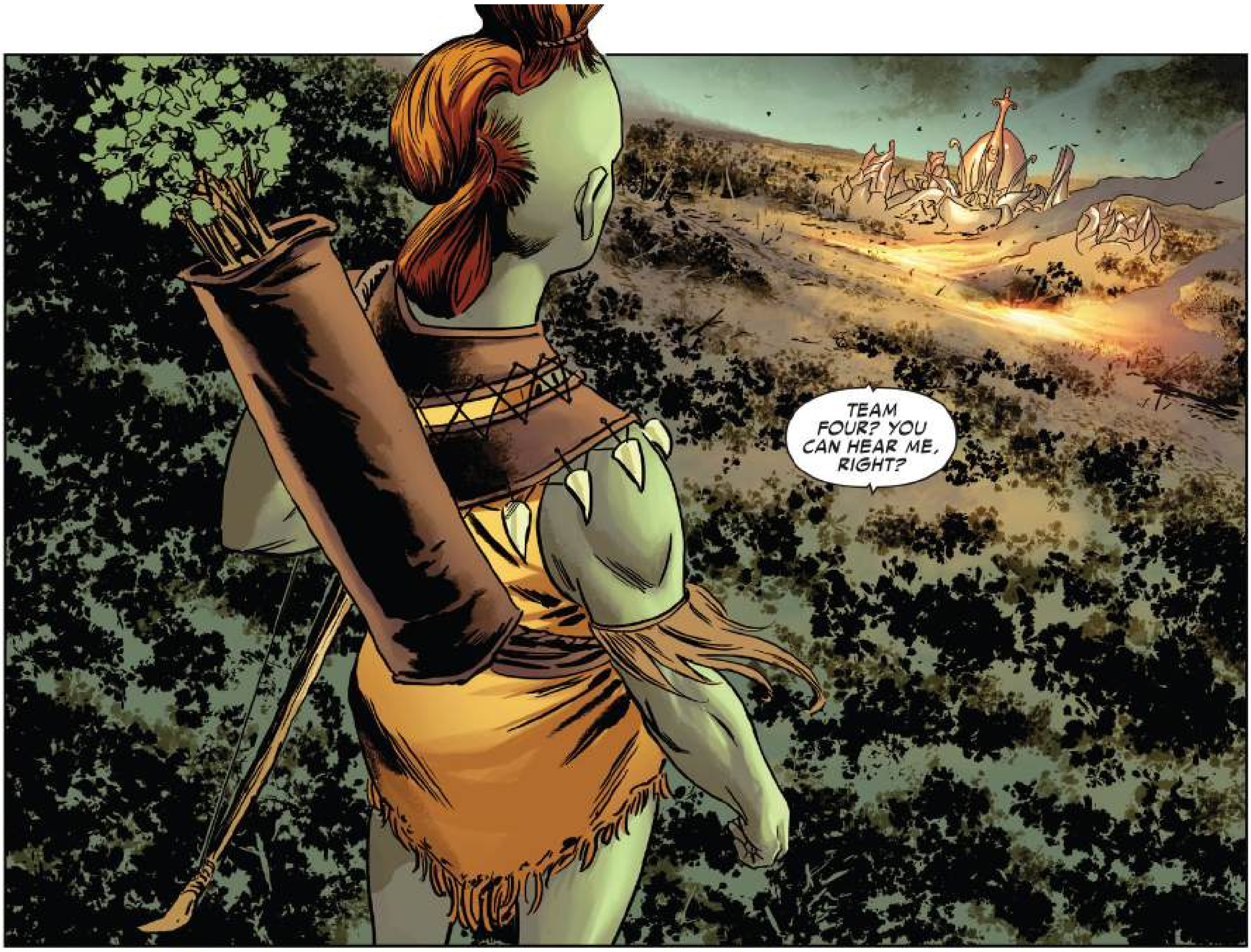

THOOOM
TITANYA VAETILDA VINNSUVIUS, OF THE MOUNTAIN GIANTS OF JOTUNHEIM.
TOO.
MUCH.
TALKING.
ROZ SOLOMON, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D., MIDGARD.
UM, YEAH, SO... HI. I WAS GONNA... SAY SOME STUFF, BUT NOW I FEEL LIKE WE SHOULD PROBABLY JUST GO FIGHT ELVES OR WHATEVER IT IS WE'RE ACTUALLY GONNA, YOU KNOW, DO. SO...
...GREAT CHAT, EVERYBODY. GO TEAM!
IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, THOR, THIS LITTLE GANG OF TOLKIEN AVENGERS IS ON SOME PRETTY SHAKY GROUND.
SIF DOESN'T TRUST THE WIZARD. THE DWARF DOESN'T TRUST YOU. THE TROLL KEEPS THREATENING TO EAT EVERYONE. AND NOBODY KNOWS WHAT TO MAKE OF ANGELA. INCLUDING ME.
THOUGH AT LEAST SHE'S A LITTLE LESS NAKED THAN SHE USED TO BE.
I HAVE ALREADY SUMMONED THE BIFROST. THIS GROUP IS WHAT WE HAVE, AGENT SOLOMON. MALEKITH WANTS A WAR OF THE REALMS. INSTEAD...

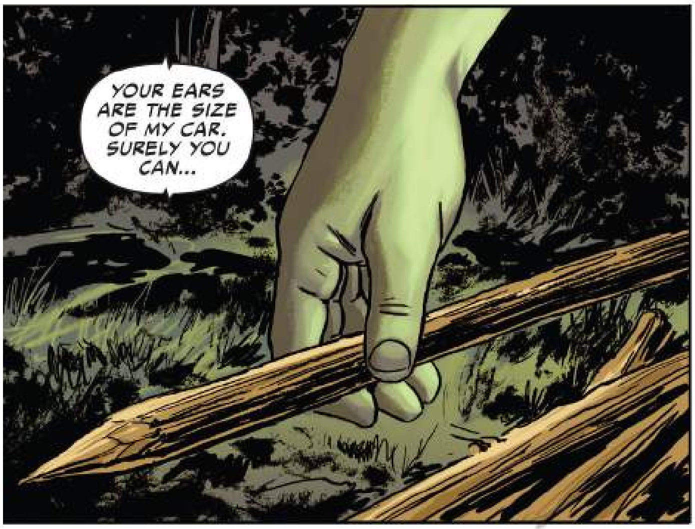

"...HE GETS US."

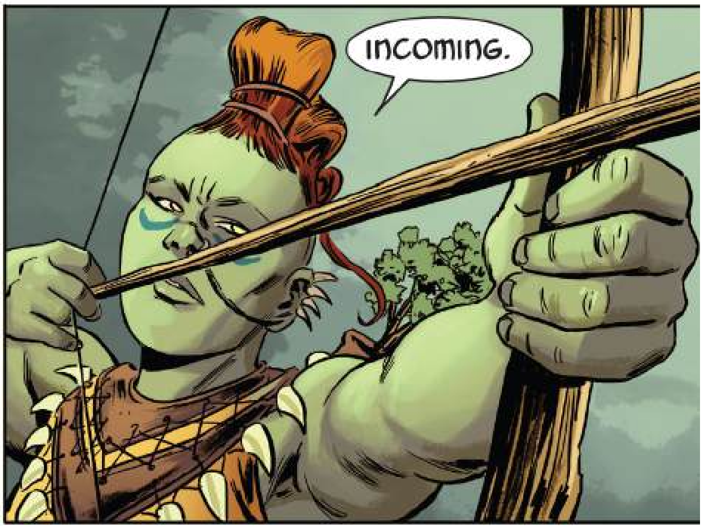

GUGH!
WHICH WAY?
THIS CORRIDOR WILL LEAD US TO THE MAIN TOWER.
AND MORE GUARDS, NO DOUBT.
DARK ELVES WE CAN HANDLE. IT'S DARK MAGIC THAT WORRIES ME.
BLOODROOT, ARE THERE ANY MORE OF MALEKITH'S ENCHANTMENTS BETWEEN HERE AND...
BLOODROOT?
I SEE THE TOWER--
--I COULD SWOOP IN AND GRAB THE TARGET BEFORE ANYONE EVEN...
NO, YOU CANNOT, ANGELA. NOT WITHOUT--
IS ANYONE ELSE HEARING THAT?

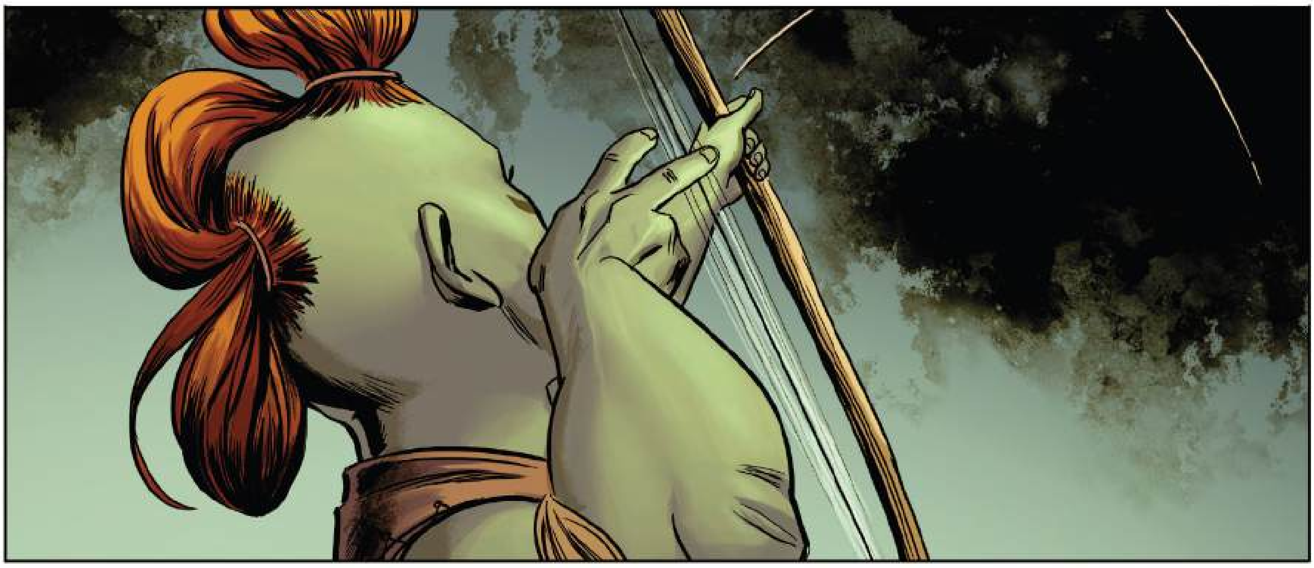

HEARING WHAT?
A ROARING. ALMOST LIKE...
I AM BELIEVING WE ARE NOT ALONE.
NOT ALONE? WHAT DO YOU...
SCREWBEARD? UD, COME IN. HELLO?
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH BLOODROOT. IT'S LIKE HE'S IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE OR...
I SEE HER.
I SEE HER AT THE WINDOW. I'M ENDING THIS RIGHT HERE AND NOW.
ANGELA, NO! DO NOT...
ALREADY DID.

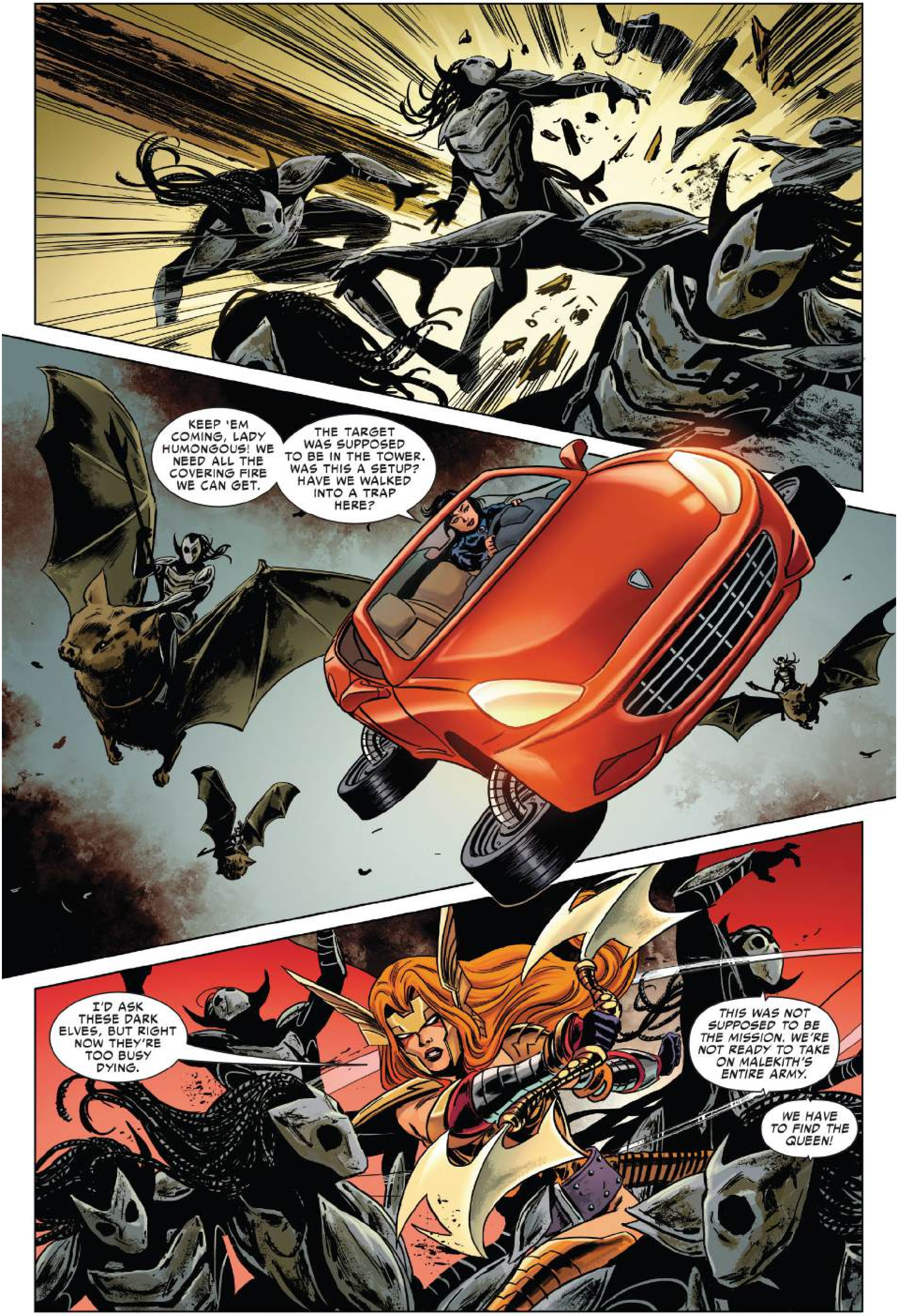

QUEEN FEATHERWINE, I'M HERE TO RESCUE YOU. QUICKLY, LET'S...
AH. UH-OH.
WHAT "UH-OH"? WHAT DID YOU JUST DO, HIGHWAY TO HEAVEN?
DID WE BY CHANCE HAVE A SECONDARY PLAN, IN CASE EVERYTHING ELSE WENT COMPLETELY SOUTH? IF SO, WE SHOULD PROBABLY DO THAT NOW.
INTRUDER ALERT! INVADERS IN THE TOWER!
BUTCHER THEM ALL!
ANGELA, YOU'RE AS GOOD AT FOLLOWING ORDERS AS YOU ARE AT WEARING PANTS!
ALL RIGHT, PLAN B, PEOPLE.
TEAM FOUR...YOU'RE UP.

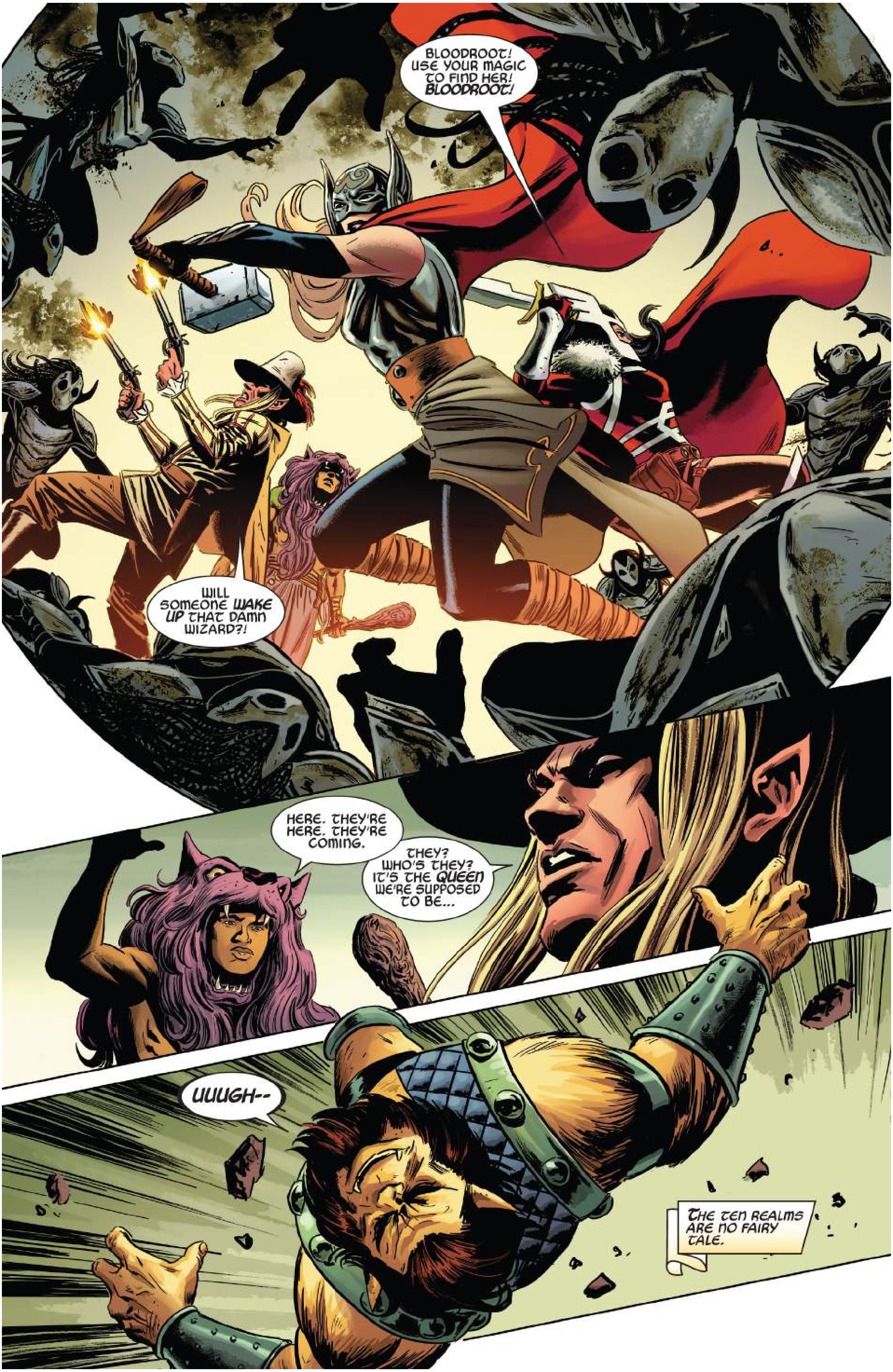

TEAM FOUR? YOU CAN HEAR ME, RIGHT?

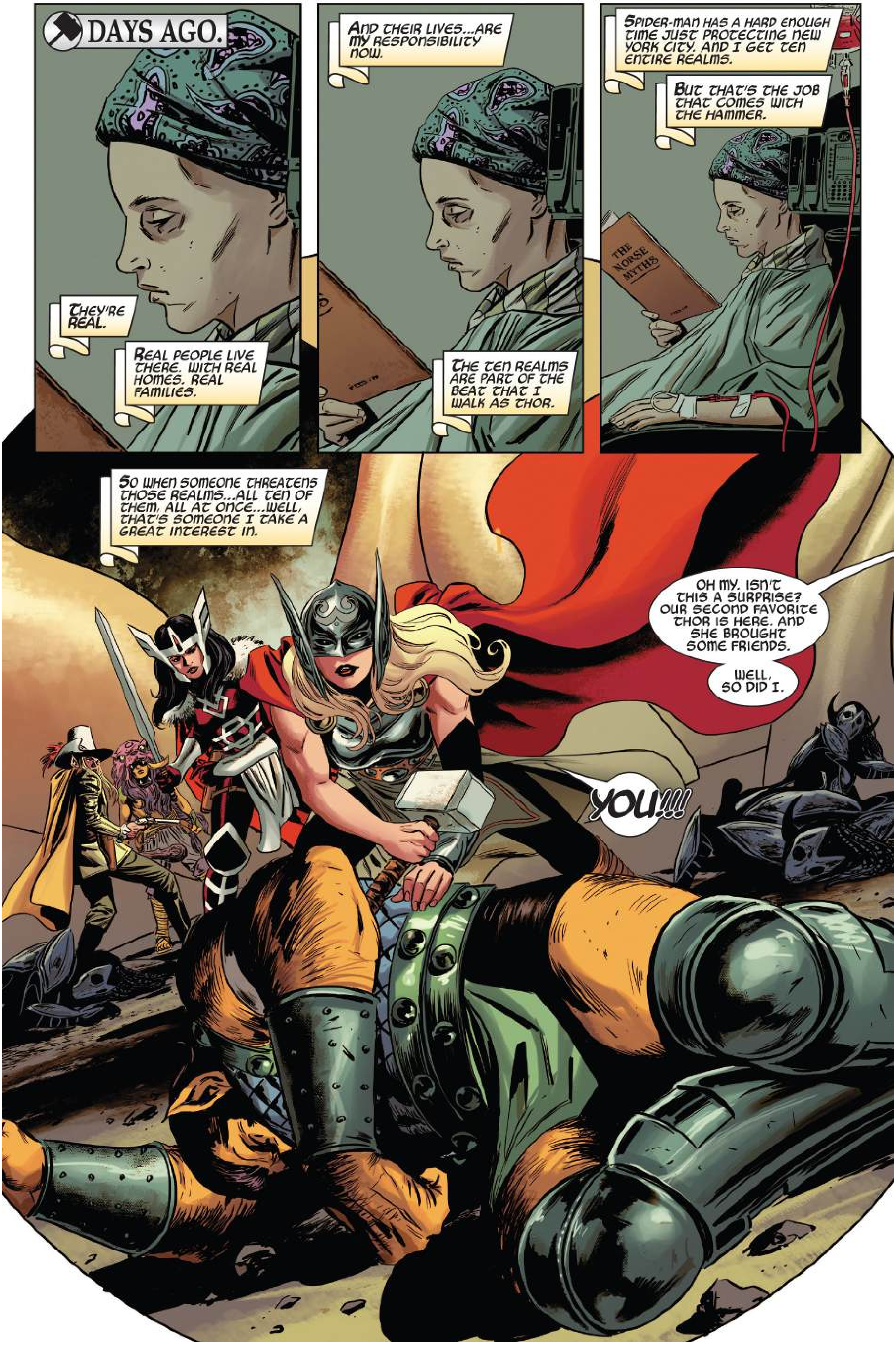

YOUR EARS ARE THE SIZE OF MY CAR. SURELY YOU CAN...

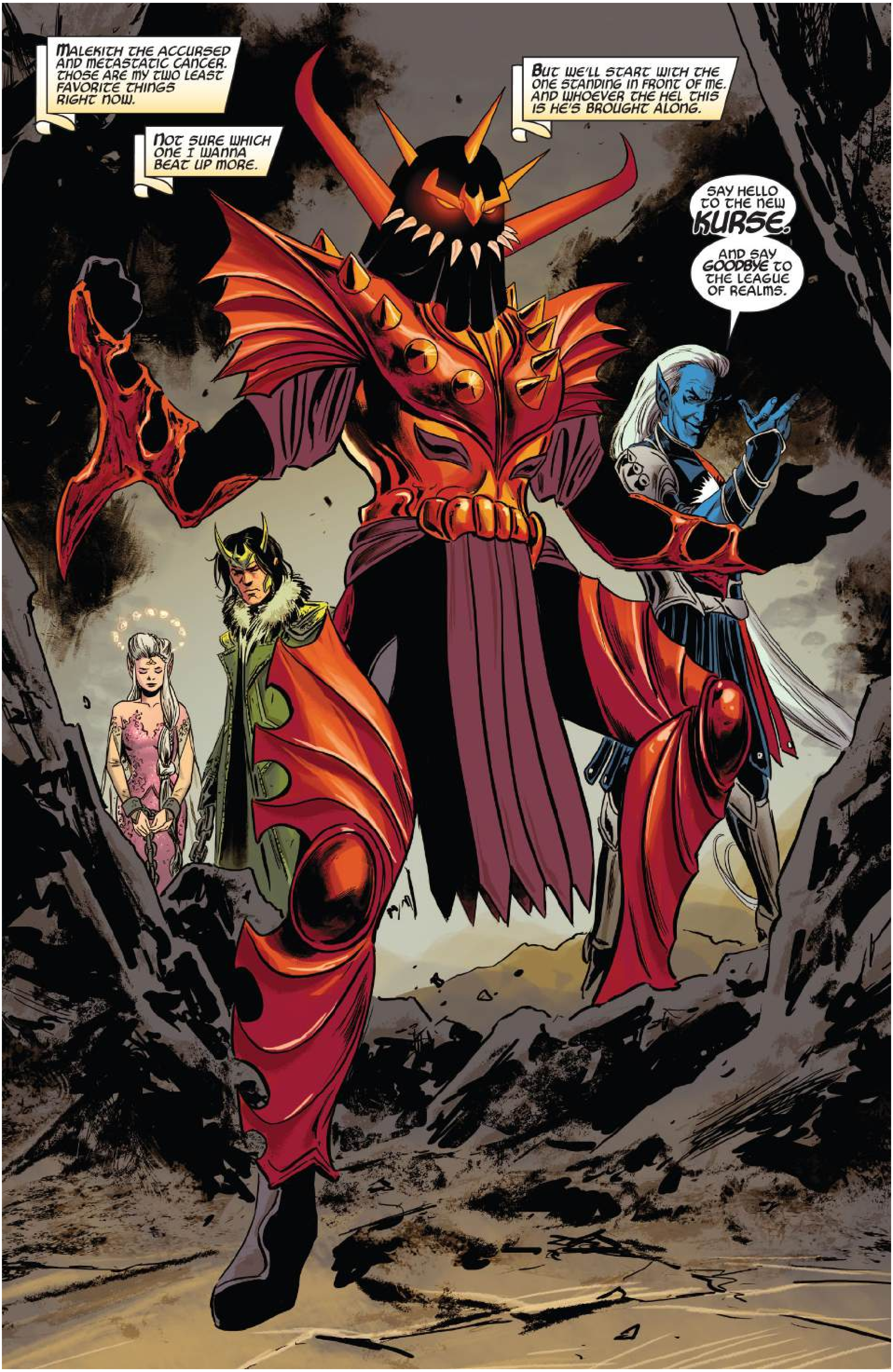

INCOMING.

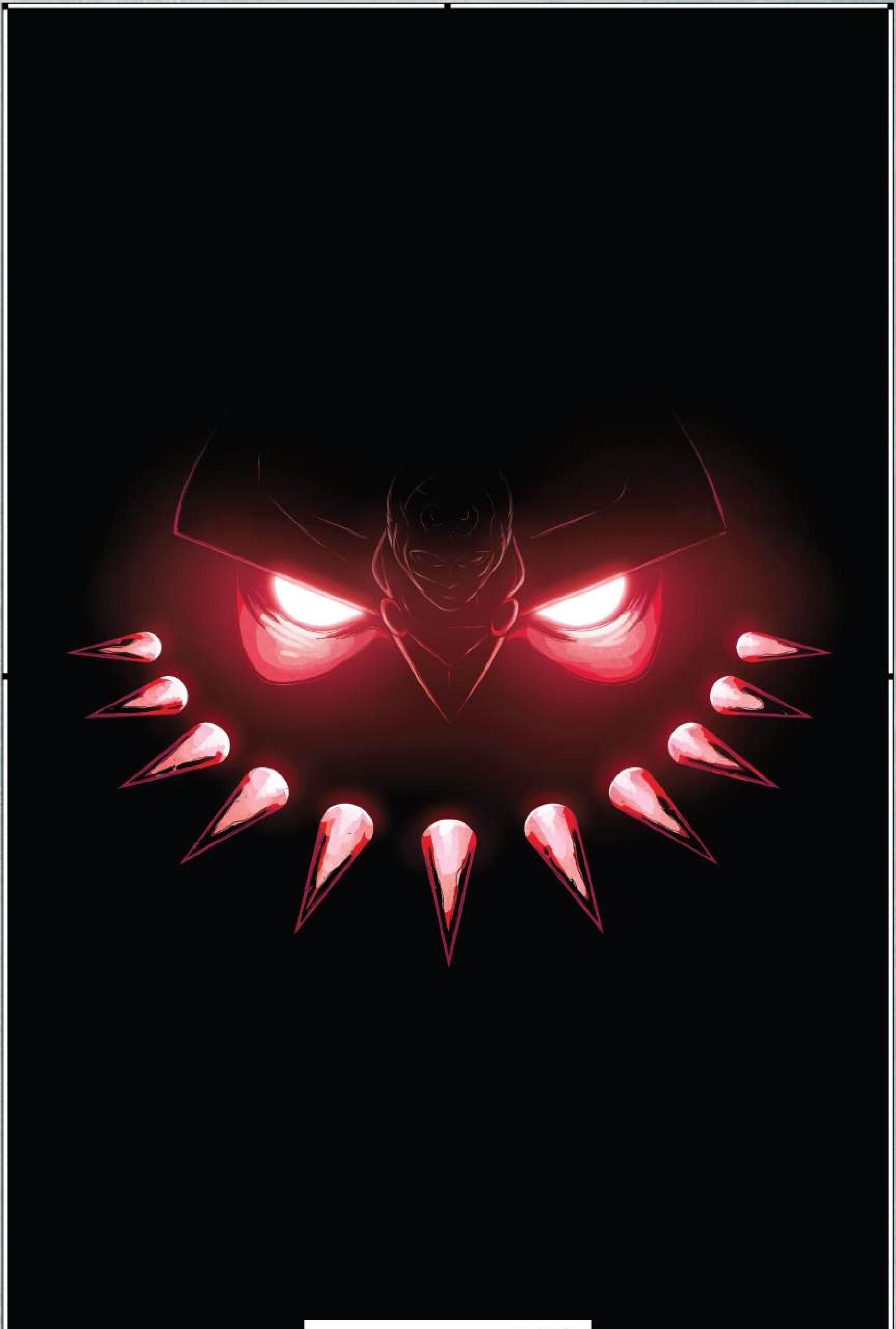



KEEP 'EM COMING, LADY HUMONGOUS! WE NEED ALL THE COVERING FIRE WE CAN GET.
THE TARGET WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE TOWER. WAS THIS A SETUP? HAVE WE WALKED INTO A TRAP HERE?
I'D ASK THESE DARK ELVES, BUT RIGHT NOW THEY'RE TOO BUSY DYING.
THIS WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THE MISSION. WE'RE NOT READY TO TAKE ON MALEKITH'S ENTIRE ARMY.
WE HAVE TO FIND THE QUEEN!


BLOODROOT! USE YOUR MAGIC TO FIND HER! *BLOODROOT!*
WILL SOMEONE *WAKE UP* THAT DAMN WIZARD?!
HERE. THEY'RE HERE. THEY'RE COMING.
THEY? WHO'S THEY? IT'S THE *QUEEN* WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE...
UUUGH--
THE TEN REALMS ARE NO FAIRY TALE.

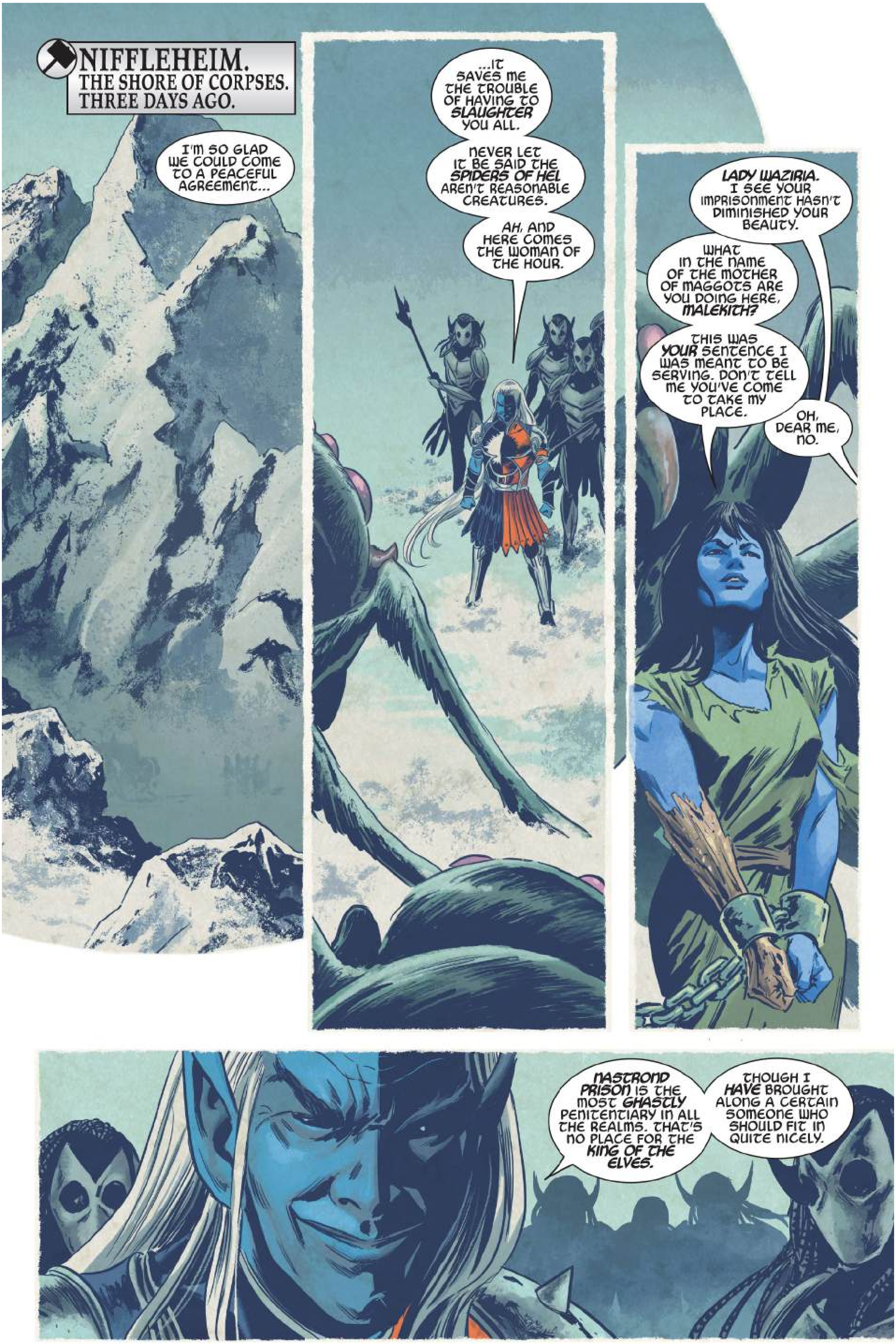

DAYS AGO.
THEY'RE REAL.
REAL PEOPLE LIVE THERE. WITH REAL HOMES. REAL FAMILIES.
AND THEIR LIVES...ARE MY RESPONSIBILITY NOW.
THE TEN REALMS ARE PART OF THE BEAT THAT I WALK AS THOR.
SPIDER-MAN HAS A HARD ENOUGH TIME JUST PROTECTING NEW YORK CITY, AND I GET TEN ENTIRE REALMS.
BUT THAT'S THE JOB THAT COMES WITH THE HAMMER.
THE NORSE MYTHS
SO WHEN SOMEONE THREATENS THOSE REALMS...ALL TEN OF THEM, ALL AT ONCE...WELL, THAT'S SOMEONE I TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN.
OH MY. ISN'T THIS A SURPRISE? OUR SECOND FAVORITE THOR IS HERE. AND SHE BROUGHT SOME FRIENDS.
WELL, SO DID I.
YOU!!!

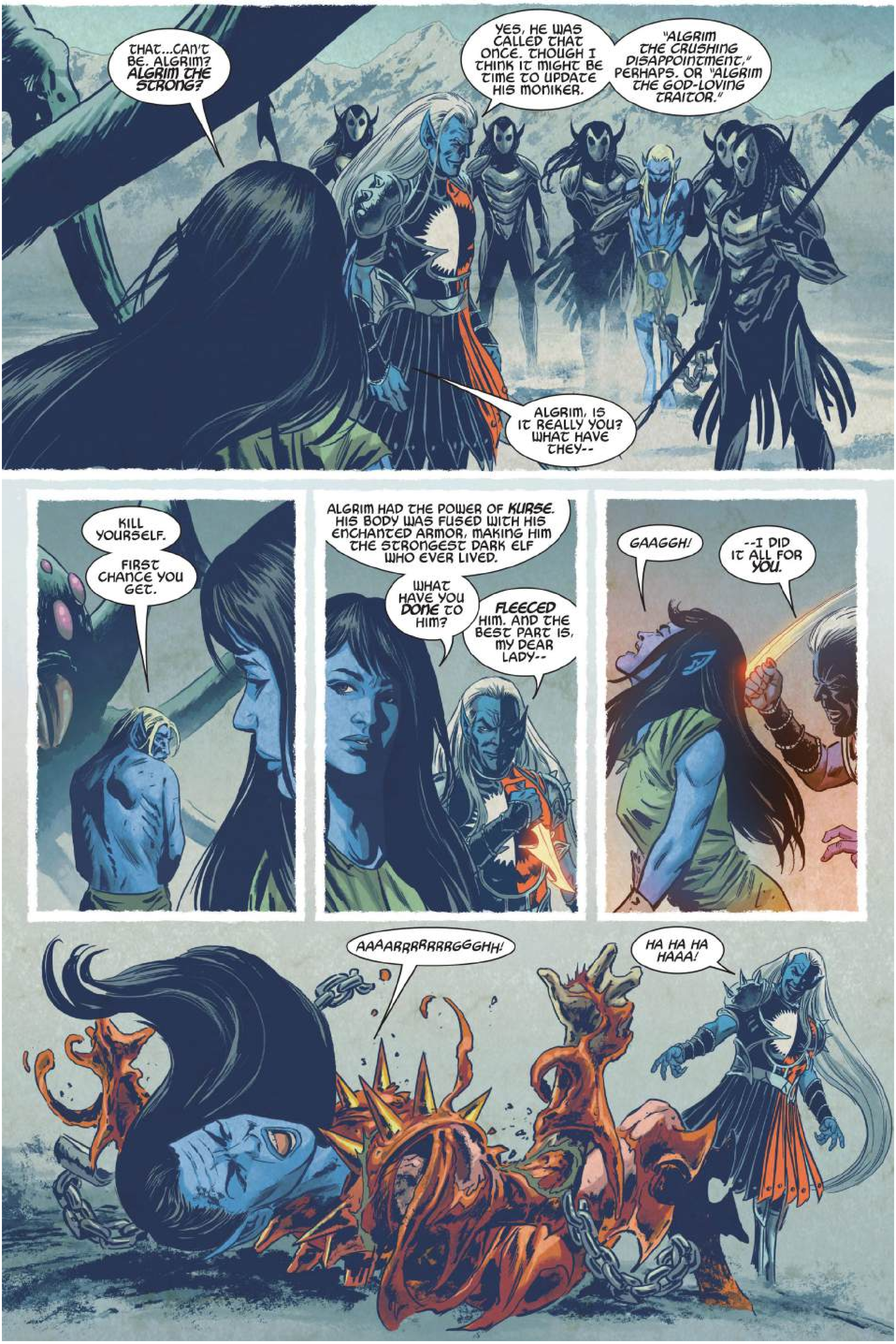

MALEKITH THE ACCURSED AND METASTATIC CANCER. THOSE ARE MY TWO LEAST FAVORITE THINGS RIGHT NOW.
NOT SURE WHICH ONE I WANNA BEAT UP MORE.
BUT WE'LL START WITH THE ONE STANDING IN FRONT OF ME. AND WHOEVER THE HEL THIS IS HE'S BROUGHT ALONG.
SAY HELLO TO THE NEW KURSE.
AND SAY GOODBYE TO THE LEAGUE OF REALMS.

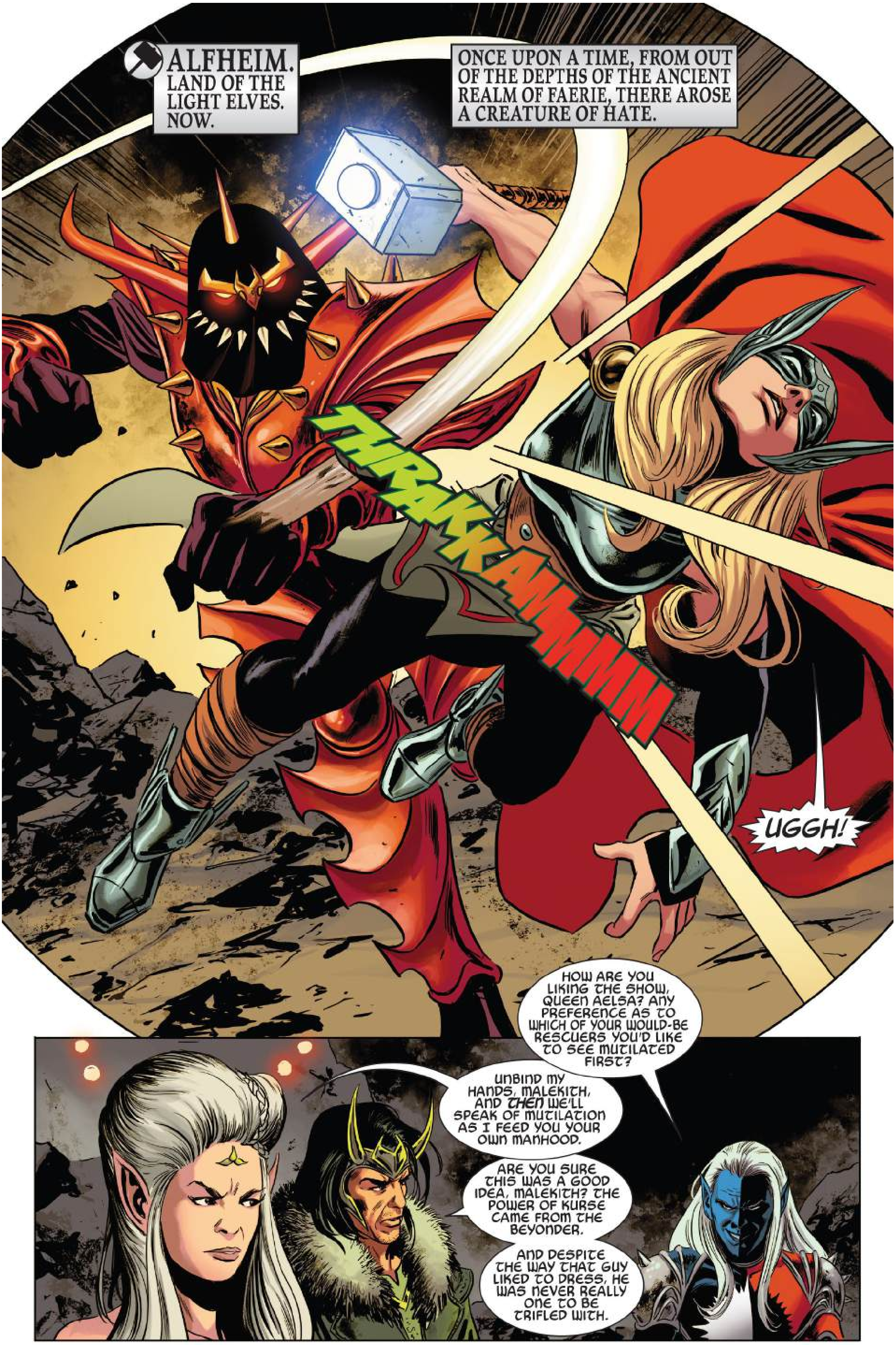


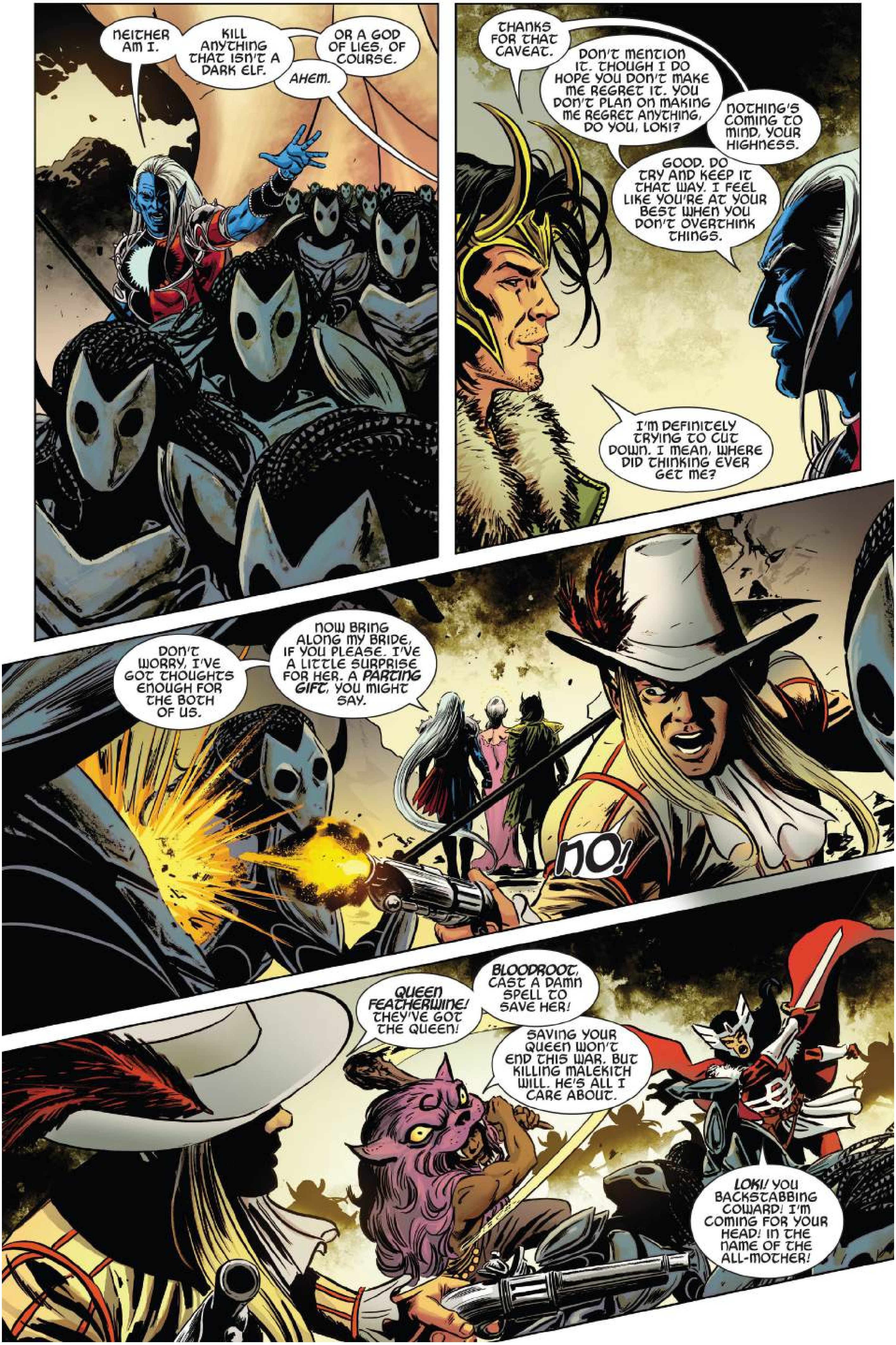
MIGHTY THOR | 14

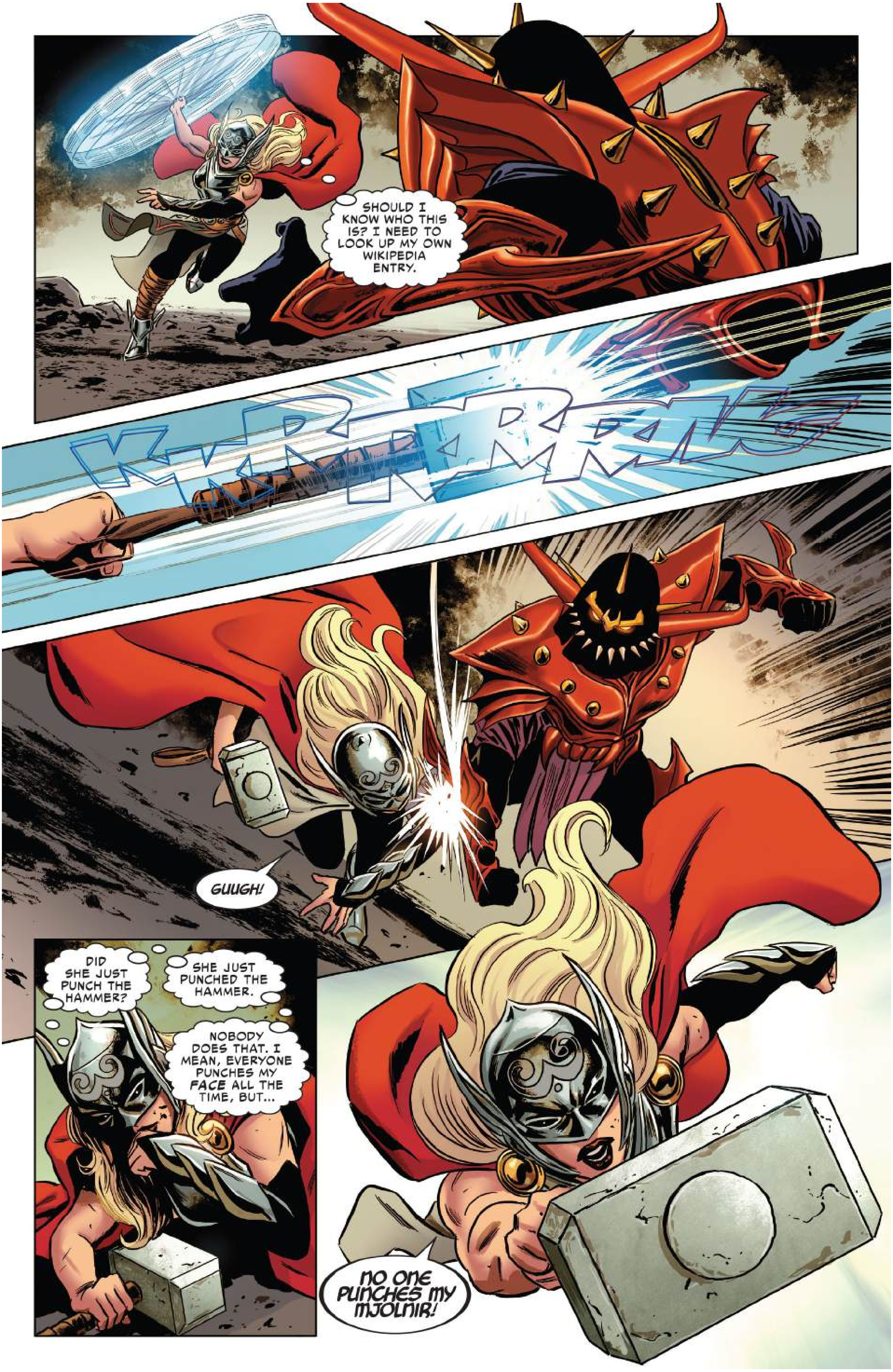
Ljosalfgard's Burning

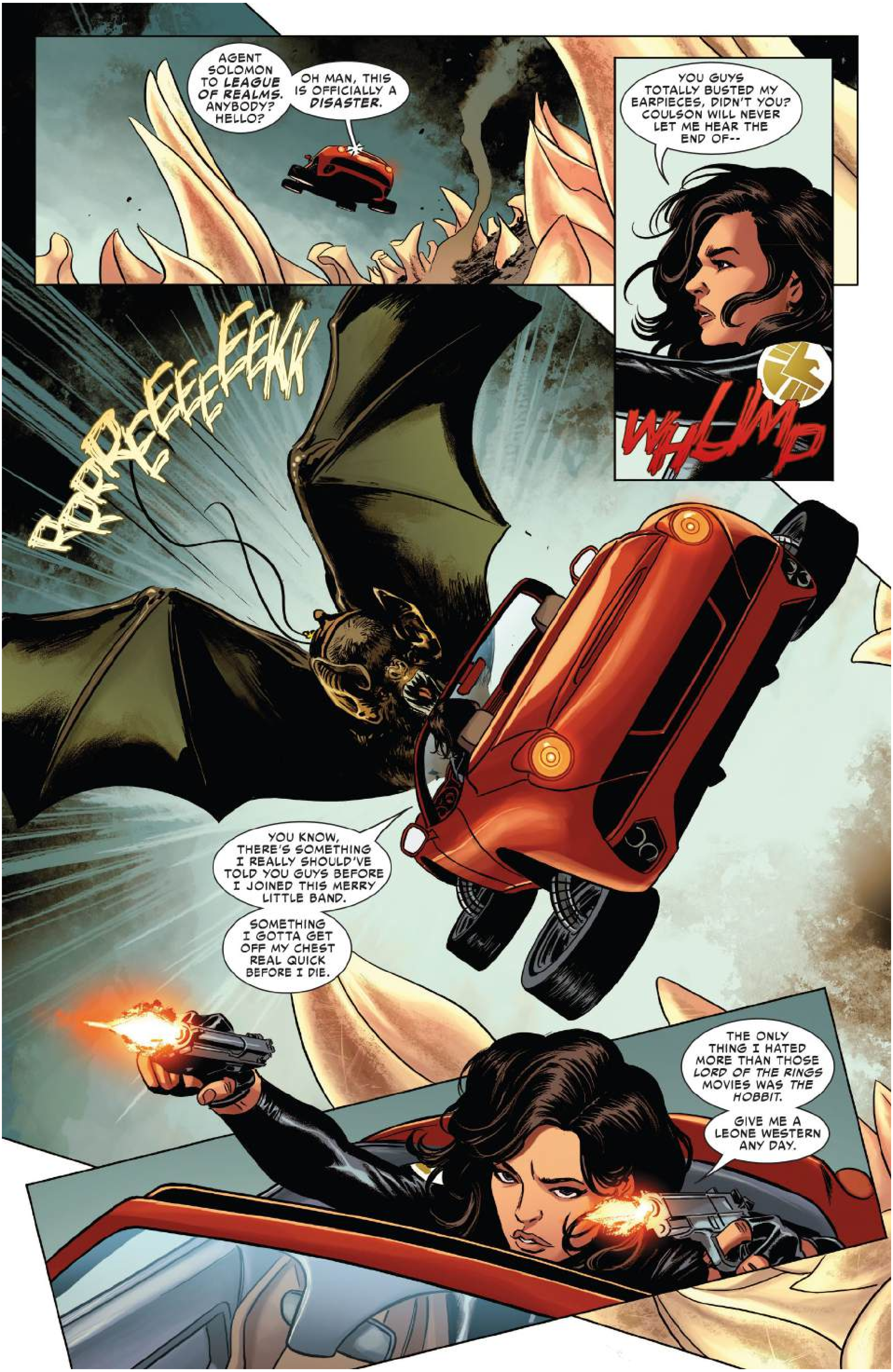

NIFFLEHEIM. THE SHORE OF CORPSES. THREE DAYS AGO.
I'M SO GLAD WE COULD COME TO A PEACEFUL AGREEMENT...
...IT SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF HAVING TO SLAUGHTER YOU ALL.
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THE SPIDERS OF HEL AREN'T REASONABLE CREATURES.
AH, AND HERE COMES THE WOMAN OF THE HOUR.
LADY WAZIRIA. I SEE YOUR IMPRISONMENT HASN'T DIMINISHED YOUR BEAUTY.
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE MOTHER OF MAGGOTS ARE YOU DOING HERE, MALEKITH?
THIS WAS YOUR SENTENCE I WAS MEANT TO BE SERVING. DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE COME TO TAKE MY PLACE.
OH, DEAR ME, NO.
NASTROND PRISON IS THE MOST GHASTLY PENITENTIARY IN ALL THE REALMS. THAT'S NO PLACE FOR THE KING OF THE ELVES.
THOUGH I HAVE BROUGHT ALONG A CERTAIN SOMEONE WHO SHOULD FIT IN QUITE NICELY.

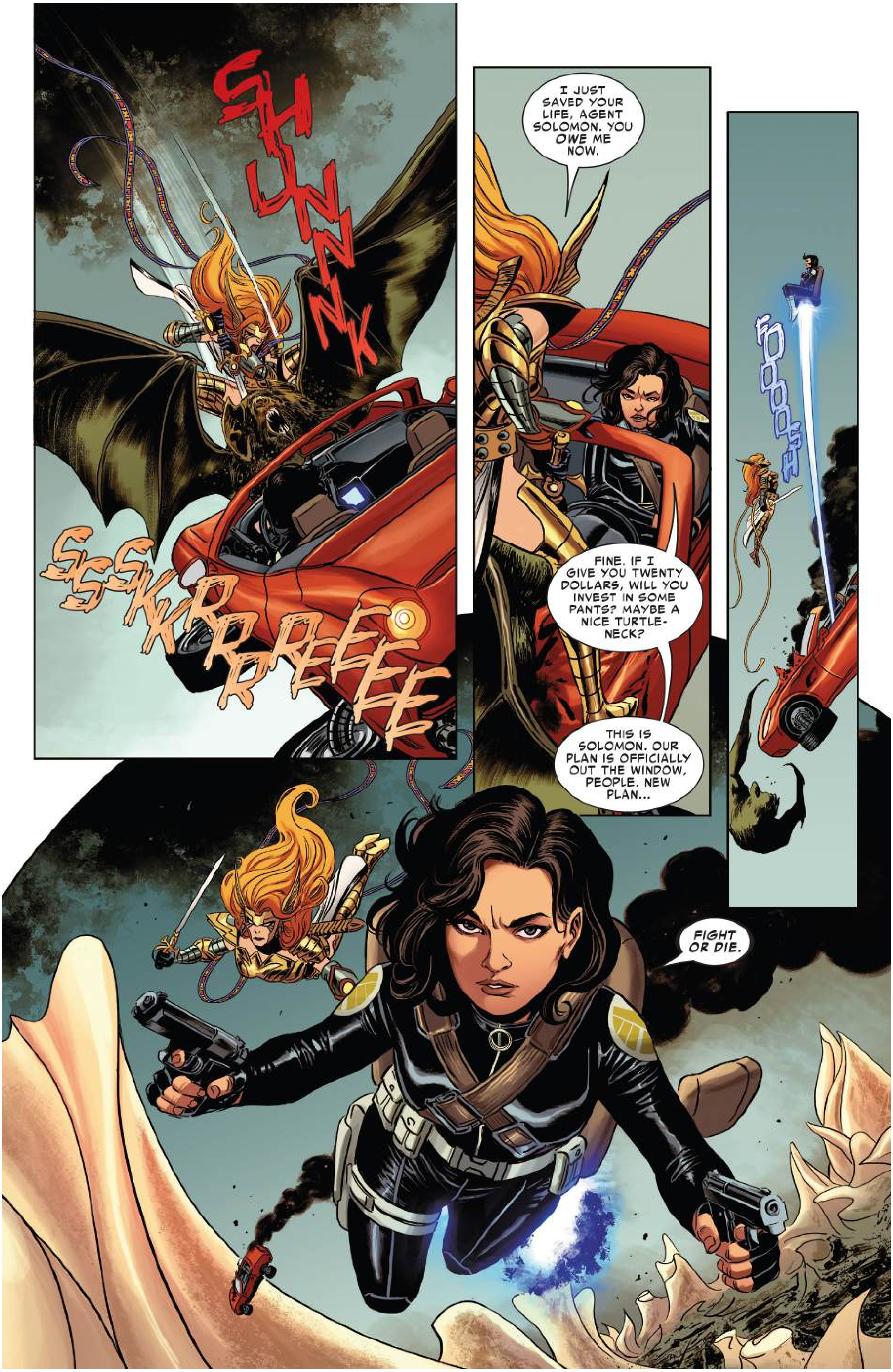

THAT...CAN'T BE. ALGRIM? ALGRIM THE STRONG?
YES, HE WAS CALLED THAT ONCE. THOUGH I THINK IT MIGHT BE TIME TO UPDATE HIS MONIKER.
"ALGRIM THE CRUSHING DISAPPOINTMENT," PERHAPS. OR "ALGRIM THE GOD-LOVING TRAITOR."
ALGRIM, IS IT REALLY YOU? WHAT HAVE THEY--
KILL YOURSELF.
FIRST CHANCE YOU GET.
ALGRIM HAD THE POWER OF KURSE. HIS BODY WAS FUSED WITH HIS ENCHANTED ARMOR, MAKING HIM THE STRONGEST DARK ELF WHO EVER LIVED.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?
FLEECED HIM. AND THE BEST PART IS, MY DEAR LADY--
GAAGGH!
--I DID IT ALL FOR YOU.
AAAARRRRRRRGGGHH!
HA HA HA HAAA!

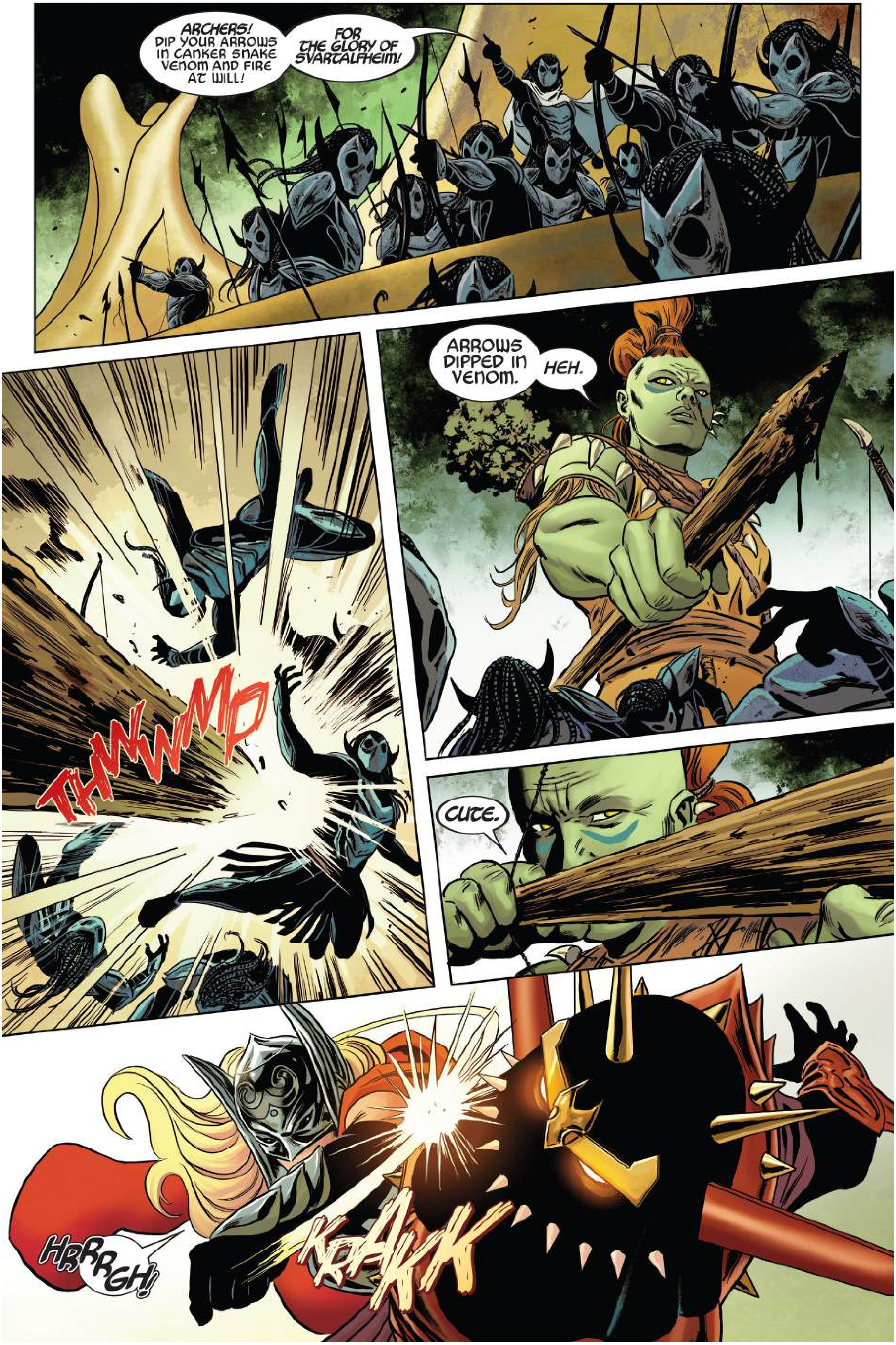

ALFHEIM. LAND OF THE LIGHT ELVES. NOW.
ONCE UPON A TIME, FROM OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE ANCIENT REALM OF FAERIE, THERE AROSE A CREATURE OF HATE.
THRAKKAMMMMM
UGGH!
HOW ARE YOU LIKING THE SHOW, QUEEN AELSA? ANY PREFERENCE AS TO WHICH OF YOUR WOULD-BE RESCUERS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE MUTILATED FIRST?
UNBIND MY HANDS, MALEKITH, AND *THEN* WE'LL SPEAK OF MUTILATION AS I FEED YOU YOUR OWN MANHOOD.
ARE YOU SURE THIS WAS A GOOD IDEA, MALEKITH? THE POWER OF KURSE CAME FROM THE BEYONDER.
AND DESPITE THE WAY THAT GUY LIKED TO DRESS, HE WAS NEVER REALLY ONE TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

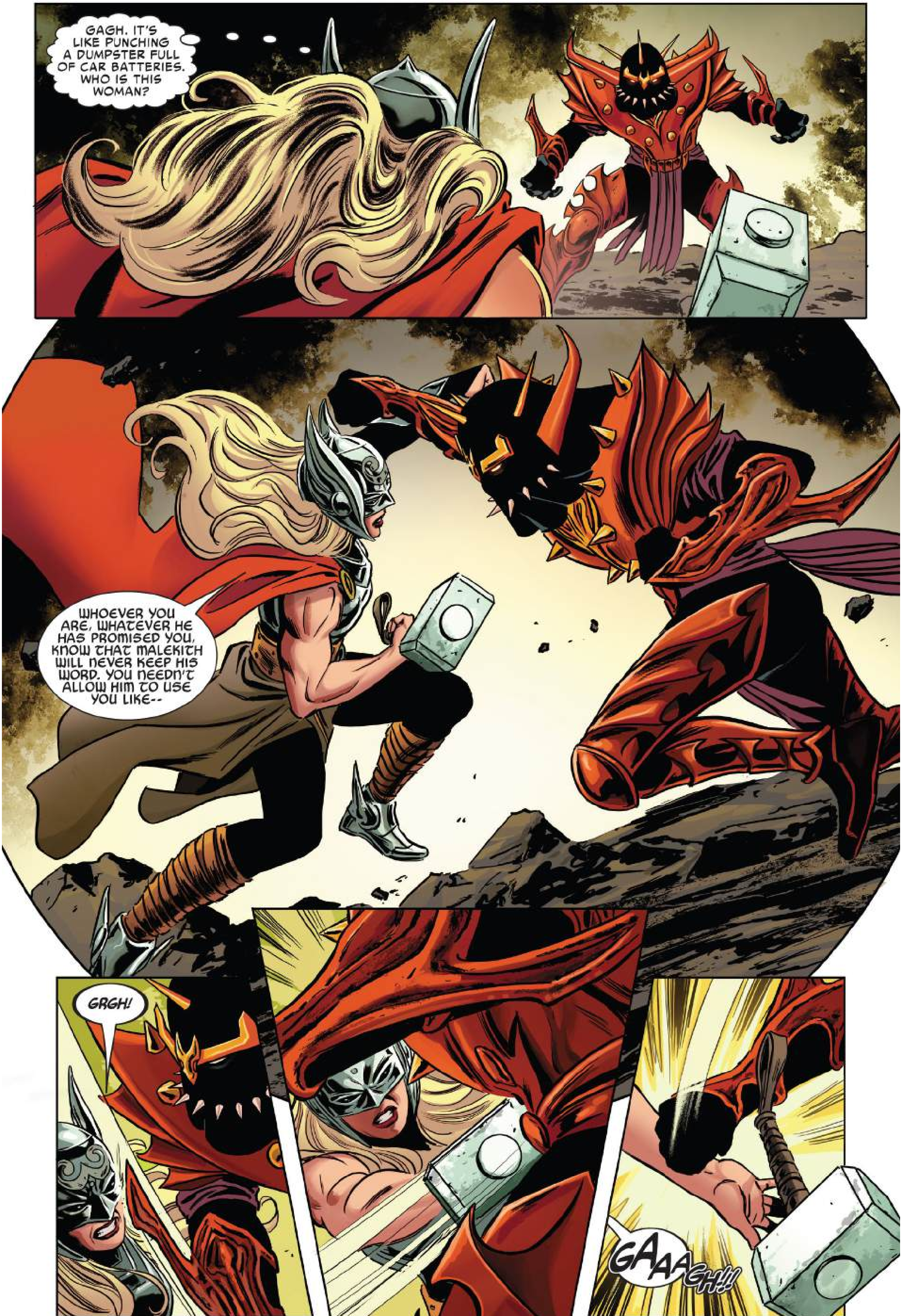

NEITHER AM I.
KILL ANYTHING THAT ISN'T A DARK ELF.
AHEM.
OR A GOD OF LIES, OF COURSE.
THANKS FOR THAT CAVEAT.
DON'T MENTION IT. THOUGH I DO HOPE YOU DON'T MAKE ME REGRET IT. YOU DON'T PLAN ON MAKING ME REGRET ANYTHING, DO YOU, LOKI?
NOTHING'S COMING TO MIND, YOUR HIGHNESS.
GOOD. DO TRY AND KEEP IT THAT WAY. I FEEL LIKE YOU'RE AT YOUR BEST WHEN YOU DON'T OVERTHINK THINGS.
I'M DEFINITELY TRYING TO CUT DOWN. I MEAN, WHERE DID THINKING EVER GET ME?
DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT THOUGHTS ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US.
NOW BRING ALONG MY BRIDE, IF YOU PLEASE. I'VE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HER. A *PARTING GIFT*, YOU MIGHT SAY.
NO!
QUEEN FEATHERWINE! THEY'VE GOT THE QUEEN!
BLOODROOT, CAST A DAMN SPELL TO SAVE HER!
SAVING YOUR QUEEN WON'T END THIS WAR. BUT KILLING MALEKITH WILL. HE'S ALL I CARE ABOUT.
LOKI! YOU BACKSTABBING COWARD! I'M COMING FOR YOUR HEAD! IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-MOTHER!

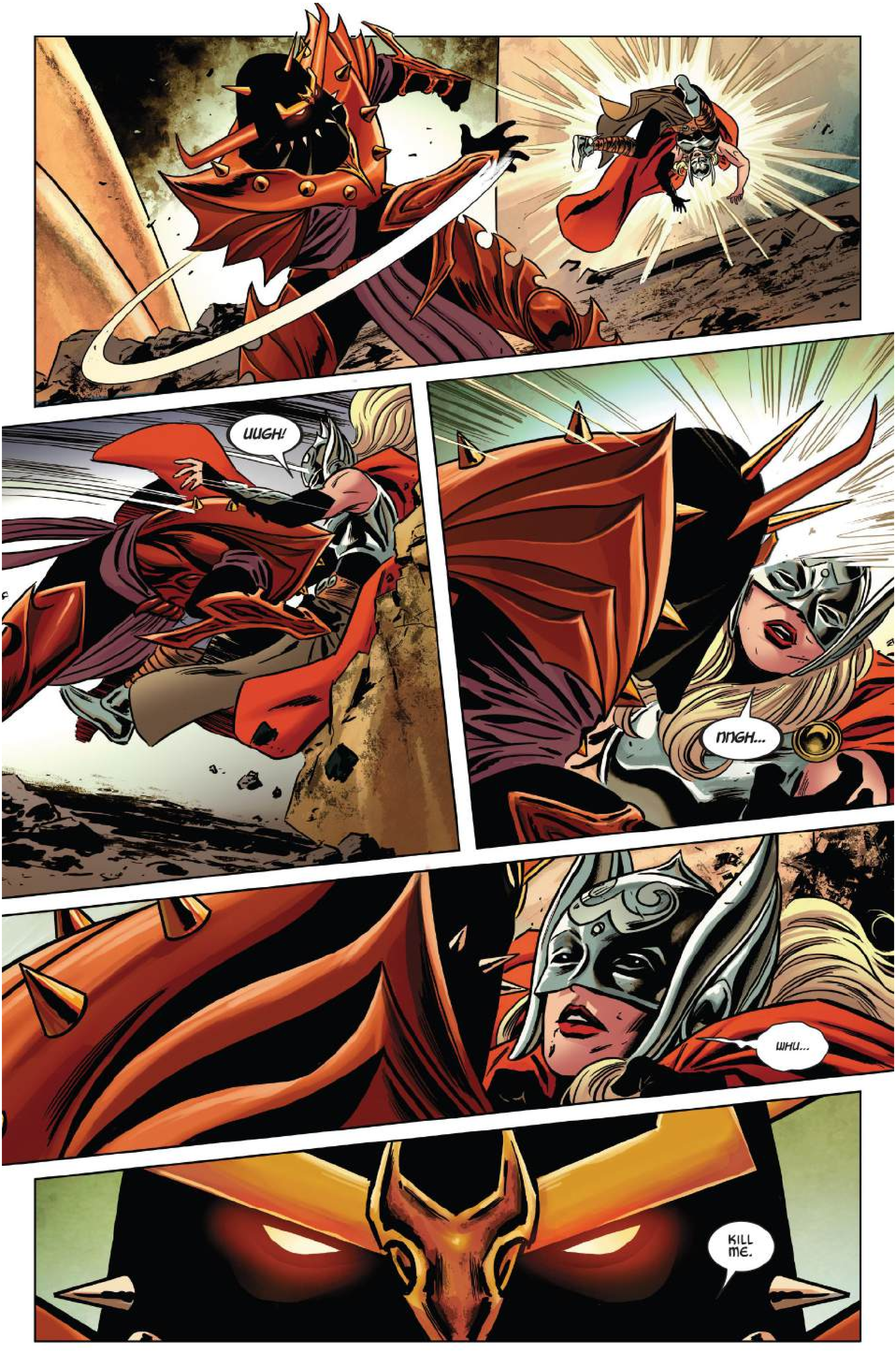

SHOULD I KNOW WHO THIS IS? I NEED TO LOOK UP MY OWN WIKIPEDIA ENTRY.
KRRRRAKG
GUUGH!
DID SHE JUST PUNCH THE HAMMER?
SHE JUST PUNCHED THE HAMMER.
NOBODY DOES THAT. I MEAN, EVERYONE PUNCHES MY *FACE* ALL THE TIME, BUT...
NO ONE PUNCHES MY MJOLNIR!

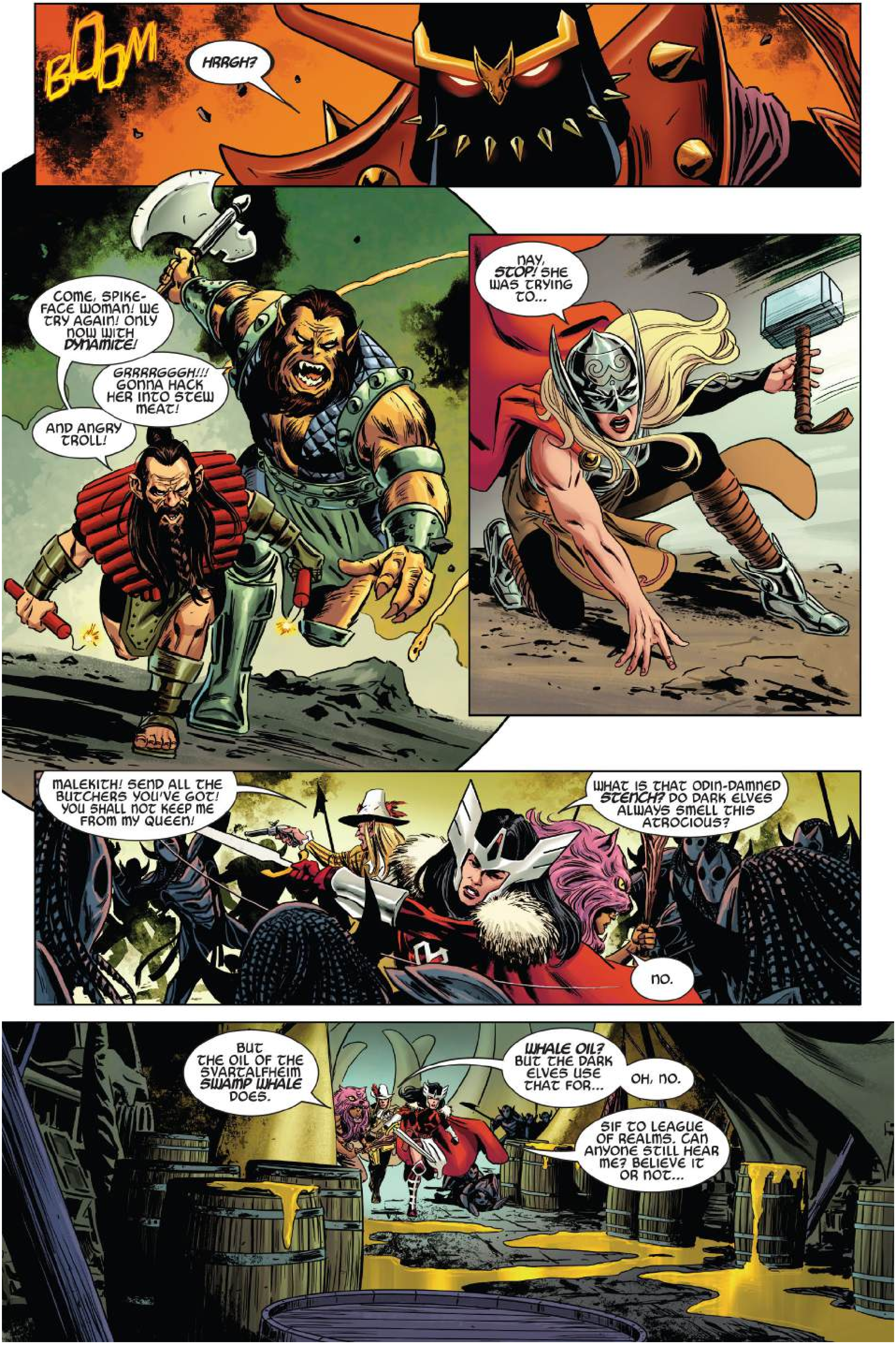

AGENT SOLOMON TO *LEAGUE OF REALMS.* ANYBODY? HELLO?
OH MAN, THIS IS OFFICIALLY A *DISASTER.*
YOU GUYS TOTALLY BUSTED MY EARPIECES, DIDN'T YOU? COULSON WILL NEVER LET ME HEAR THE END OF--
WHUMP
RORREEEEEEEKK
YOU KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING I REALLY SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU GUYS BEFORE I JOINED THIS MERRY LITTLE BAND.
SOMETHING I GOTTA GET OFF MY CHEST REAL QUICK BEFORE I DIE.
THE ONLY THING I HATED MORE THAN THOSE *LORD OF THE RINGS* MOVIES WAS *THE HOBBIT.*
GIVE ME A LEONE WESTERN ANY DAY.

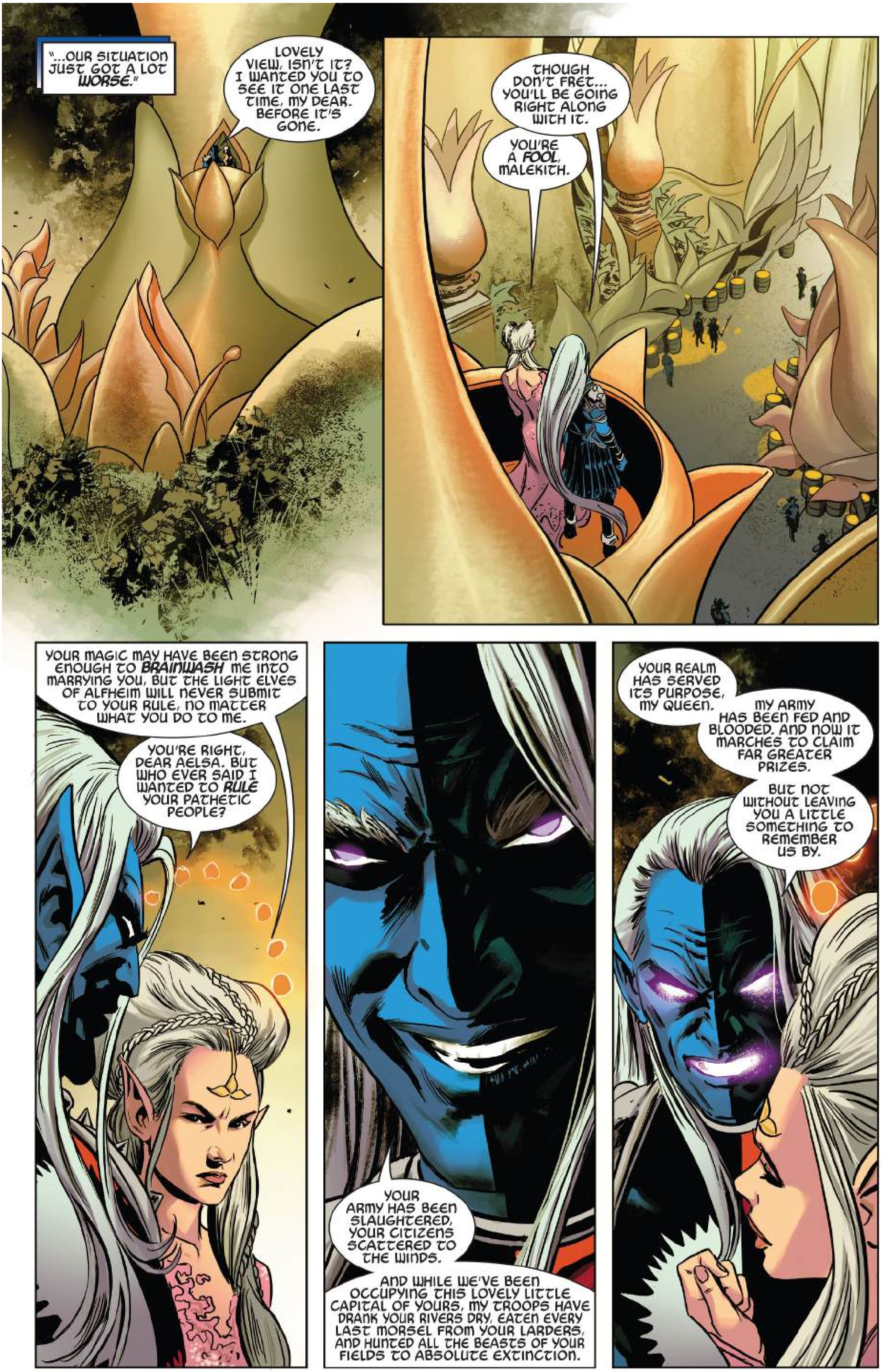

SHUNNK
SSSKRRREEEE
I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE, AGENT SOLOMON. YOU *OWE* ME NOW.
FINE. IF I GIVE YOU TWENTY DOLLARS, WILL YOU INVEST IN SOME PANTS? MAYBE A NICE TURTLE-NECK?
THIS IS SOLOMON. OUR PLAN IS OFFICIALLY OUT THE WINDOW, PEOPLE. NEW PLAN...
FOOOOSH
FIGHT OR DIE.

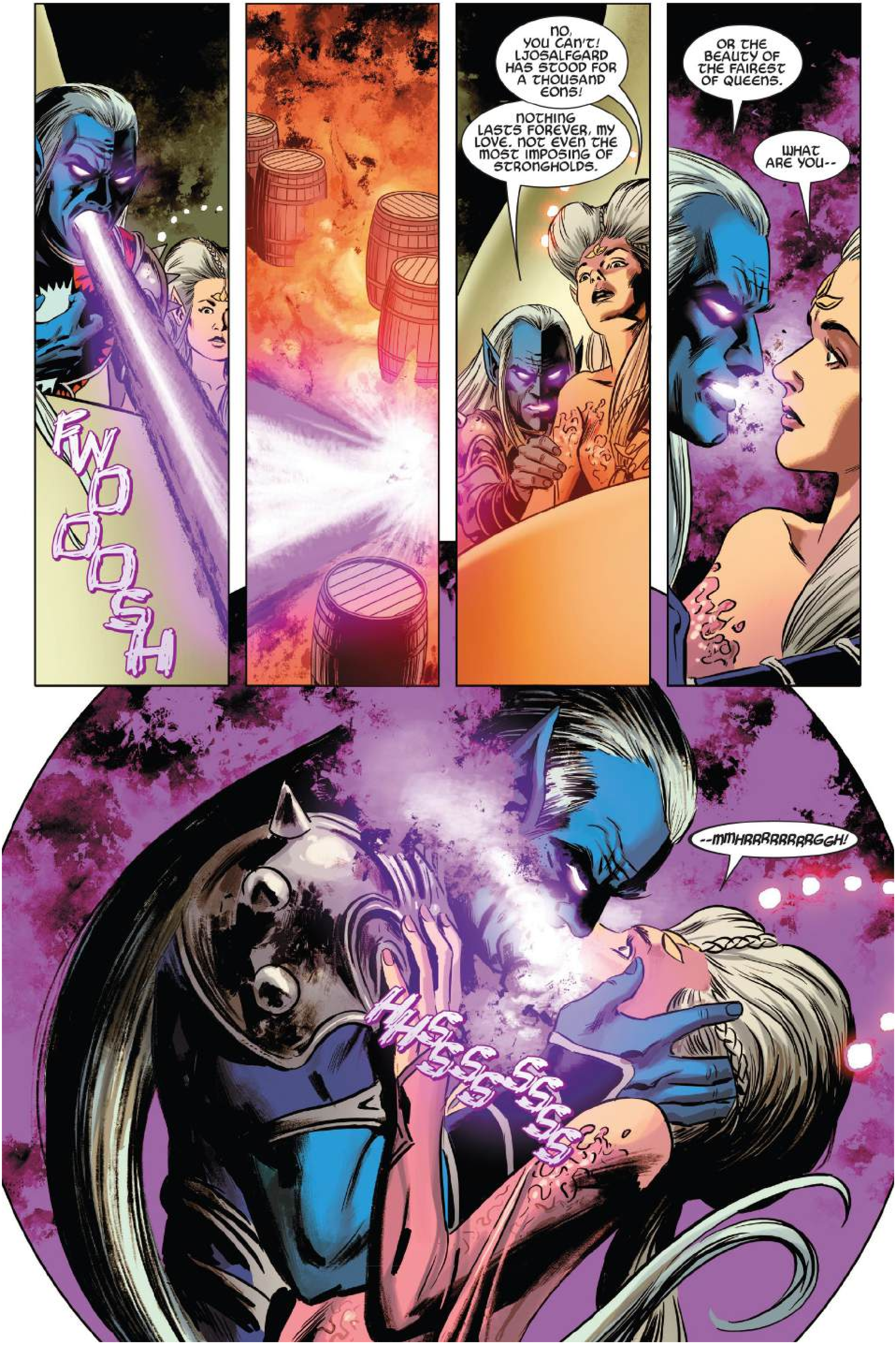

ARCHERS! DIP YOUR ARROWS IN CANKER SNAKE VENOM AND FIRE AT WILL!
FOR THE GLORY OF SVARTALFHEIM!
ARROWS DIPPED IN VENOM.
HEH.
THWWMP
CUTE.
HRRRGH!
KRAKK

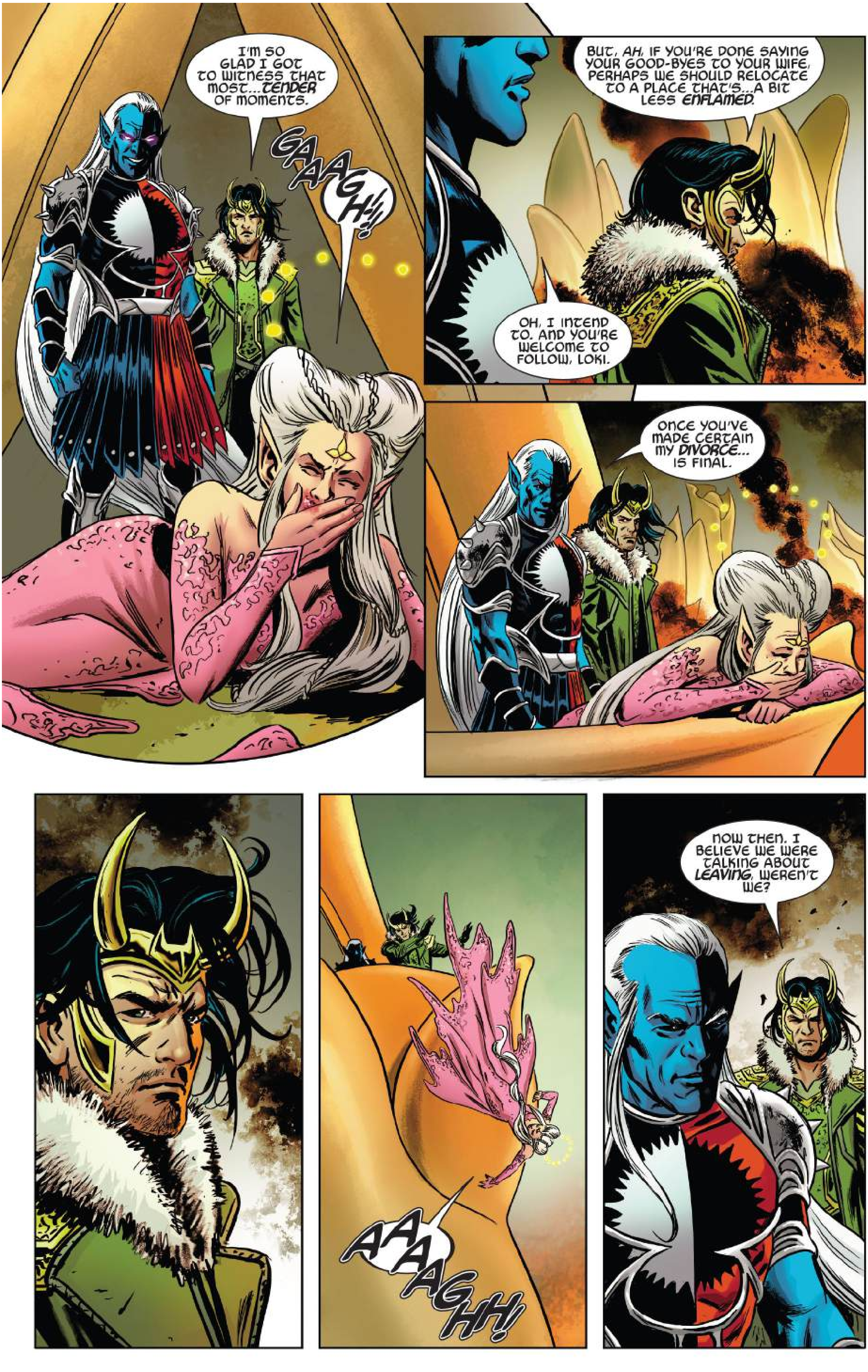

GAGH. IT'S LIKE PUNCHING A DUMPSTER FULL OF CAR BATTERIES. WHO IS THIS WOMAN?
WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHATEVER HE HAS PROMISED YOU, KNOW THAT MALEKITH WILL NEVER KEEP HIS WORD. YOU NEEDN'T ALLOW HIM TO USE YOU LIKE--
GRGH!
GAAAAGH!!

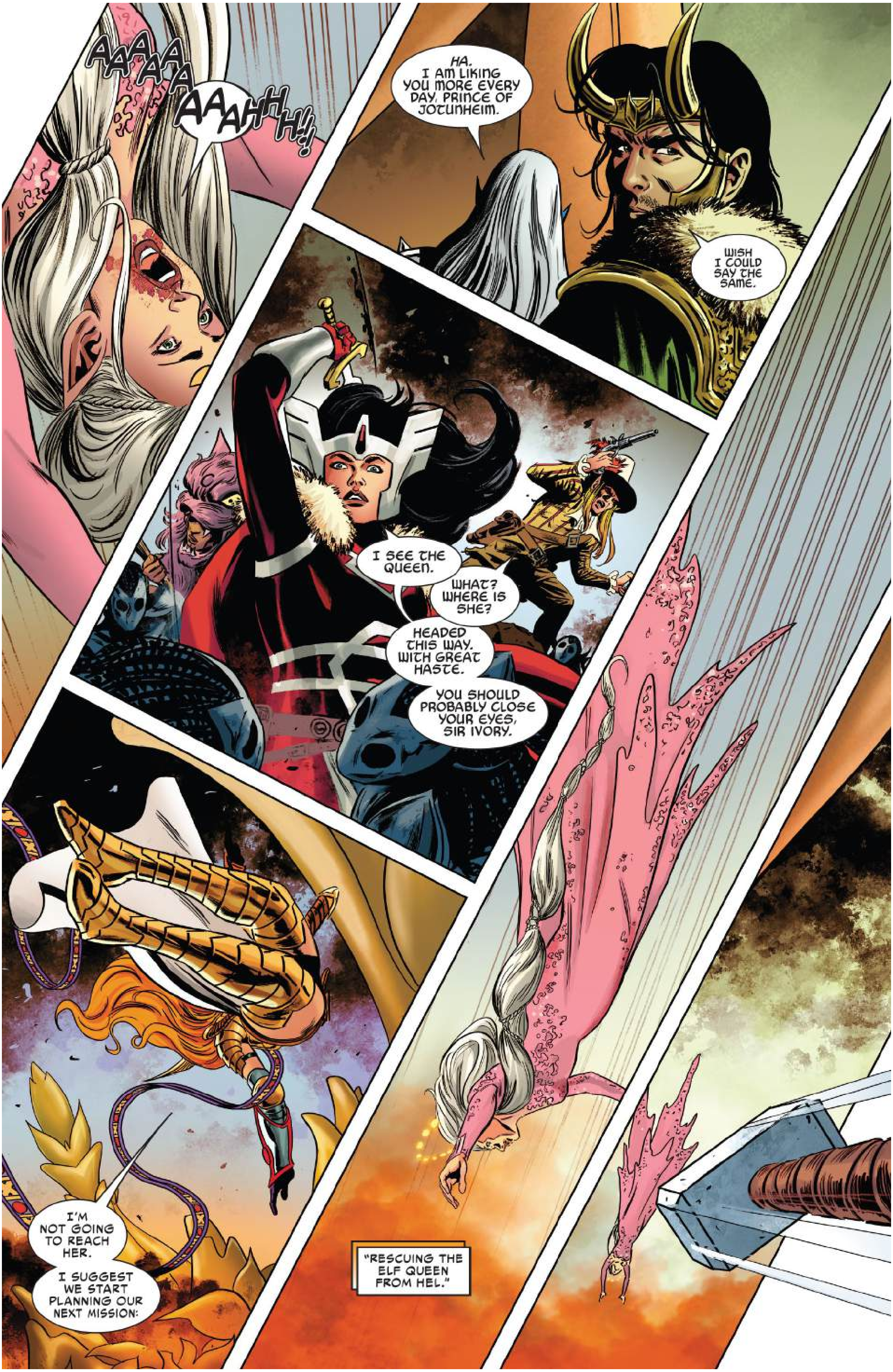

UUGH!
NNGH...
WHU...
KILL ME.

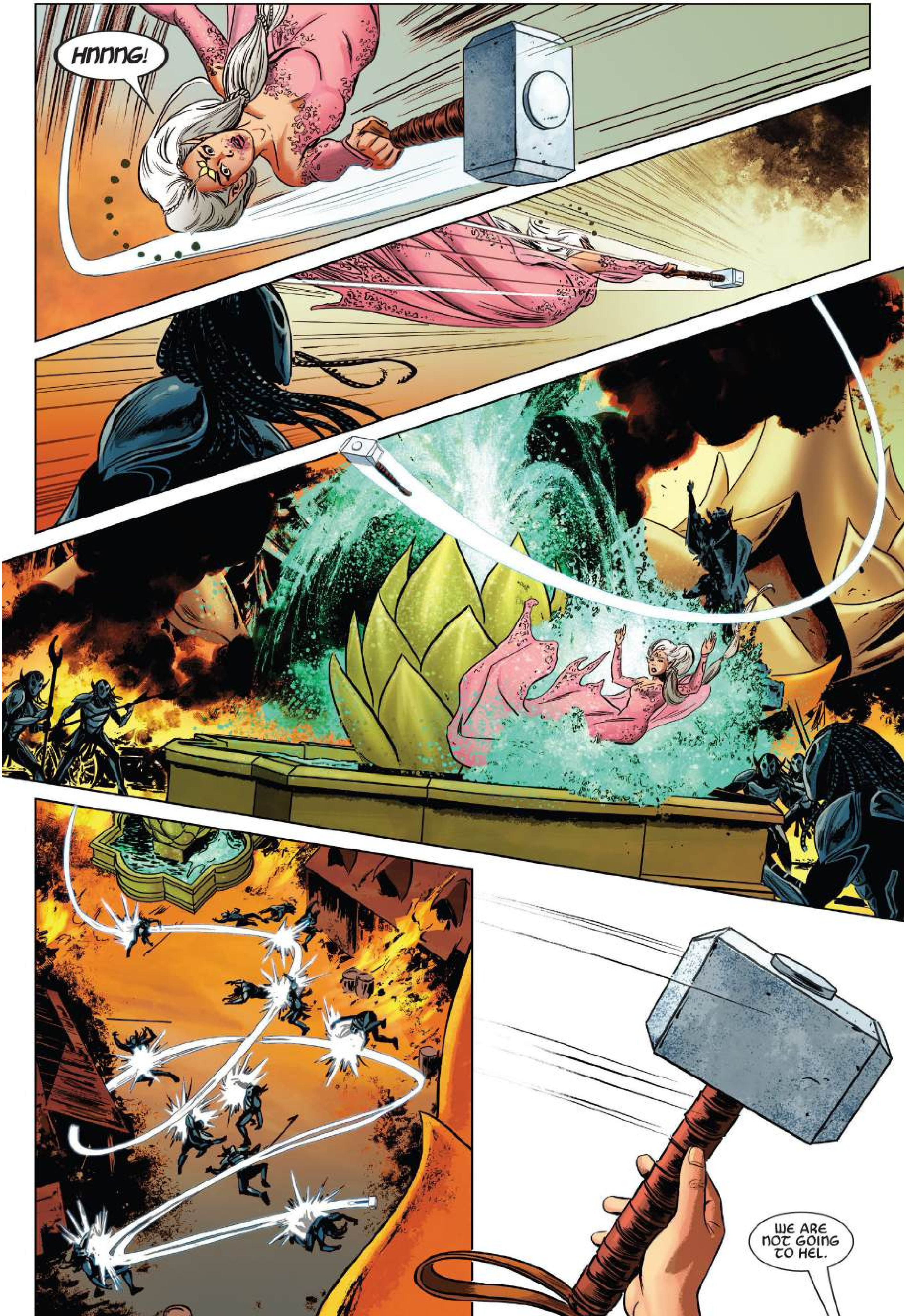

BOOM
HRRGH?
COME, SPIKE-FACE WOMAN! WE TRY AGAIN! ONLY NOW WITH DYNAMITE!
GRRRRGGGH!!! GONNA HACK HER INTO STEW MEAT!
AND ANGRY TROLL!
NAY, STOP! SHE WAS TRYING TO...
MALEKITH! SEND ALL THE BUTCHERS YOU'VE GOT! YOU SHALL NOT KEEP ME FROM MY QUEEN!
WHAT IS THAT ODIN-DAMNED STENCH? DO DARK ELVES ALWAYS SMELL THIS ATROCIOUS?
NO.
BUT THE OIL OF THE SVARTALFHEIM SWAMP WHALE DOES.
WHALE OIL? BUT THE DARK ELVES USE THAT FOR...
OH, NO.
SIF TO LEAGUE OF REALMS. CAN ANYONE STILL HEAR ME? BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

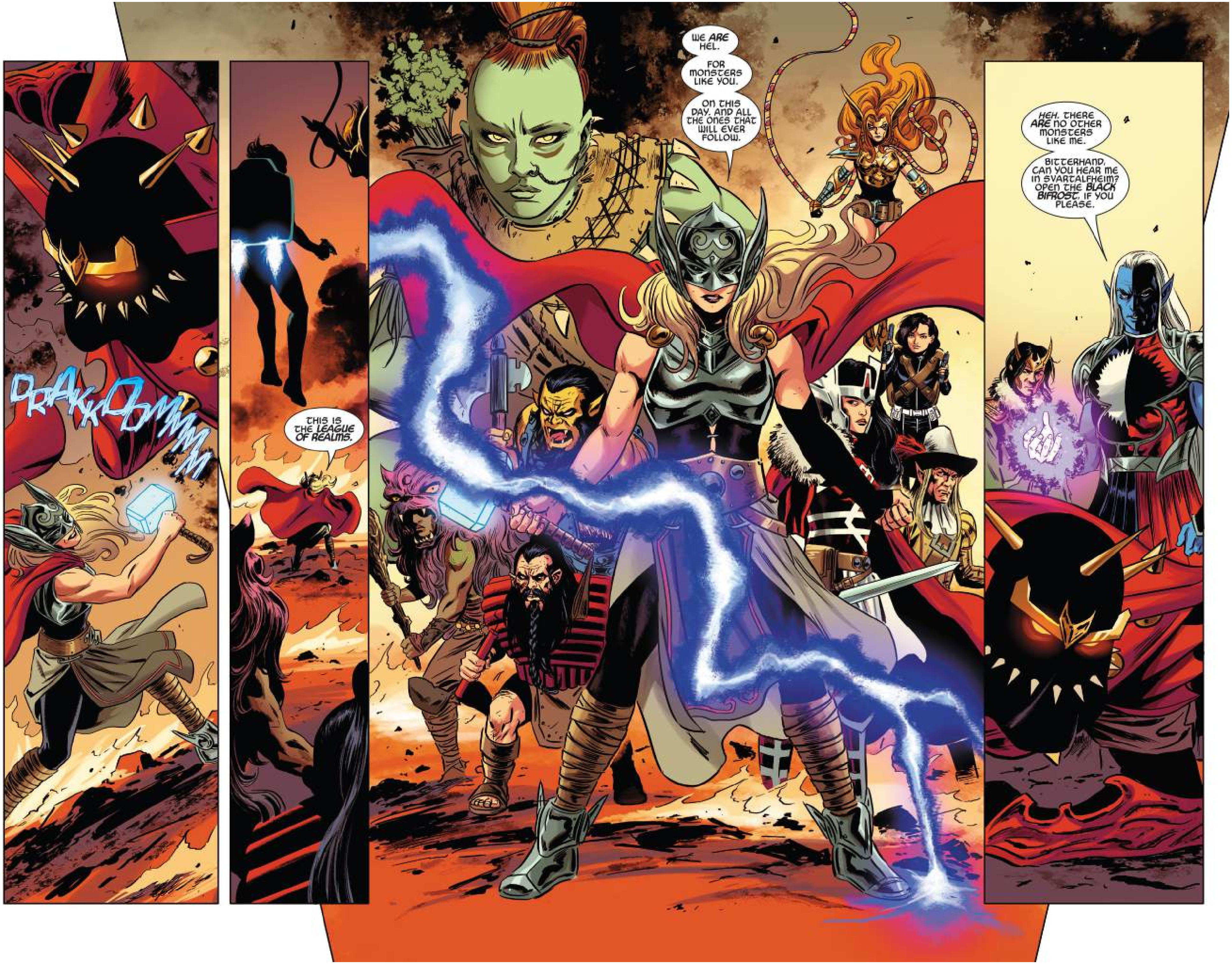

"...OUR SITUATION JUST GOT A LOT *WORSE*."
LOVELY VIEW, ISN'T IT? I WANTED YOU TO SEE IT ONE LAST TIME, MY DEAR. BEFORE IT'S GONE.
THOUGH DON'T FRET... YOU'LL BE GOING RIGHT ALONG WITH IT.
YOU'RE A *FOOL*, MALEKITH.
YOUR MAGIC MAY HAVE BEEN STRONG ENOUGH TO *BRAINWASH* ME INTO MARRYING YOU, BUT THE LIGHT ELVES OF ALFHEIM WILL NEVER SUBMIT TO YOUR RULE, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO TO ME.
YOU'RE RIGHT, DEAR AELSA. BUT WHO EVER SAID I WANTED TO *RULE* YOUR PATHETIC PEOPLE?
YOUR ARMY HAS BEEN SLAUGHTERED, YOUR CITIZENS SCATTERED TO THE WINDS.
AND WHILE WE'VE BEEN OCCUPYING THIS LOVELY LITTLE CAPITAL OF YOURS, MY TROOPS HAVE DRANK YOUR RIVERS DRY, EATEN EVERY LAST MORSEL FROM YOUR LARDERS, AND HUNTED ALL THE BEASTS OF YOUR FIELDS TO ABSOLUTE EXTINCTION.
YOUR REALM HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE, MY QUEEN.
MY ARMY HAS BEEN FED AND BLOODED. AND NOW IT MARCHES TO CLAIM FAR GREATER PRIZES.
BUT NOT WITHOUT LEAVING YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY.

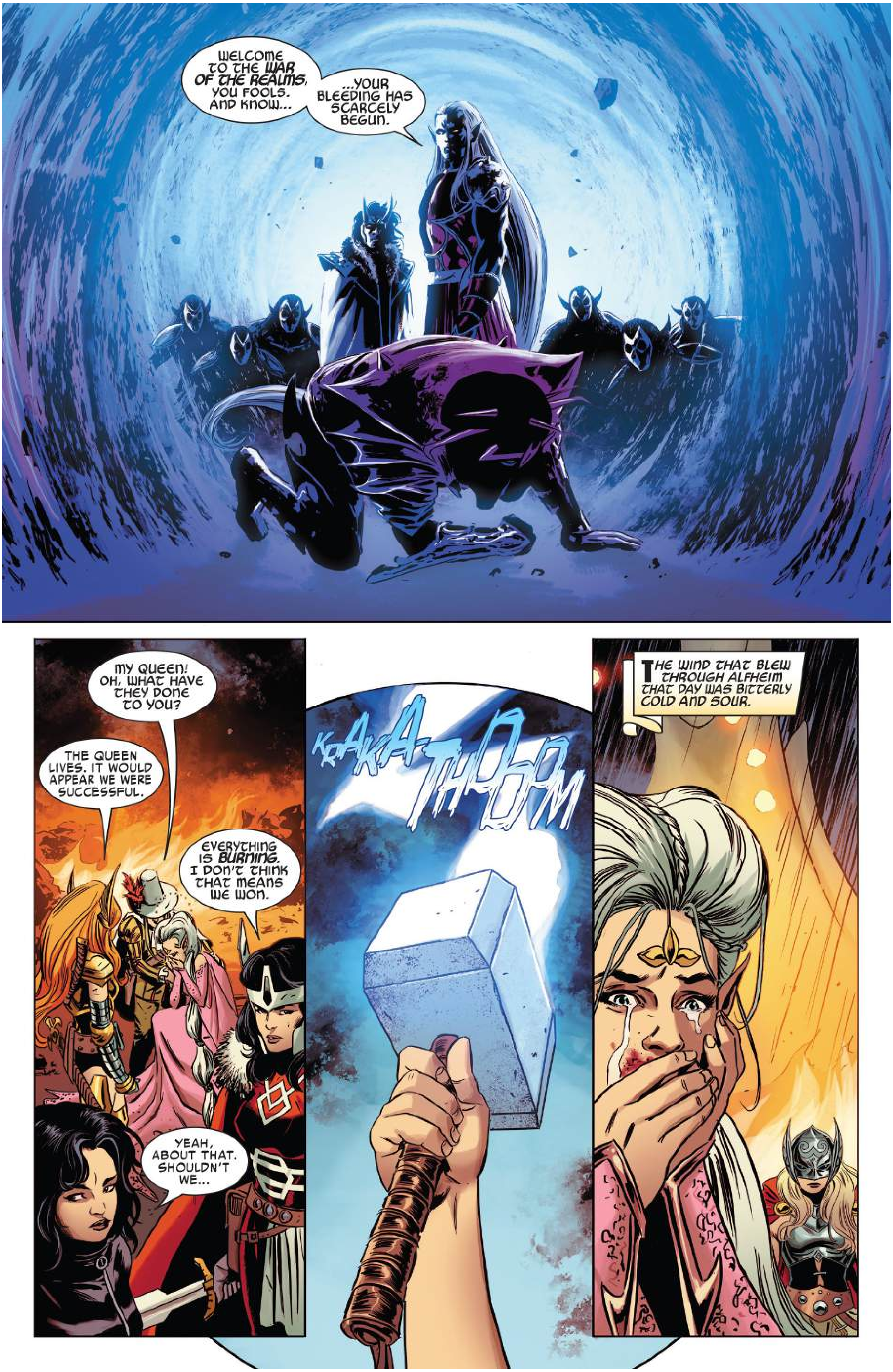

FWOOOOSH
NO, YOU CAN'T! LJOSALFGARD HAS STOOD FOR A THOUSAND EONS!
NOTHING LASTS FOREVER, MY LOVE. NOT EVEN THE MOST IMPOSING OF STRONGHOLDS.
OR THE BEAUTY OF THE FAIREST OF QUEENS.
WHAT ARE YOU--
--MMHRRRRRRRRGGH!
HHSSSSSSSSS

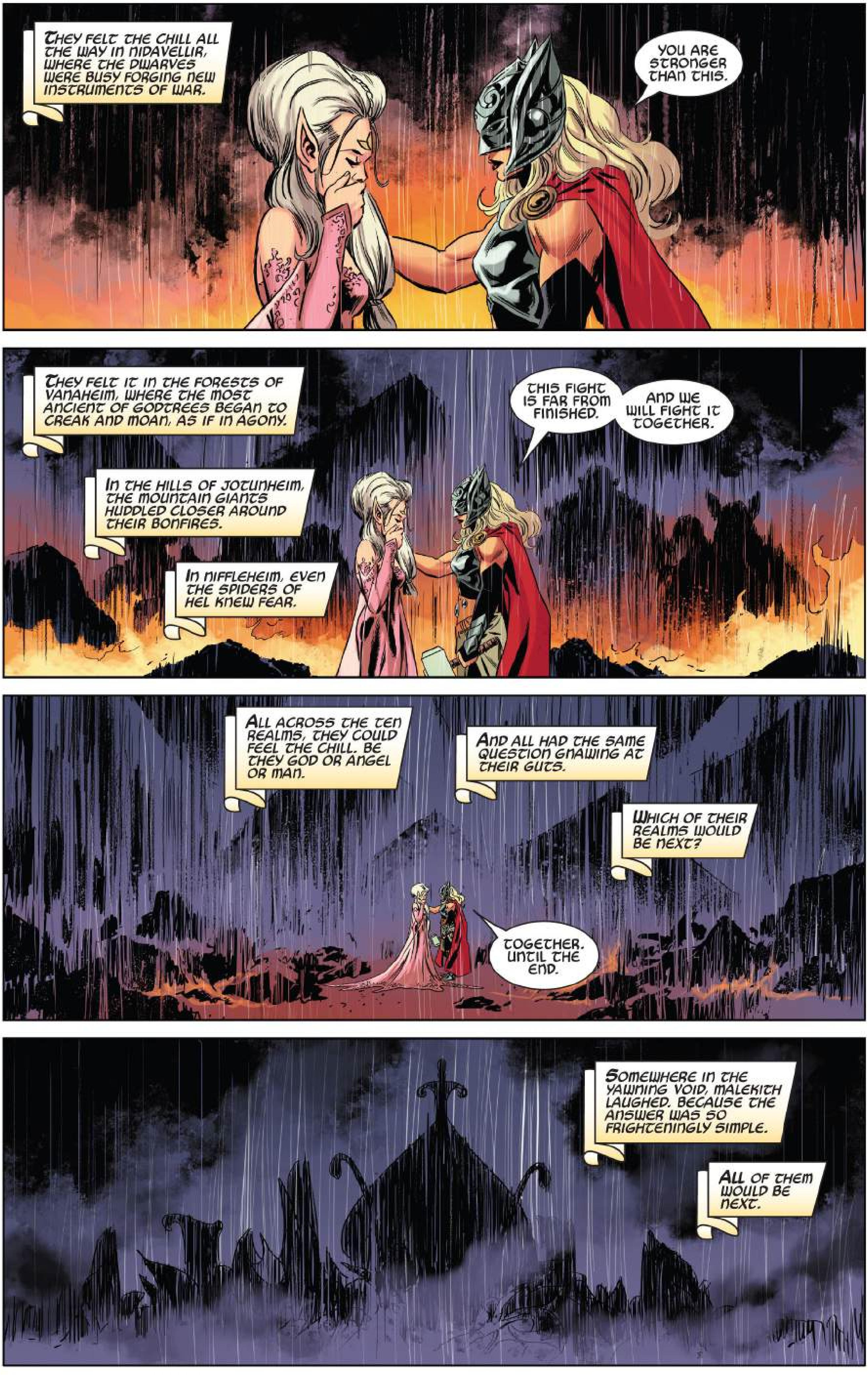

I'M SO GLAD I GOT TO WITNESS THAT MOST...*TENDER* OF MOMENTS.
GAAAGH!!!
BUT, *AH*, IF YOU'RE DONE SAYING YOUR GOOD-BYES TO YOUR WIFE, PERHAPS WE SHOULD RELOCATE TO A PLACE THAT'S...A BIT LESS *ENFLAMED*.
OH, I INTEND TO. AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO FOLLOW, LOKI.
ONCE YOU'VE MADE CERTAIN MY *DIVORCE*... IS FINAL.
AAAAGHH!
NOW THEN. I BELIEVE WE WERE TALKING ABOUT *LEAVING*, WEREN'T WE?

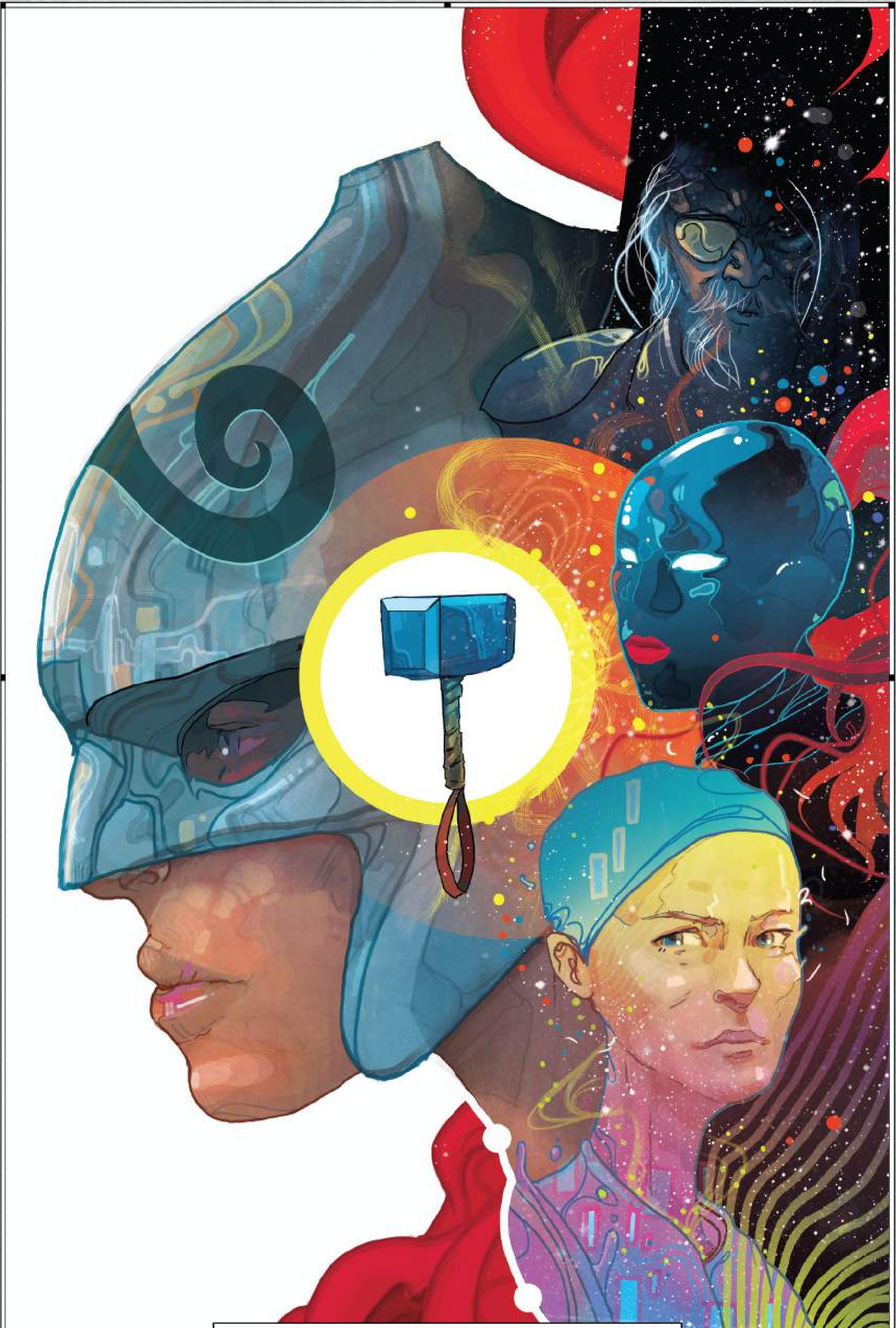

AAAAAAAAHHHH!!
HA. I AM LIKING YOU MORE EVERY DAY, PRINCE OF JOTUNHEIM.
WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME.
I SEE THE QUEEN.
WHAT? WHERE IS SHE?
HEADED THIS WAY. WITH GREAT HASTE.
YOU SHOULD PROBABLY CLOSE YOUR EYES, SIR IVORY.
I'M NOT GOING TO REACH HER.
I SUGGEST WE START PLANNING OUR NEXT MISSION:
"RESCUING THE ELF QUEEN FROM HEL."


HNNNG!
WE ARE NOT GOING TO HEL.

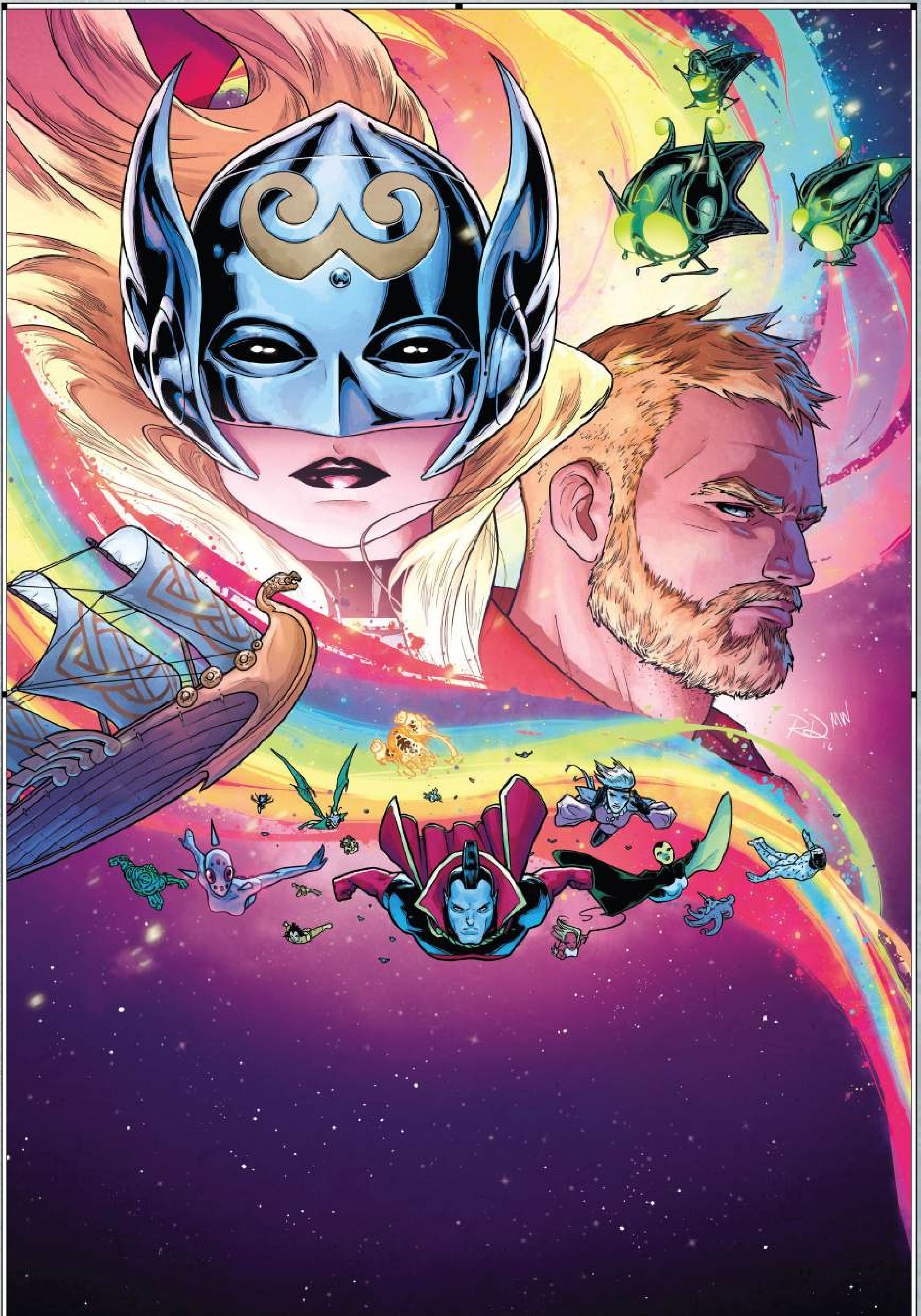

DRAKKOMMMMM
THIS IS THE *LEAGUE OF REALMS.*
WE *ARE* HEL.
FOR MONSTERS LIKE YOU.
ON THIS DAY. AND ALL THE ONES THAT WILL EVER FOLLOW.
HEH. THERE *ARE* NO OTHER MONSTERS LIKE ME.
BITTERHAND, CAN YOU HEAR ME IN SVARTALFHEIM? OPEN THE *BLACK BIFROST,* IF YOU PLEASE.


WELCOME TO THE *WAR OF THE REALMS*, YOU FOOLS. AND KNOW...
...YOUR BLEEDING HAS SCARCELY BEGUN.
MY QUEEN! OH, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
THE QUEEN LIVES. IT WOULD APPEAR WE WERE SUCCESSFUL.
EVERYTHING IS *BURNING*. I DON'T THINK THAT MEANS WE WON.
YEAH, ABOUT THAT. SHOULDN'T WE...
KRAKATHOOM
THE WIND THAT BLEW THROUGH ALFHEIM THAT DAY WAS BITTERLY COLD AND SOUR.


They felt the chill all the way in Nidavellir, where the dwarves were busy forging new instruments of war.
You are stronger than this.
They felt it in the forests of Vanaheim, where the most ancient of godtrees began to creak and moan, as if in agony.
This fight is far from finished.
And we will fight it together.
In the hills of Jotunheim, the mountain giants huddled closer around their bonfires.
In Niffleheim, even the spiders of Hel knew fear.
All across the Ten Realms, they could feel the chill. Be they god or angel or man.
And all had the same question gnawing at their guts.
Which of their realms would be next?
Together. Until the end.
Somewhere in the yawning void, Malekith laughed. Because the answer was so frighteningly simple.
All of them would be next.

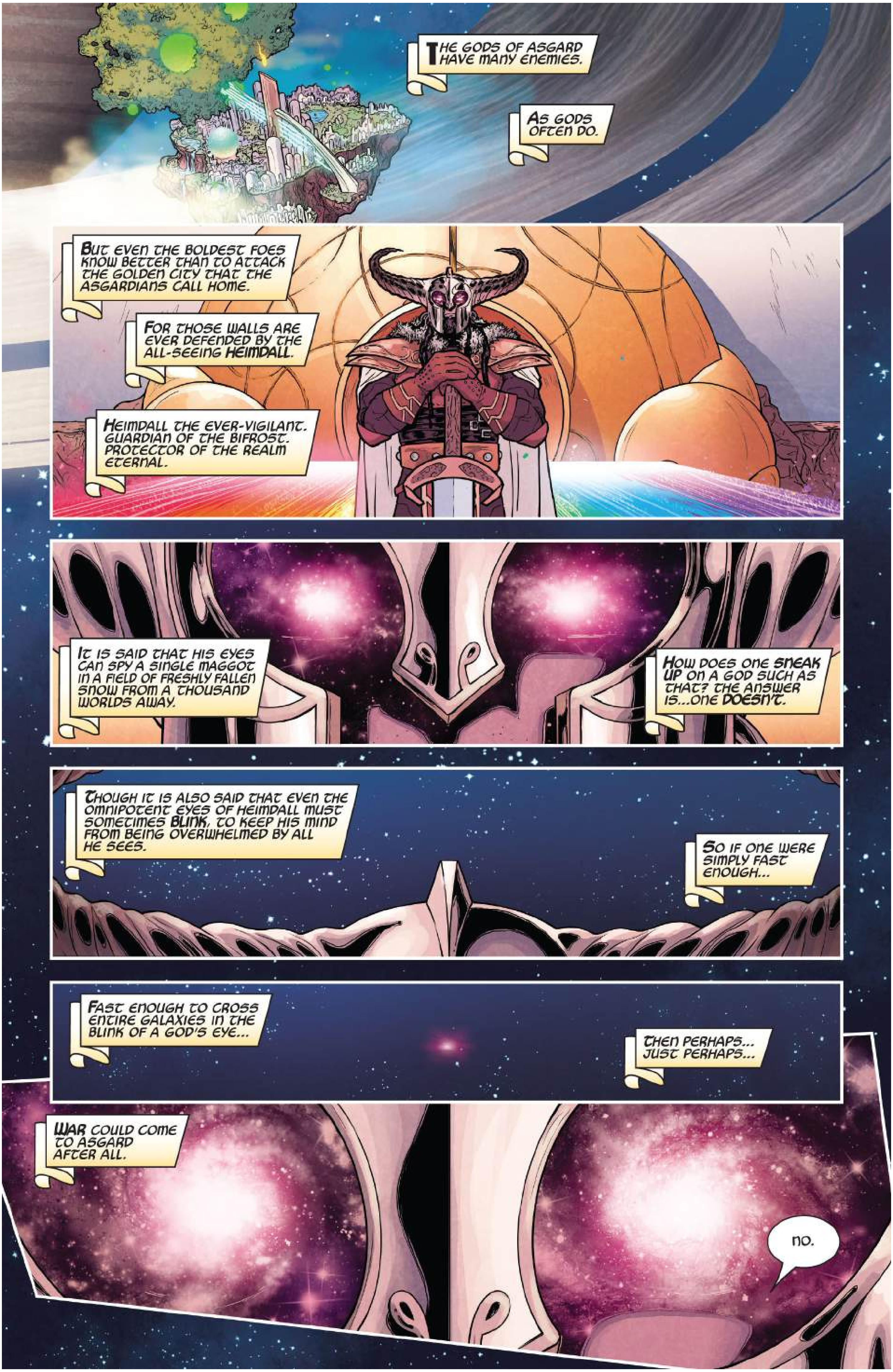


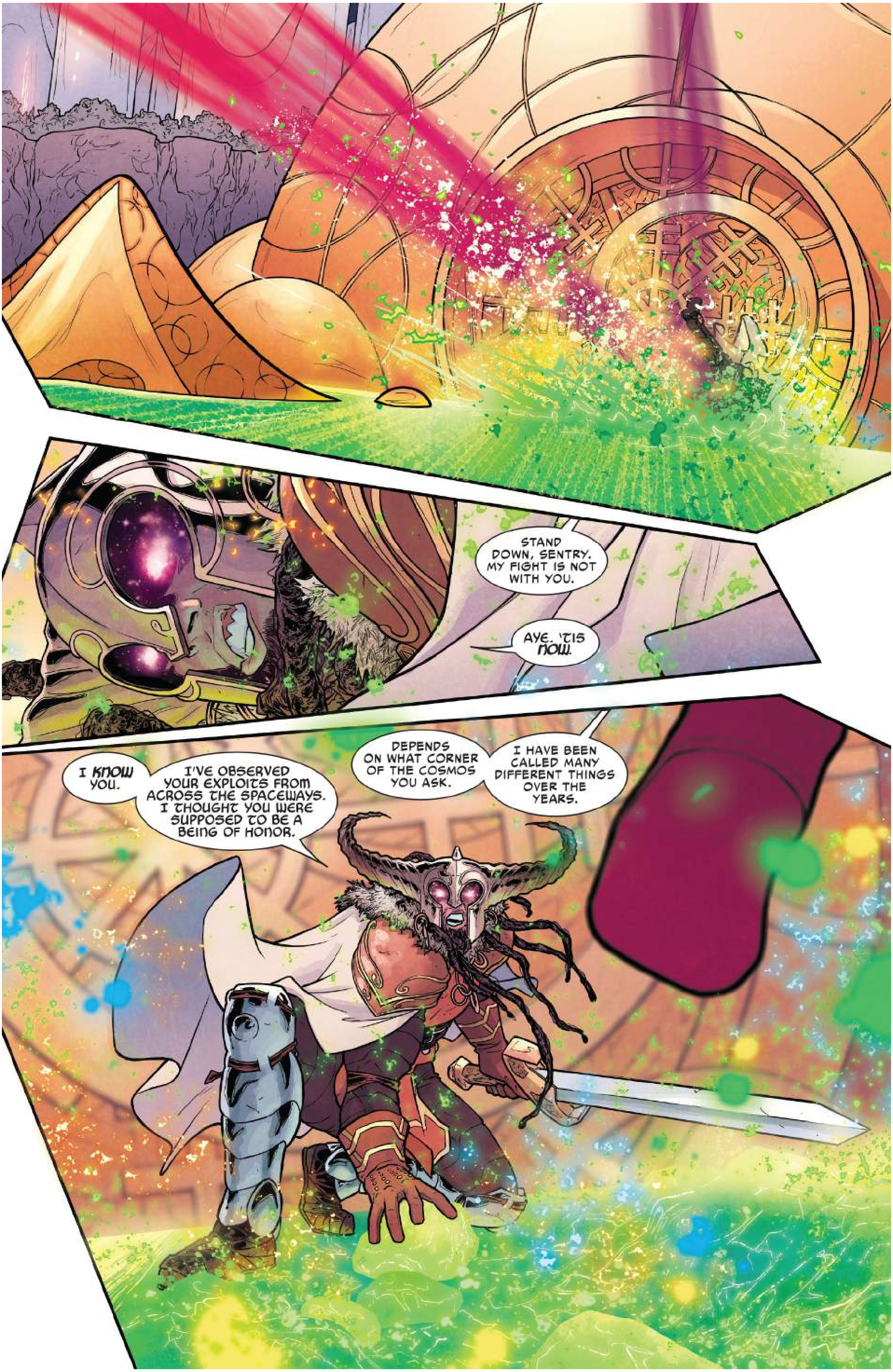
MIGHTY THOR #15 STORY THUS FAR VARIANT BY Christian Ward

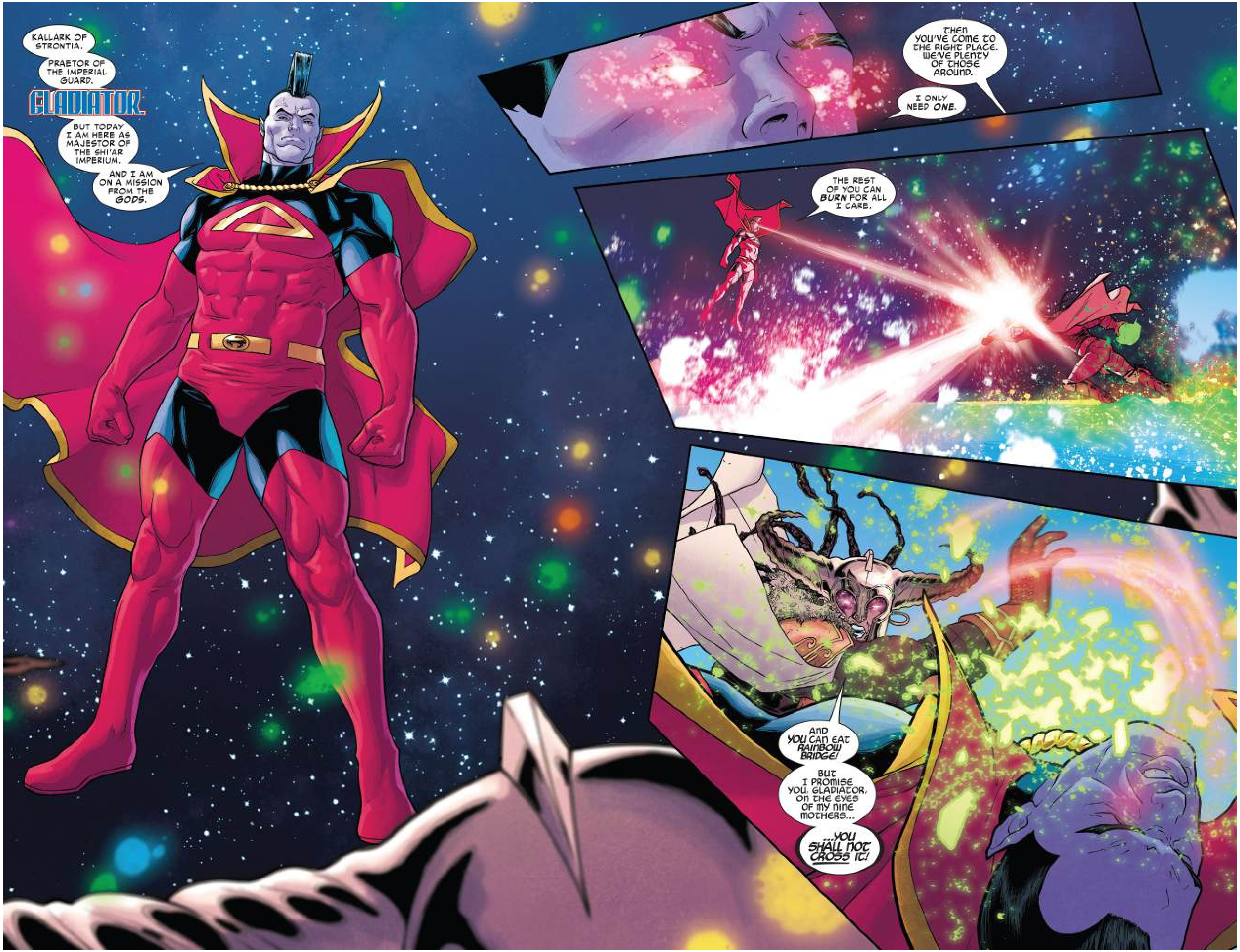


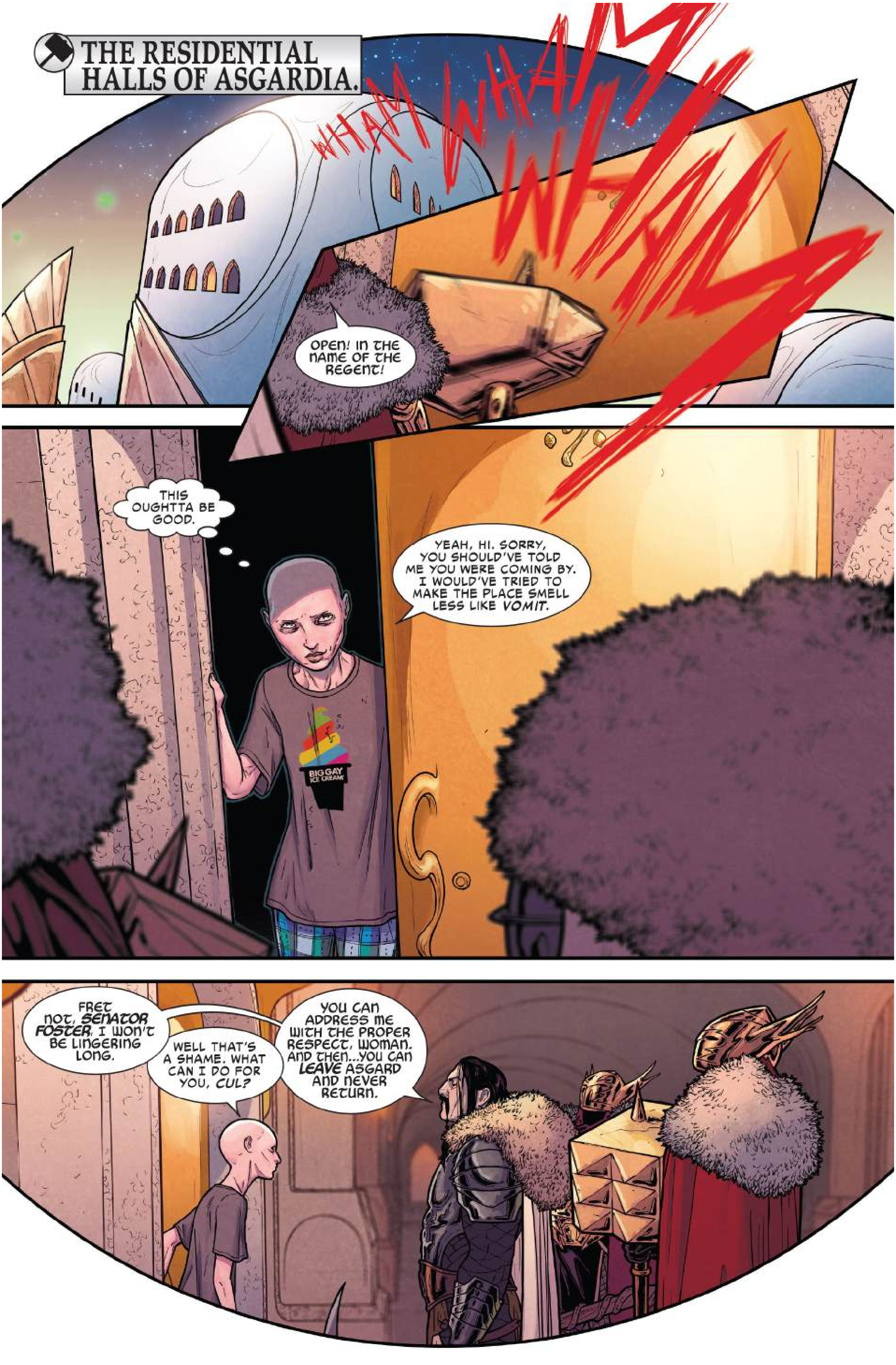
MIGHTY THOR | 15

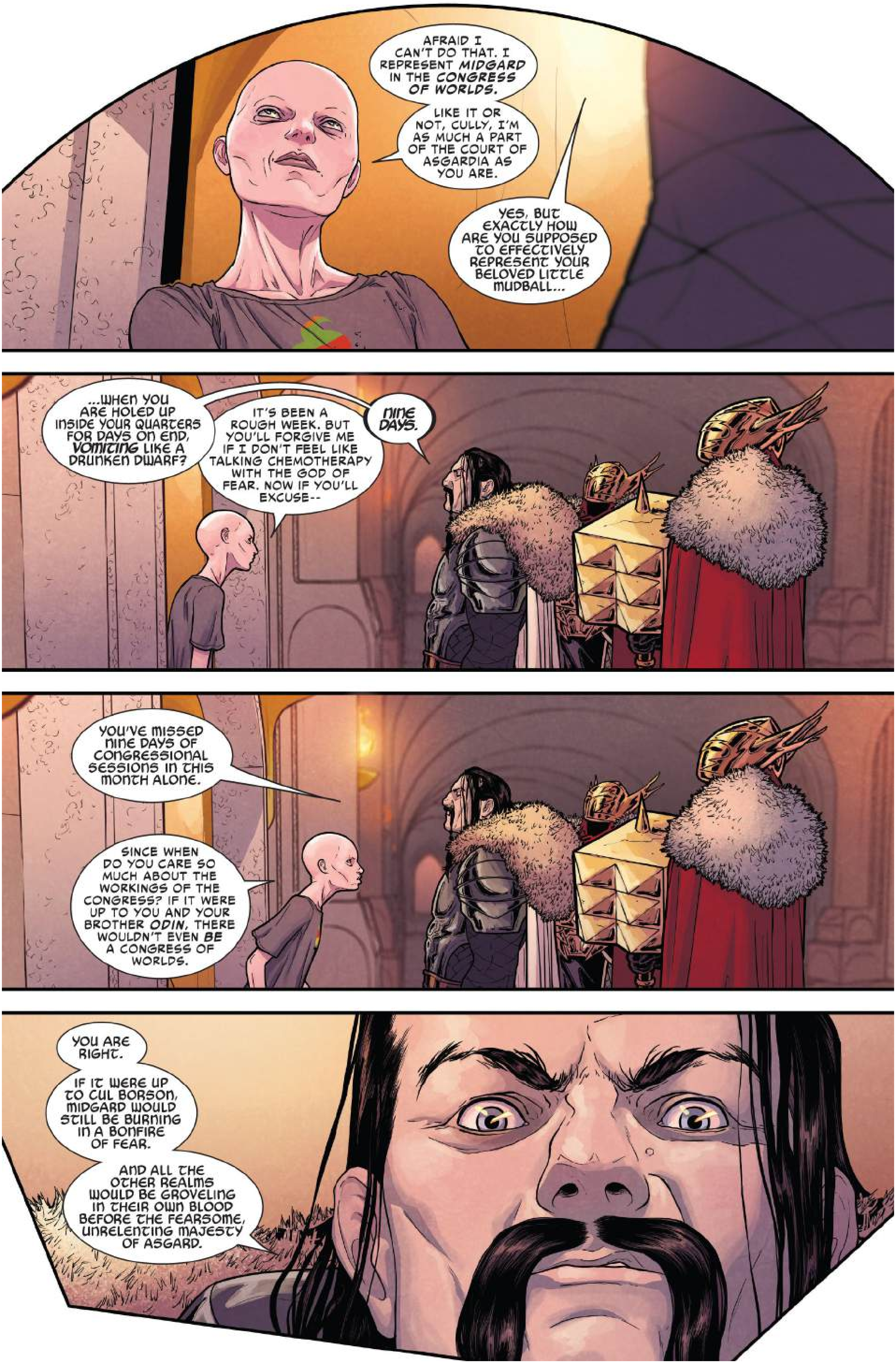
The Asgard/Shi'Ar War — Part 1: A Day Which Will Live in Immortal Infamy

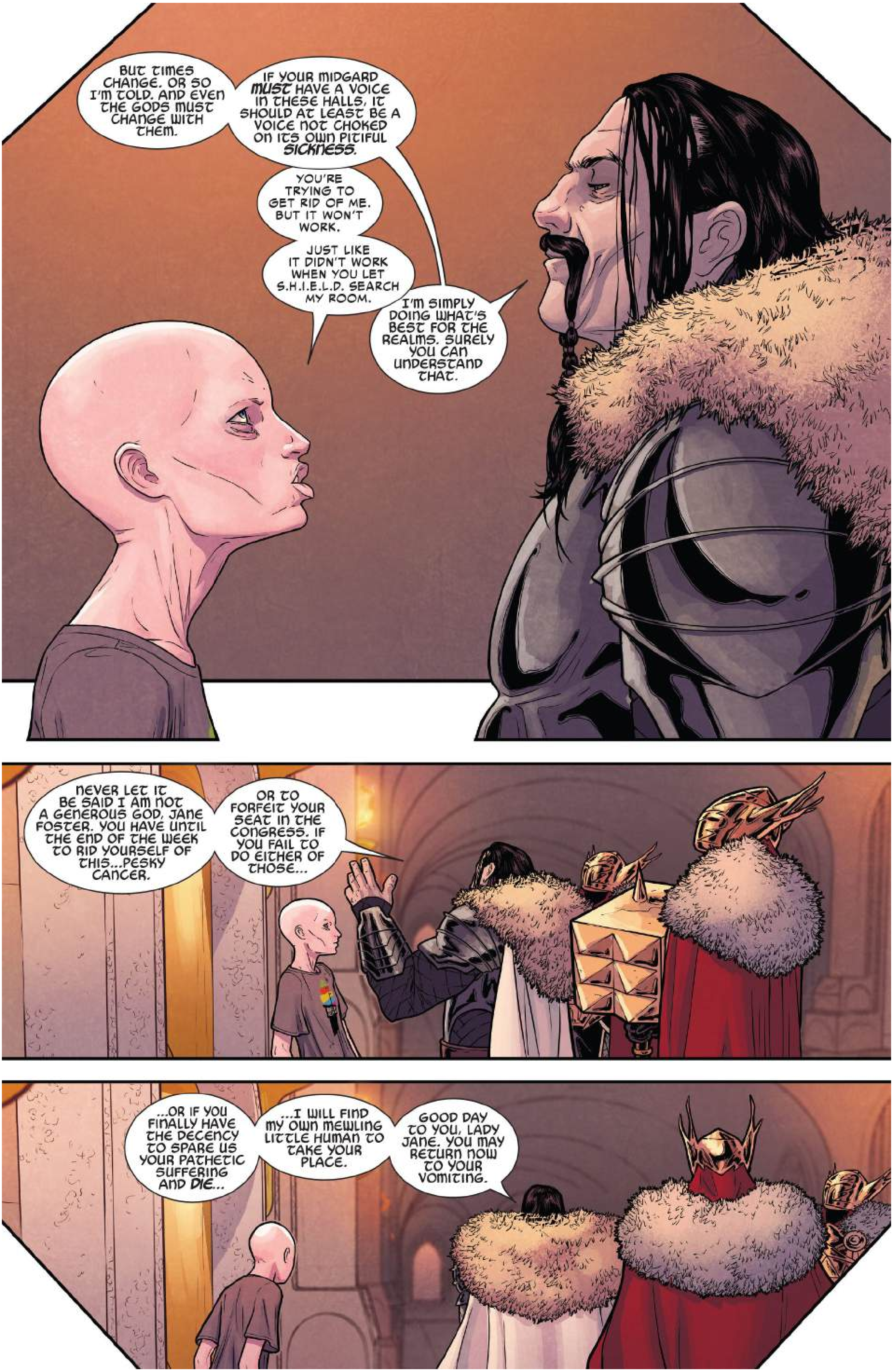

THE GODS OF ASGARD HAVE MANY ENEMIES.
AS GODS OFTEN DO.
BUT EVEN THE BOLDEST FOES KNOW BETTER THAN TO ATTACK THE GOLDEN CITY THAT THE ASGARDIANS CALL HOME.
FOR THOSE WALLS ARE EVER DEFENDED BY THE ALL-SEEING **HEIMDALL**.
HEIMDALL THE EVER-VIGILANT. GUARDIAN OF THE BIFROST. PROTECTOR OF THE REALM ETERNAL.
IT IS SAID THAT HIS EYES CAN SPY A SINGLE MAGGOT IN A FIELD OF FRESHLY FALLEN SNOW FROM A THOUSAND WORLDS AWAY.
HOW DOES ONE **SNEAK UP** ON A GOD SUCH AS THAT? THE ANSWER IS...ONE **DOESN'T**.
THOUGH IT IS ALSO SAID THAT EVEN THE OMNIPOTENT EYES OF HEIMDALL MUST SOMETIMES **BLINK**, TO KEEP HIS MIND FROM BEING OVERWHELMED BY ALL HE SEES.
SO IF ONE WERE SIMPLY FAST ENOUGH...
FAST ENOUGH TO CROSS ENTIRE GALAXIES IN THE BLINK OF A GOD'S EYE...
THEN PERHAPS... JUST PERHAPS...
WAR COULD COME TO ASGARD AFTER ALL.
no.

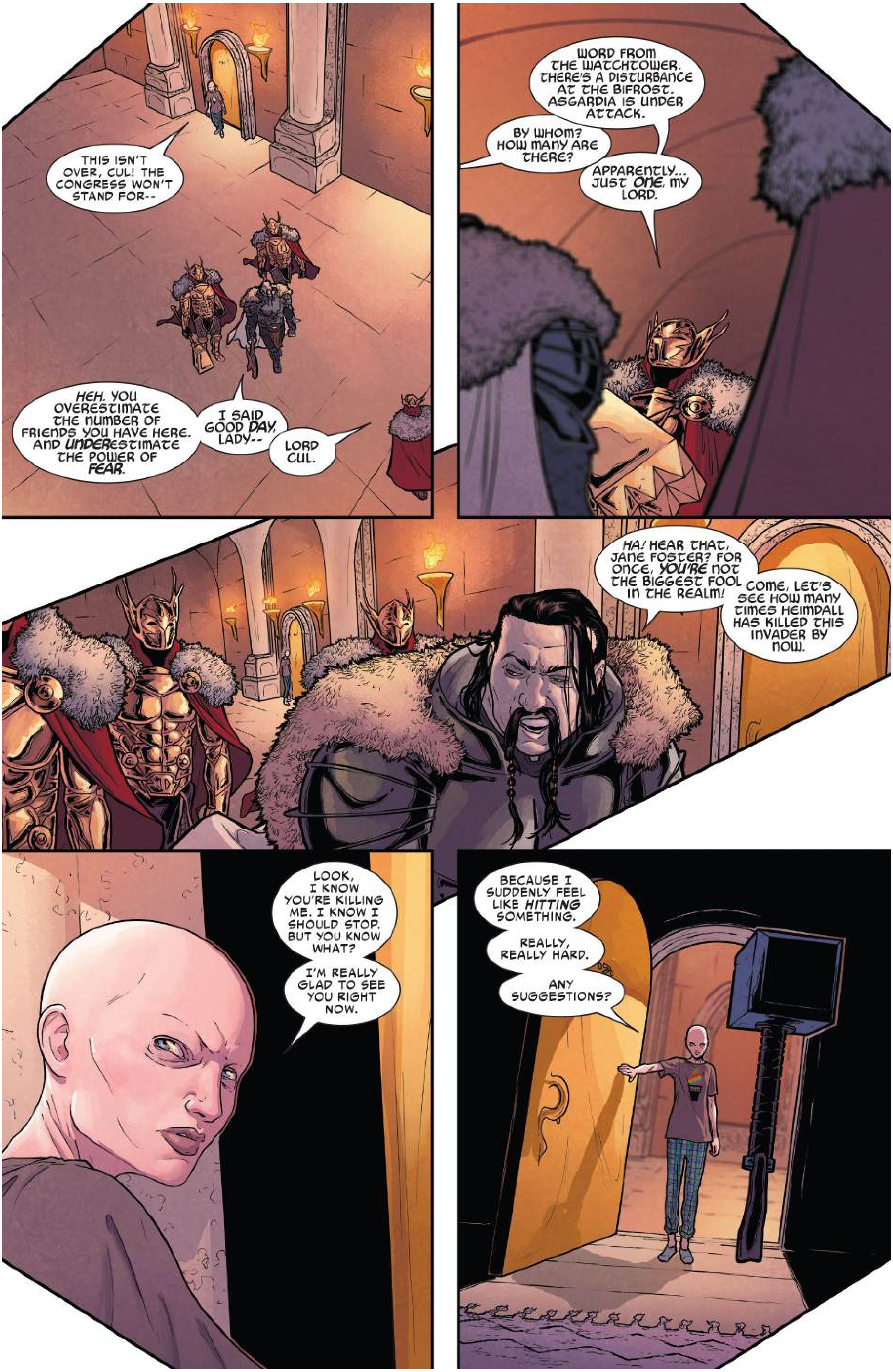

STAND DOWN, SENTRY. MY FIGHT IS NOT WITH YOU.
AYE. 'TIS *NOW*.
I *KNOW* YOU.
I'VE OBSERVED YOUR EXPLOITS FROM ACROSS THE SPACEWAYS. I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE A BEING OF HONOR.
DEPENDS ON WHAT CORNER OF THE COSMOS YOU ASK.
I HAVE BEEN CALLED MANY DIFFERENT THINGS OVER THE YEARS.

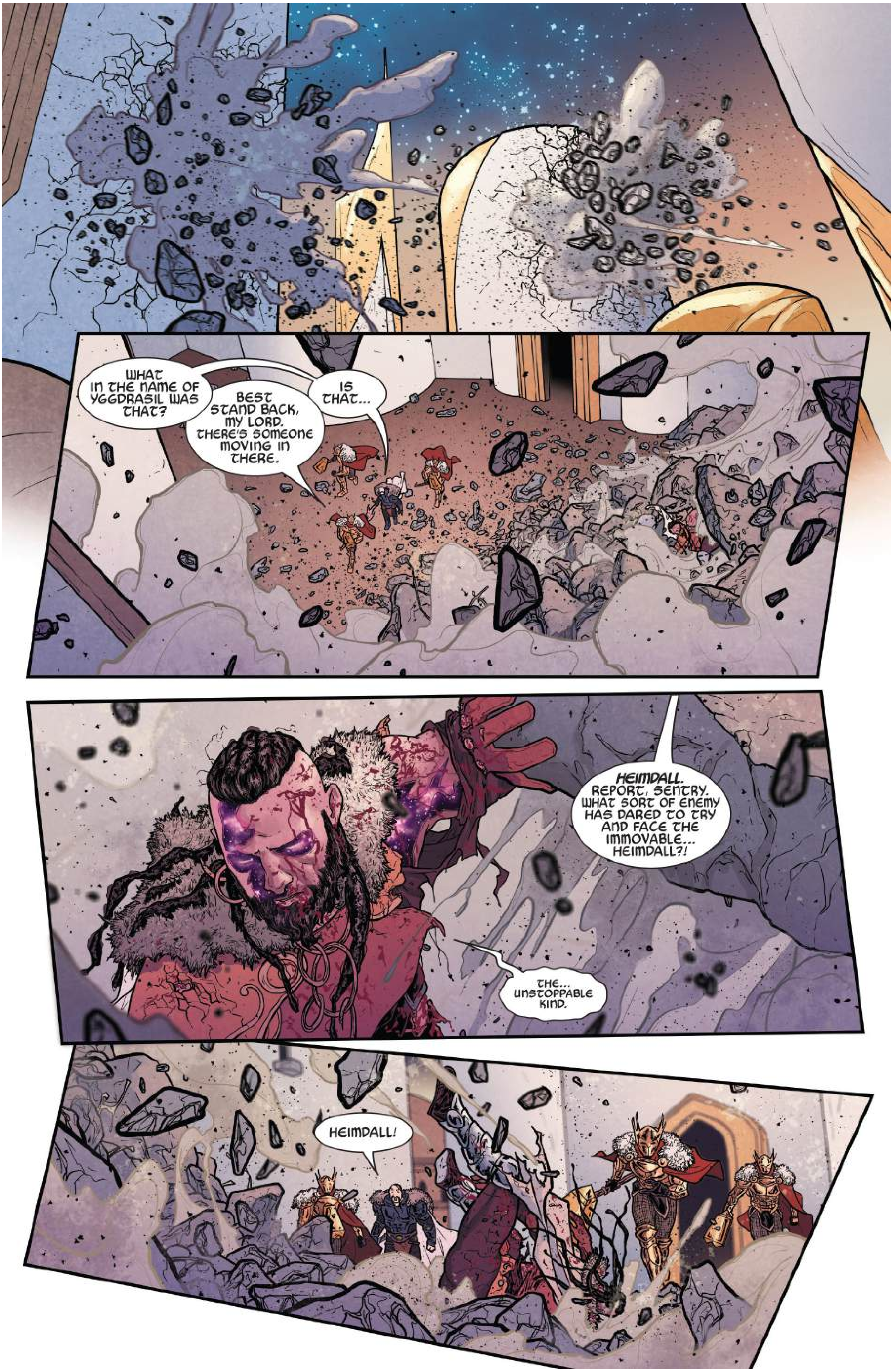

KALLARK OF STRONTIA.
PRAETOR OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.
GLADIATOR.
BUT TODAY I AM HERE AS MAJESTOR OF THE SHI'AR IMPERIUM.
AND I AM ON A MISSION FROM THE GODS.
THEN YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE. WE'VE PLENTY OF THOSE AROUND.
I ONLY NEED ONE.
THE REST OF YOU CAN BURN FOR ALL I CARE.
AND YOU CAN EAT RAINBOW BRIDGE!
BUT I PROMISE YOU, GLADIATOR, ON THE EYES OF MY NINE MOTHERS...
...YOU SHALL NOT CROSS IT!

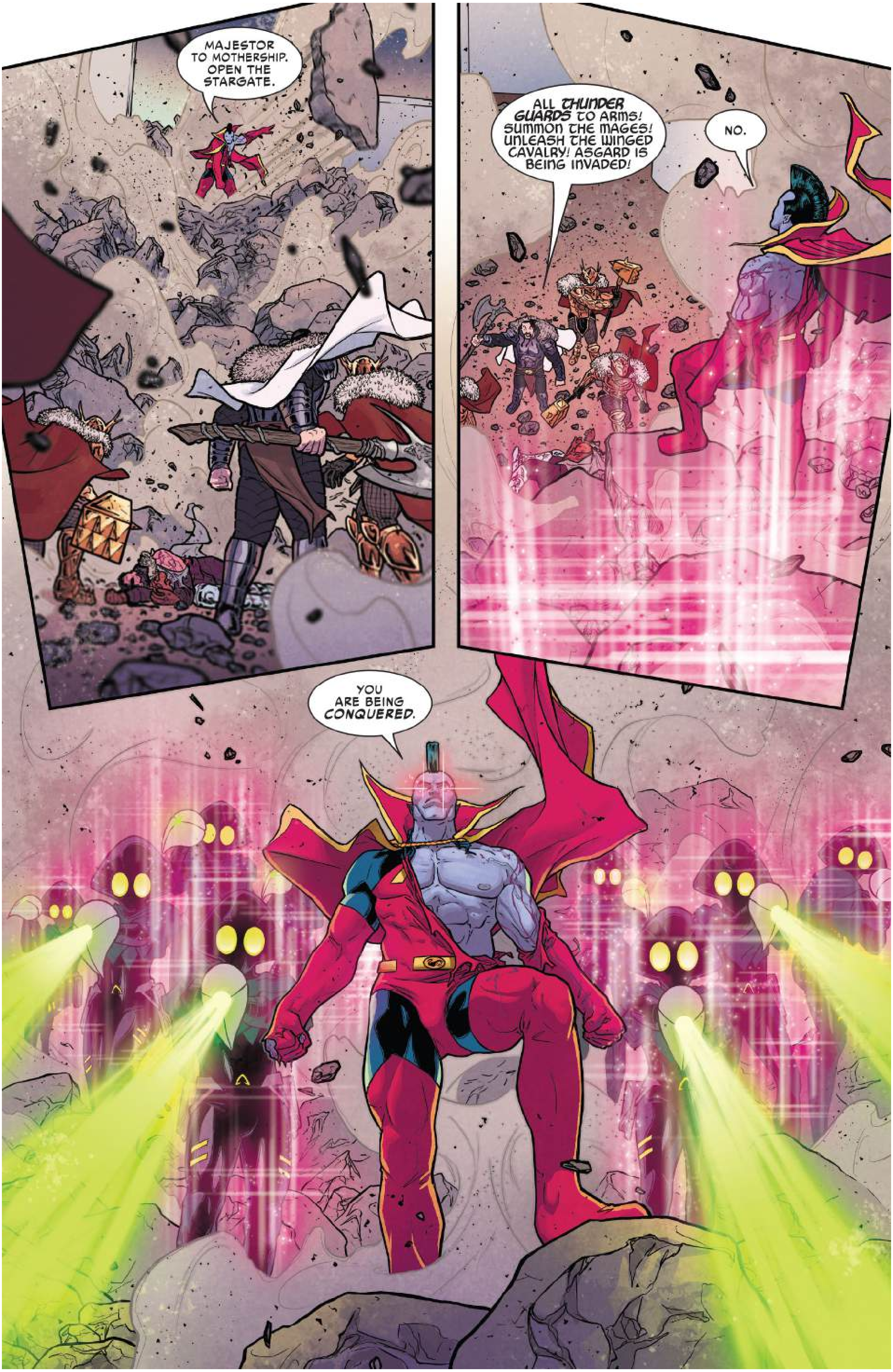

THE RESIDENTIAL HALLS OF ASGARDIA.
WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM
OPEN! IN THE NAME OF THE REGENT!
THIS OUGHTTA BE GOOD.
YEAH, HI. SORRY, YOU SHOULD'VE TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING BY. I WOULD'VE TRIED TO MAKE THE PLACE SMELL LESS LIKE VOMIT.
BIG GAY ICE CREAM
FRET NOT, SENATOR FOSTER. I WON'T BE LINGERING LONG.
WELL THAT'S A SHAME. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, CUL?
YOU CAN ADDRESS ME WITH THE PROPER RESPECT, WOMAN. AND THEN...YOU CAN LEAVE ASGARD AND NEVER RETURN.

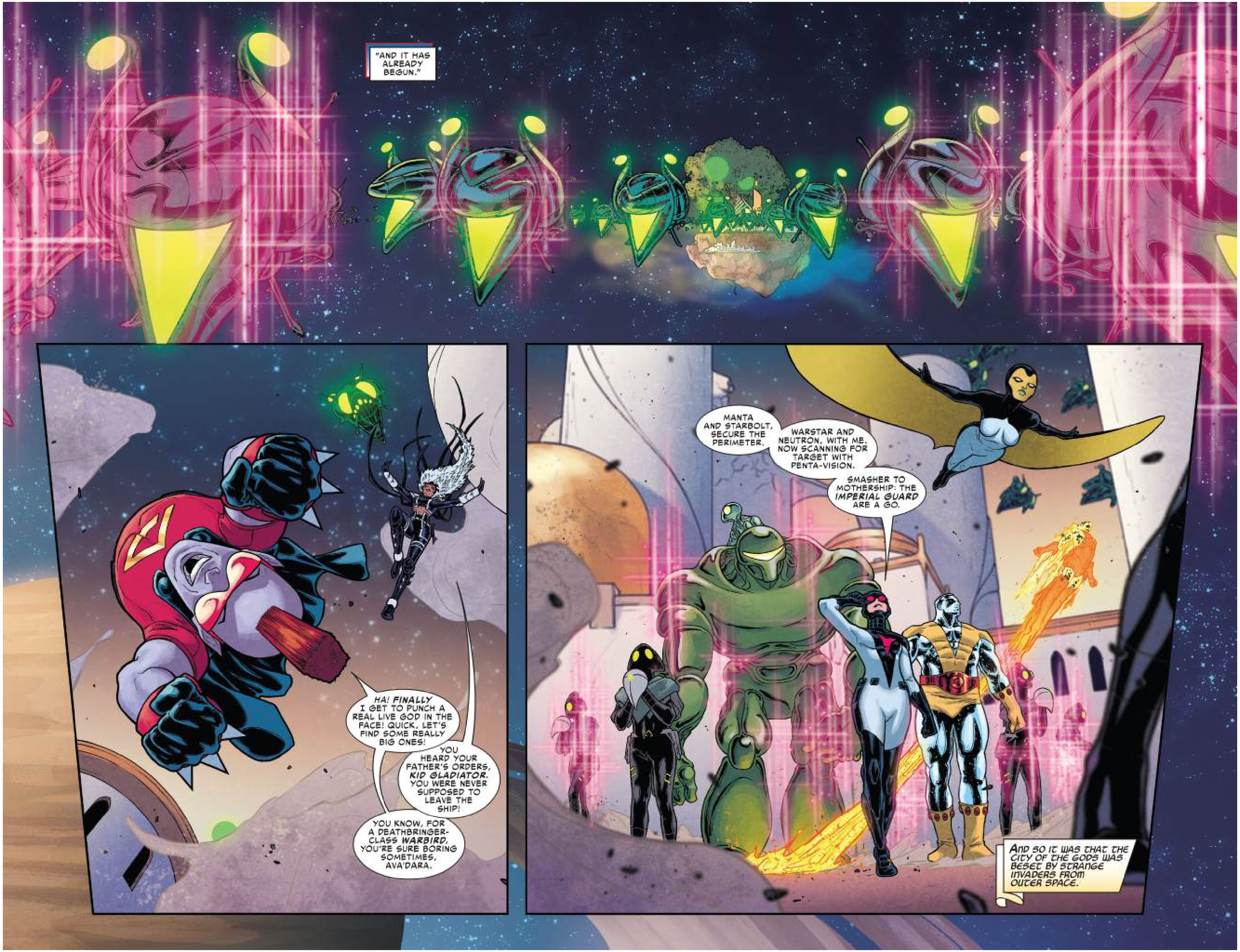

AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT. I REPRESENT *MIDGARD* IN THE *CONGRESS OF WORLDS.*
LIKE IT OR NOT, CULLY, I'M AS MUCH A PART OF THE COURT OF ASGARDIA AS YOU ARE.
YES, BUT EXACTLY HOW ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO EFFECTIVELY REPRESENT YOUR BELOVED LITTLE MUDBALL...
...WHEN YOU ARE HOLED UP INSIDE YOUR QUARTERS FOR DAYS ON END, *VOMITING* LIKE A DRUNKEN DWARF?
IT'S BEEN A ROUGH WEEK. BUT YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T FEEL LIKE TALKING CHEMOTHERAPY WITH THE GOD OF FEAR. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE--
NINE DAYS.
YOU'VE MISSED NINE DAYS OF CONGRESSIONAL SESSIONS IN THIS MONTH ALONE.
SINCE WHEN DO YOU CARE SO MUCH ABOUT THE WORKINGS OF THE CONGRESS? IF IT WERE UP TO YOU AND YOUR BROTHER *ODIN*, THERE WOULDN'T EVEN *BE* A CONGRESS OF WORLDS.
YOU ARE RIGHT.
IF IT WERE UP TO CUL BORSON, MIDGARD WOULD STILL BE BURNING IN A BONFIRE OF FEAR.
AND ALL THE OTHER REALMS WOULD BE GROVELING IN THEIR OWN BLOOD BEFORE THE FEARSOME, UNRELENTING MAJESTY OF ASGARD.

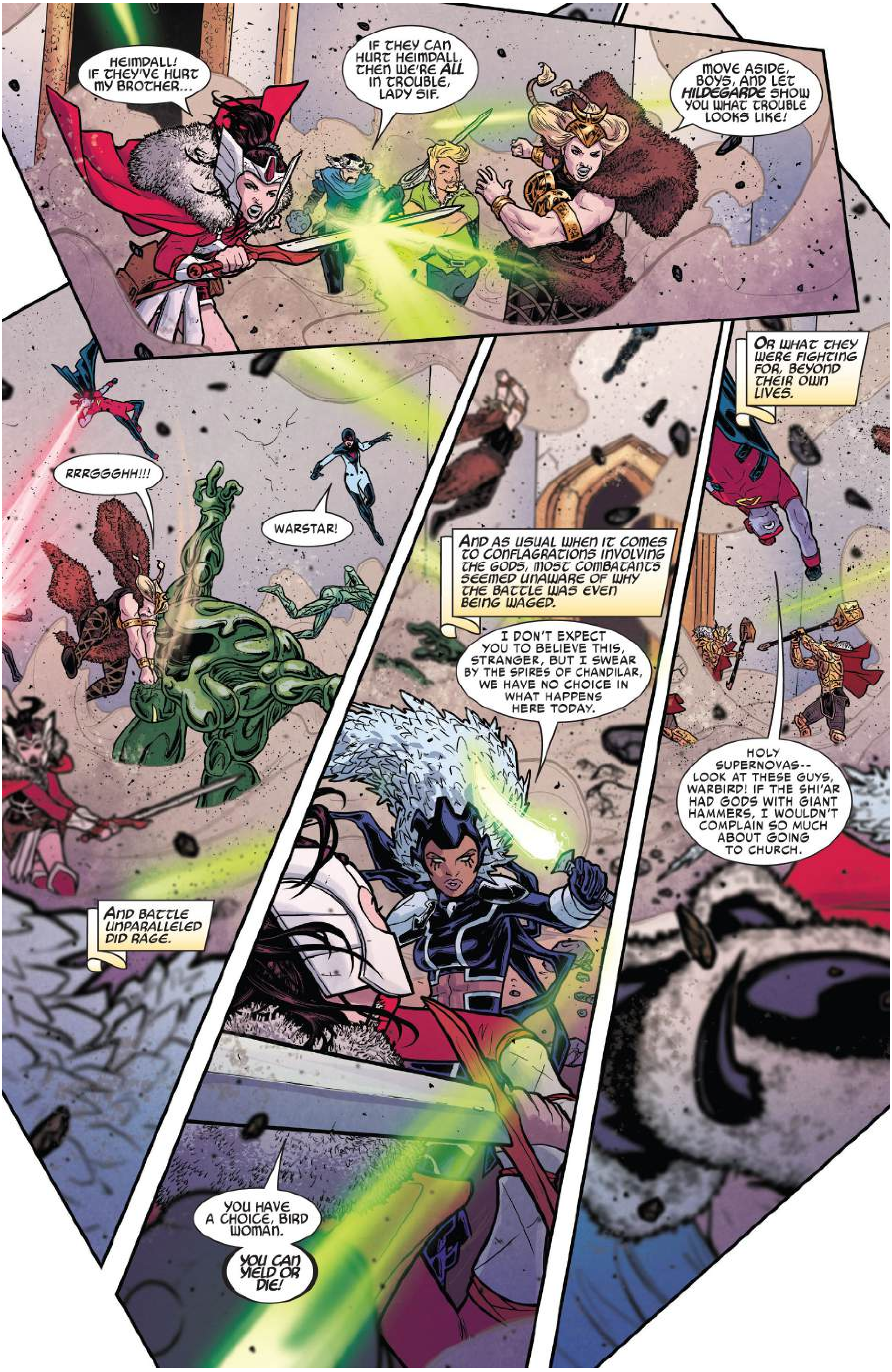

BUT TIMES CHANGE. OR SO I'M TOLD. AND EVEN THE GODS MUST CHANGE WITH THEM.
IF YOUR MIDGARD *MUST* HAVE A VOICE IN THESE HALLS, IT SHOULD AT LEAST BE A VOICE NOT CHOKED ON ITS OWN PITIFUL *SICKNESS*.
YOU'RE TRYING TO GET RID OF ME. BUT IT WON'T WORK.
JUST LIKE IT DIDN'T WORK WHEN YOU LET S.H.I.E.L.D. SEARCH MY ROOM.
I'M SIMPLY DOING WHAT'S BEST FOR THE REALMS. SURELY YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT.
NEVER LET IT BE SAID I AM NOT A GENEROUS GOD, JANE FOSTER. YOU HAVE UNTIL THE END OF THE WEEK TO RID YOURSELF OF THIS...PESKY CANCER.
OR TO FORFEIT YOUR SEAT IN THE CONGRESS. IF YOU FAIL TO DO EITHER OF THOSE...
...OR IF YOU FINALLY HAVE THE DECENCY TO SPARE US YOUR PATHETIC SUFFERING AND *DIE*...
...I WILL FIND MY OWN MEWLING LITTLE HUMAN TO TAKE YOUR PLACE.
GOOD DAY TO YOU, LADY JANE. YOU MAY RETURN NOW TO YOUR VOMITING.

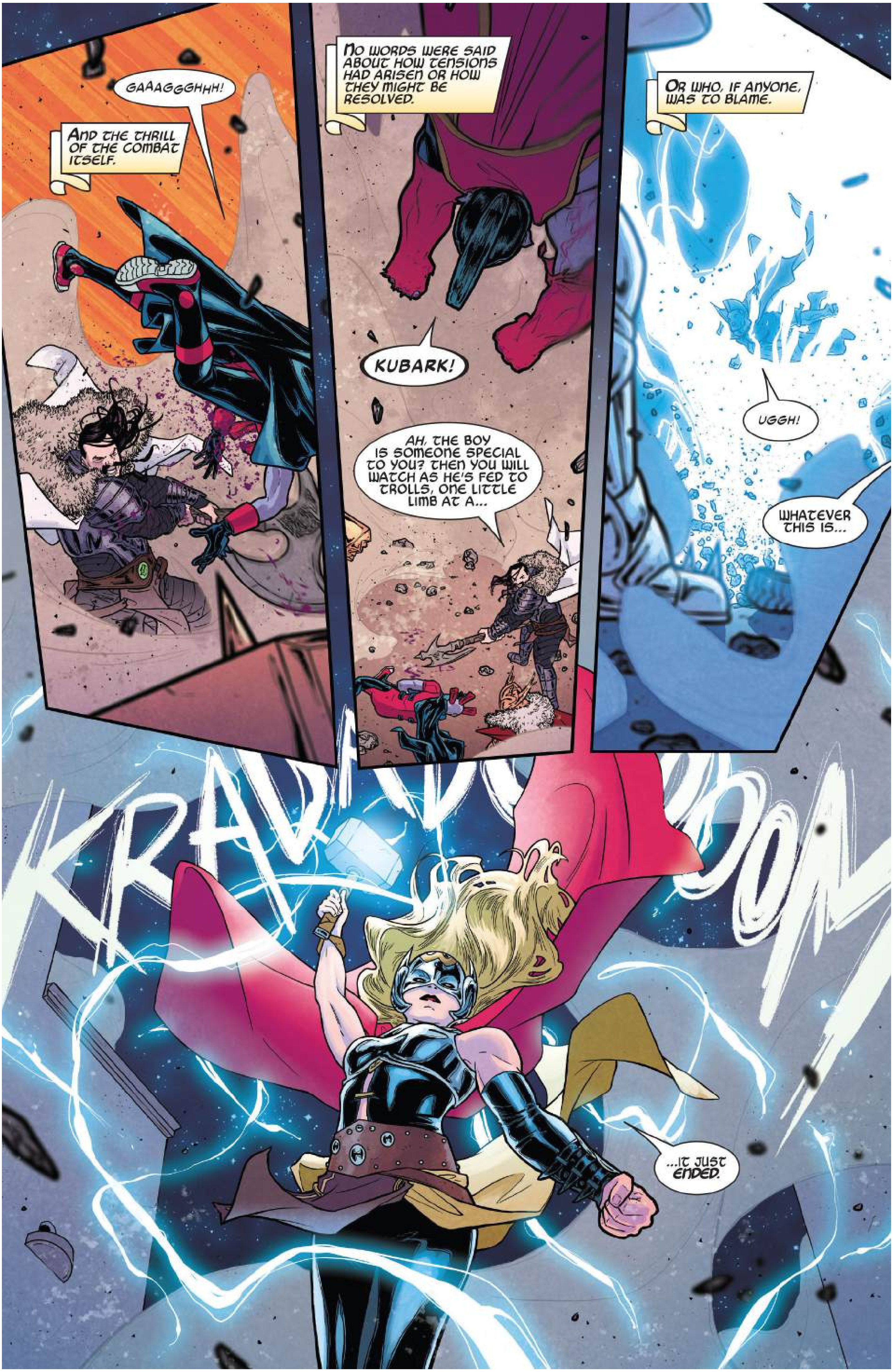

THIS ISN'T OVER, CUL! THE CONGRESS WON'T STAND FOR--
HEH. YOU OVERESTIMATE THE NUMBER OF FRIENDS YOU HAVE HERE. AND ***UNDER***ESTIMATE THE POWER OF ***FEAR***.
I SAID GOOD ***DAY***, LADY--
LORD CUL.
WORD FROM THE WATCHTOWER. THERE'S A DISTURBANCE AT THE BIFROST. ASGARDIA IS UNDER ATTACK.
BY WHOM? HOW MANY ARE THERE?
APPARENTLY... JUST ***ONE***, MY LORD.
HA! HEAR THAT, JANE FOSTER? FOR ONCE, ***YOU'RE*** NOT THE BIGGEST FOOL IN THE REALM!
COME, LET'S SEE HOW MANY TIMES HEIMDALL HAS KILLED THIS INVADER BY NOW.
LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE KILLING ME. I KNOW I SHOULD STOP. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?
I'M REALLY GLAD TO SEE YOU RIGHT NOW.
BECAUSE I SUDDENLY FEEL LIKE *HITTING* SOMETHING.
REALLY, REALLY HARD.
ANY SUGGESTIONS?

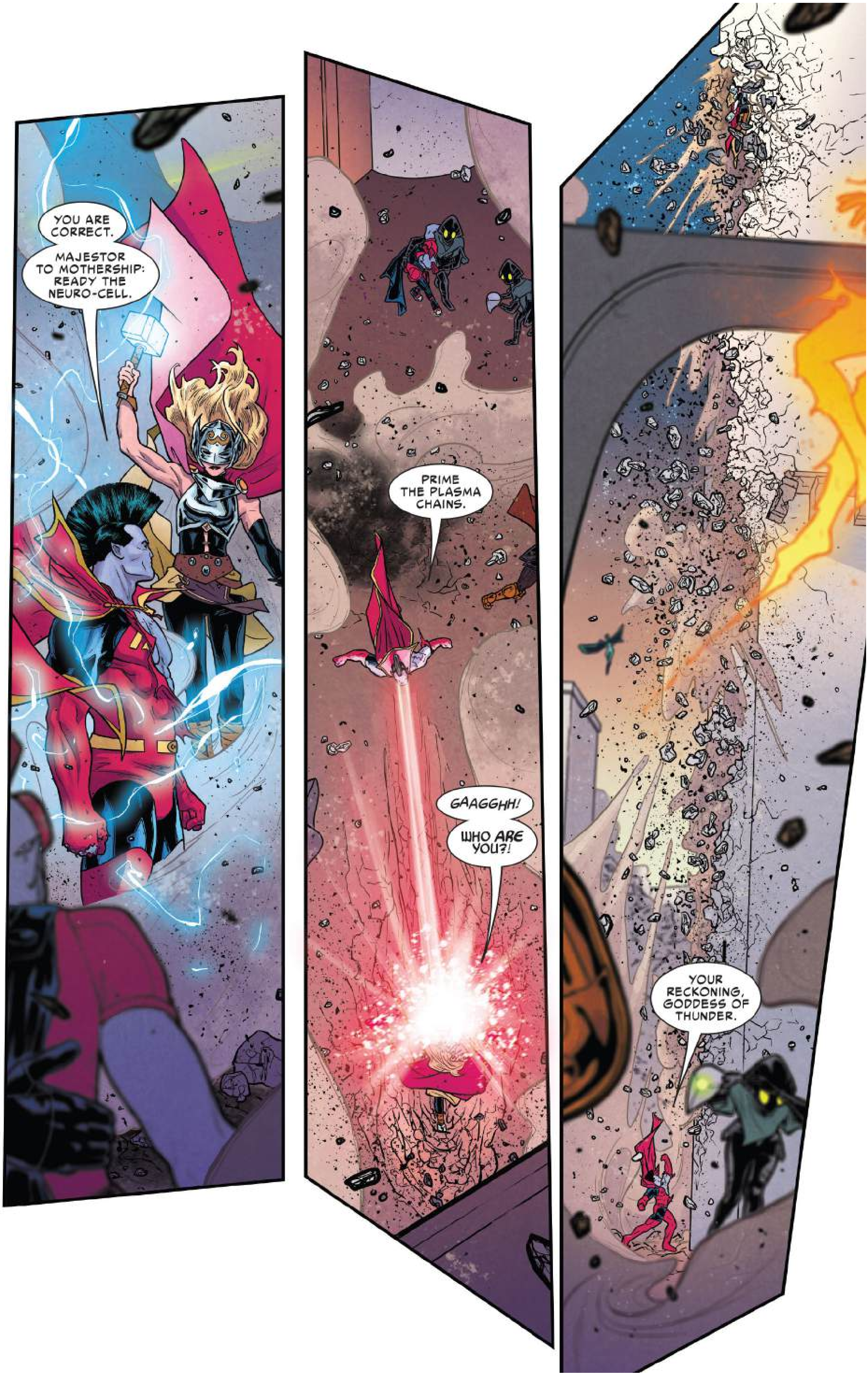

WHAT IN THE NAME OF YGGDRASIL WAS THAT?
BEST STAND BACK, MY LORD. THERE'S SOMEONE MOVING IN THERE.
IS THAT...
HEIMDALL. REPORT, SENTRY. WHAT SORT OF ENEMY HAS DARED TO TRY AND FACE THE IMMOVABLE... HEIMDALL?!
THE... UNSTOPPABLE KIND.
HEIMDALL!

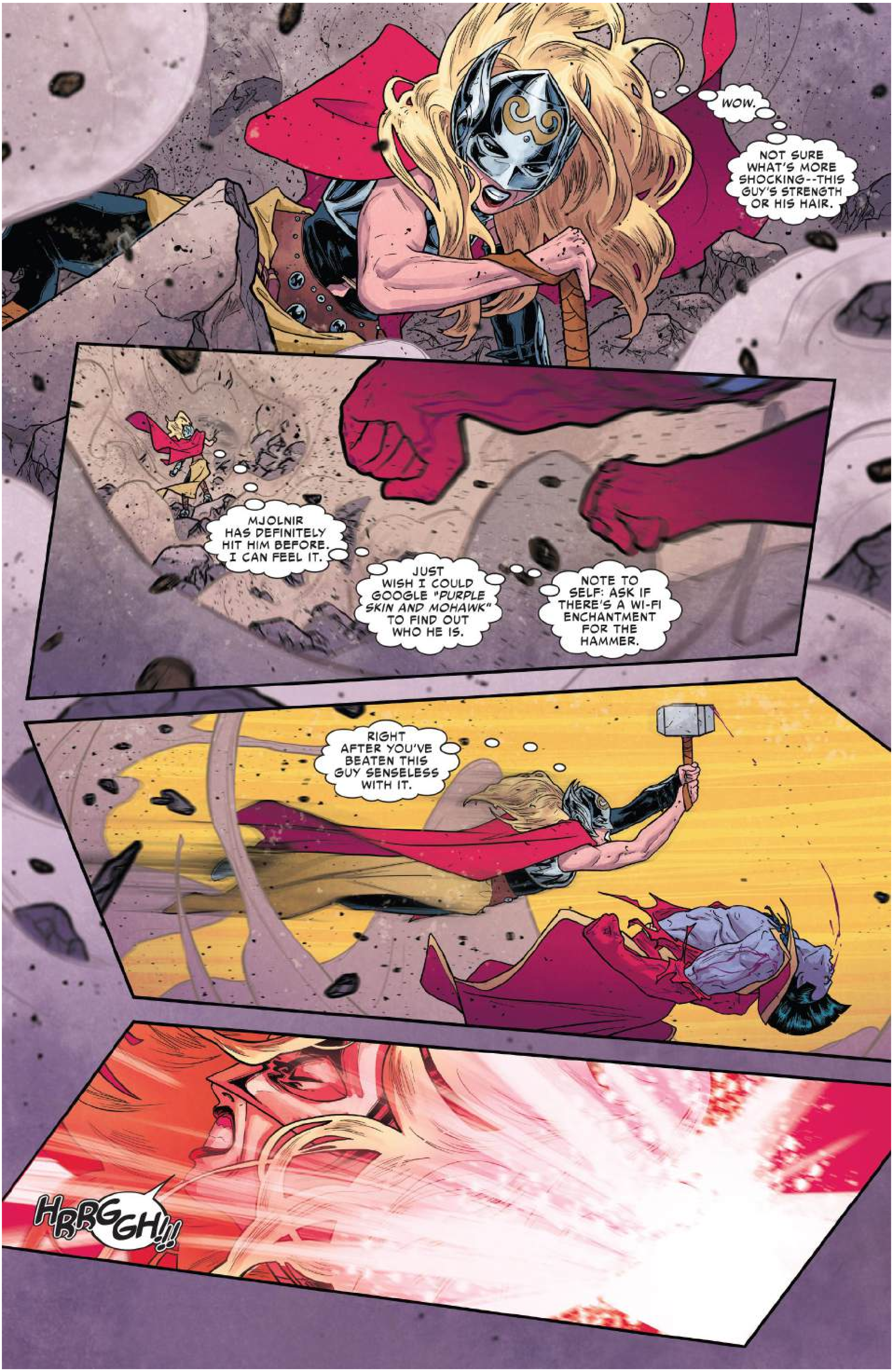

MAJESTOR TO MOTHERSHIP. OPEN THE STARGATE.
ALL *THUNDER GUARDS* TO ARMS! SUMMON THE MAGES! UNLEASH THE WINGED CAVALRY! ASGARD IS BEING INVADED!
NO.
YOU ARE BEING *CONQUERED*.

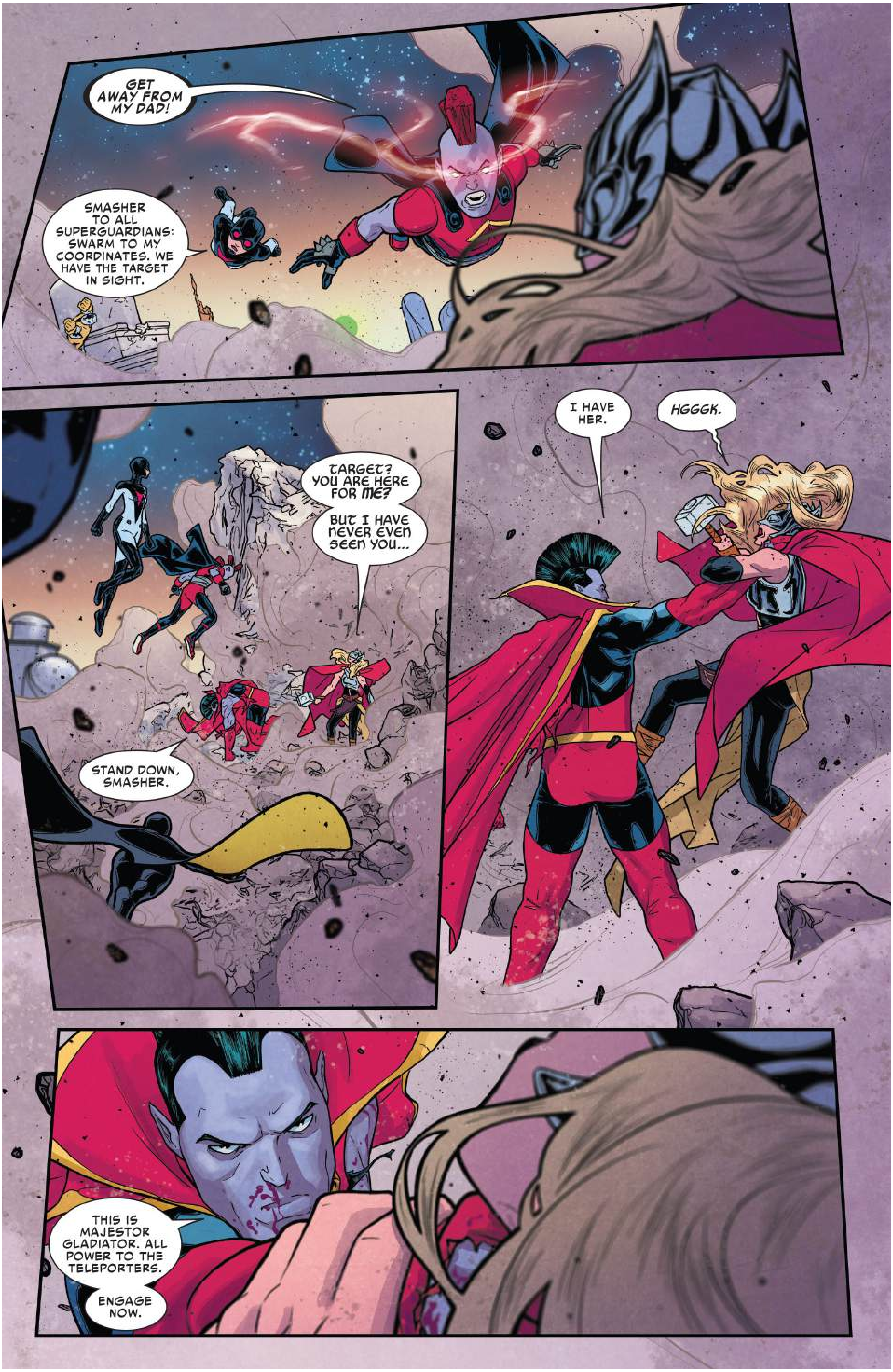

"AND IT HAS ALREADY BEGUN."
HA! *FINALLY* I GET TO PUNCH A REAL LIVE GOD IN THE FACE! QUICK, LET'S FIND SOME REALLY BIG ONES!
YOU HEARD YOUR FATHER'S ORDERS, *KID GLADIATOR*. YOU WERE NEVER SUPPOSED TO LEAVE THE SHIP!
YOU KNOW, FOR A DEATHBRINGER-CLASS *WARBIRD*, YOU'RE SURE BORING SOMETIMES, AVA'DARA.
MANTA AND STARBOLT, SECURE THE PERIMETER.
WARSTAR AND NEUTRON, WITH ME. NOW SCANNING FOR TARGET WITH PENTA-VISION.
SMASHER TO MOTHERSHIP: THE *IMPERIAL GUARD* ARE A GO.
AND SO IT WAS THAT THE CITY OF THE GODS WAS BESET BY STRANGE INVADERS FROM OUTER SPACE.

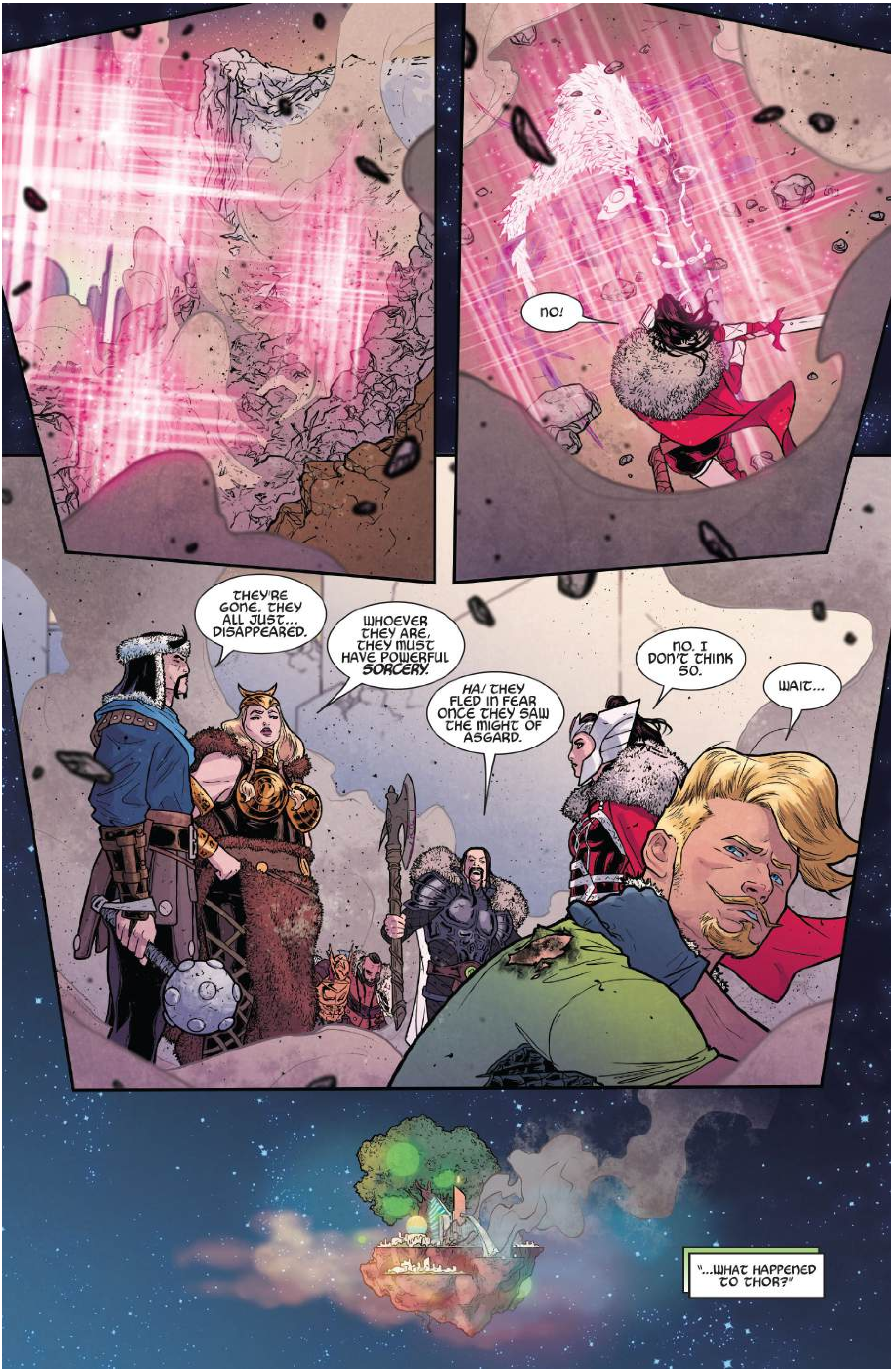

HEIMDALL! IF THEY'VE HURT MY BROTHER...
IF THEY CAN HURT HEIMDALL, THEN WE'RE *ALL* IN TROUBLE, LADY SIF.
MOVE ASIDE, BOYS, AND LET ***HILDEGARDE*** SHOW YOU WHAT TROUBLE LOOKS LIKE!
RRRGGGHH!!!
WARSTAR!
AND BATTLE UNPARALLELED DID RAGE.
AND AS USUAL WHEN IT COMES TO CONFLAGRATIONS INVOLVING THE GODS, MOST COMBATANTS SEEMED UNAWARE OF WHY THE BATTLE WAS EVEN BEING WAGED.
I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE THIS, STRANGER, BUT I SWEAR BY THE SPIRES OF CHANDILAR, WE HAVE NO CHOICE IN WHAT HAPPENS HERE TODAY.
YOU HAVE A CHOICE, BIRD WOMAN.
YOU CAN YIELD OR DIE!
OR WHAT THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR, BEYOND THEIR OWN LIVES.
HOLY SUPERNOVAS-- LOOK AT THESE GUYS, WARBIRD! IF THE SHI'AR HAD GODS WITH GIANT HAMMERS, I WOULDN'T COMPLAIN SO MUCH ABOUT GOING TO CHURCH.

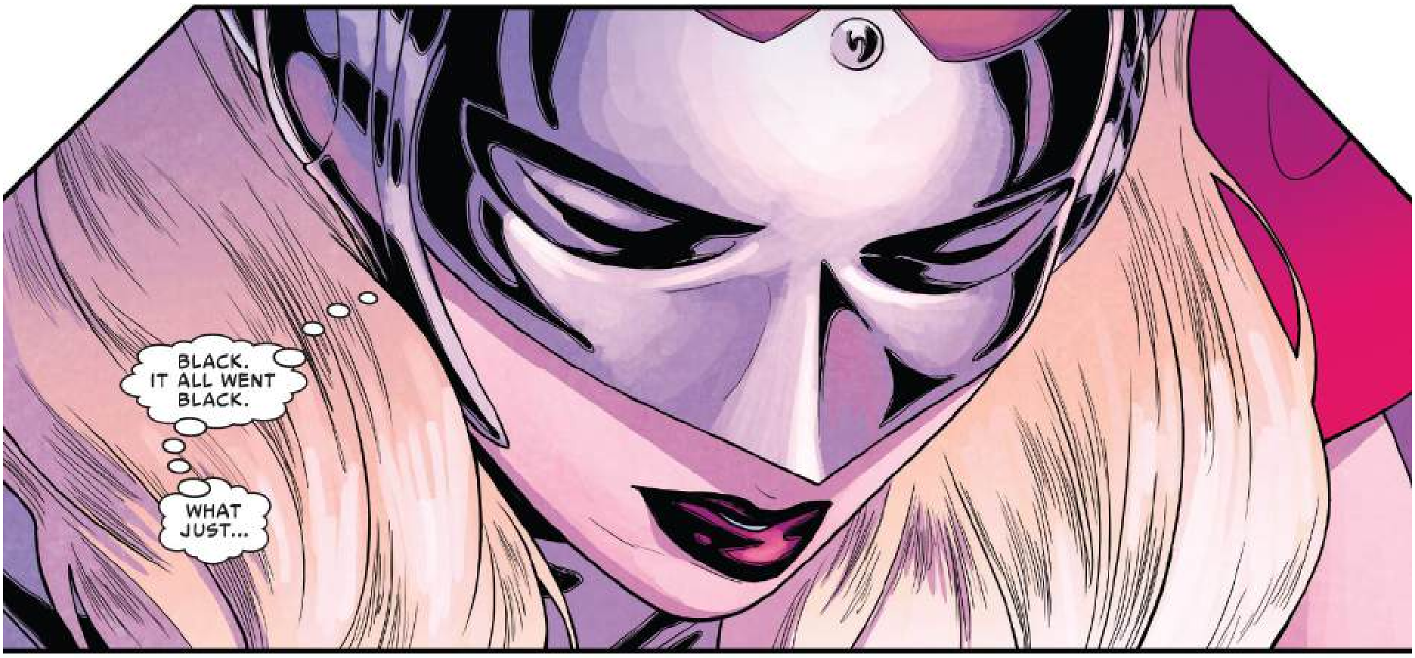

GAAAGGGHHH!
And the thrill of the combat itself.
No words were said about how tensions had arisen or how they might be resolved.
KUBARK!
Ah, the boy is someone special to you? Then you will watch as he's fed to trolls, one little limb at a...
Or who, if anyone, was to blame.
UGGH!
Whatever this is...
KRAVAKADOOOOM
...it just ended.

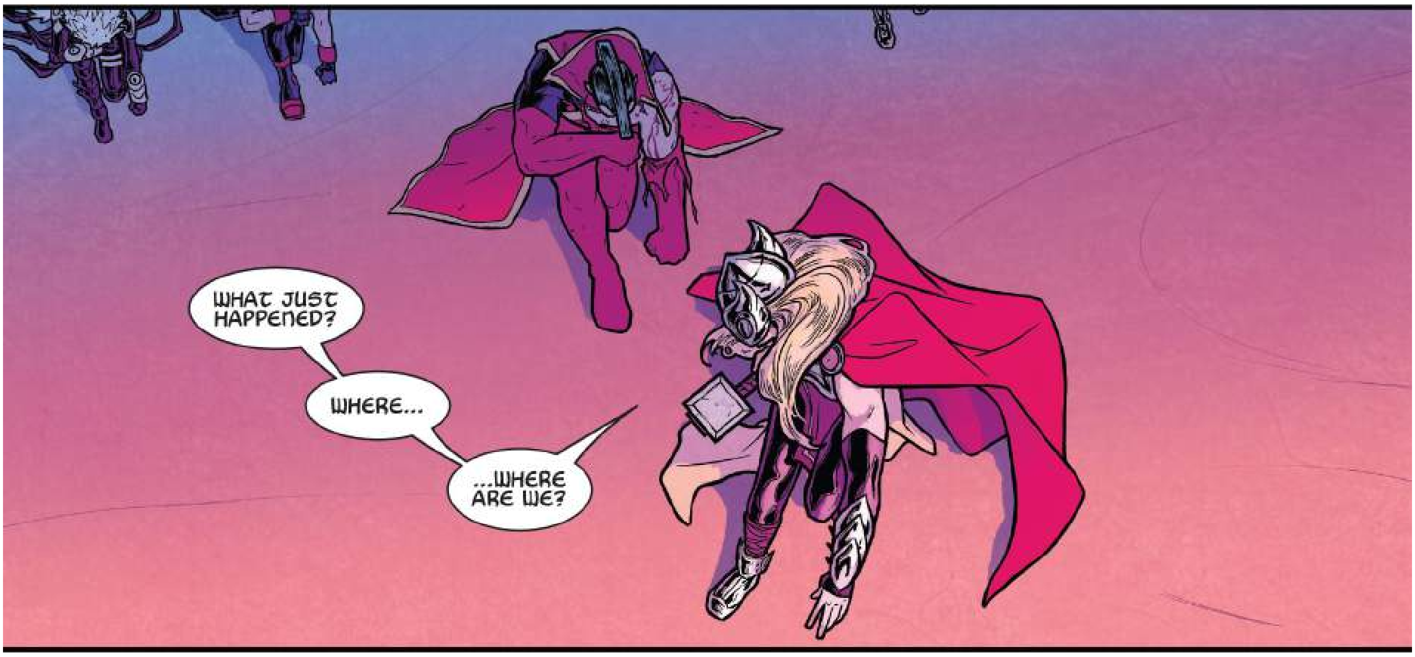

YOU ARE CORRECT.
MAJESTOR TO MOTHERSHIP: READY THE NEURO-CELL.
PRIME THE PLASMA CHAINS.
GAAGGHH!
WHO *ARE* YOU?!
YOUR RECKONING, GODDESS OF THUNDER.

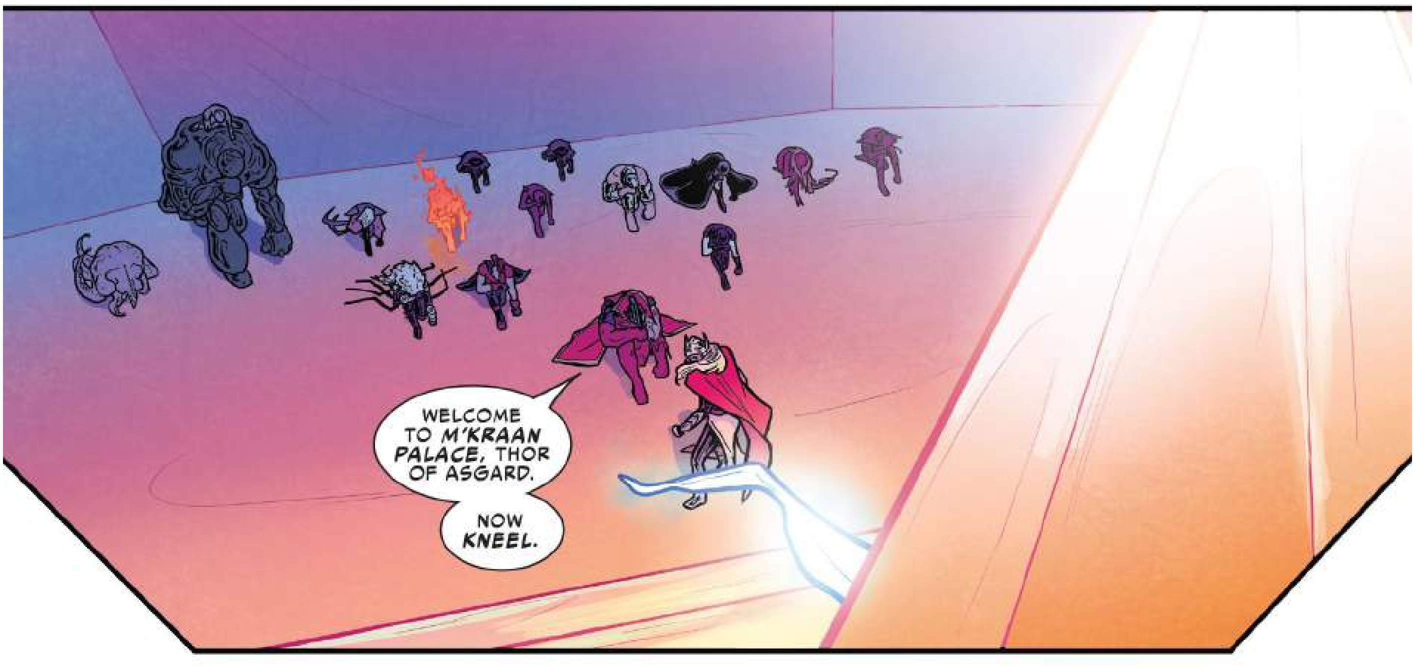

WOW.
NOT SURE WHAT'S MORE SHOCKING--THIS GUY'S STRENGTH OR HIS HAIR.
MJOLNIR HAS DEFINITELY HIT HIM BEFORE. I CAN FEEL IT.
JUST WISH I COULD GOOGLE *"PURPLE SKIN AND MOHAWK"* TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS.
NOTE TO SELF: ASK IF THERE'S A WI-FI ENCHANTMENT FOR THE HAMMER.
RIGHT AFTER YOU'VE BEATEN THIS GUY SENSELESS WITH IT.
HRRRGGH!!!

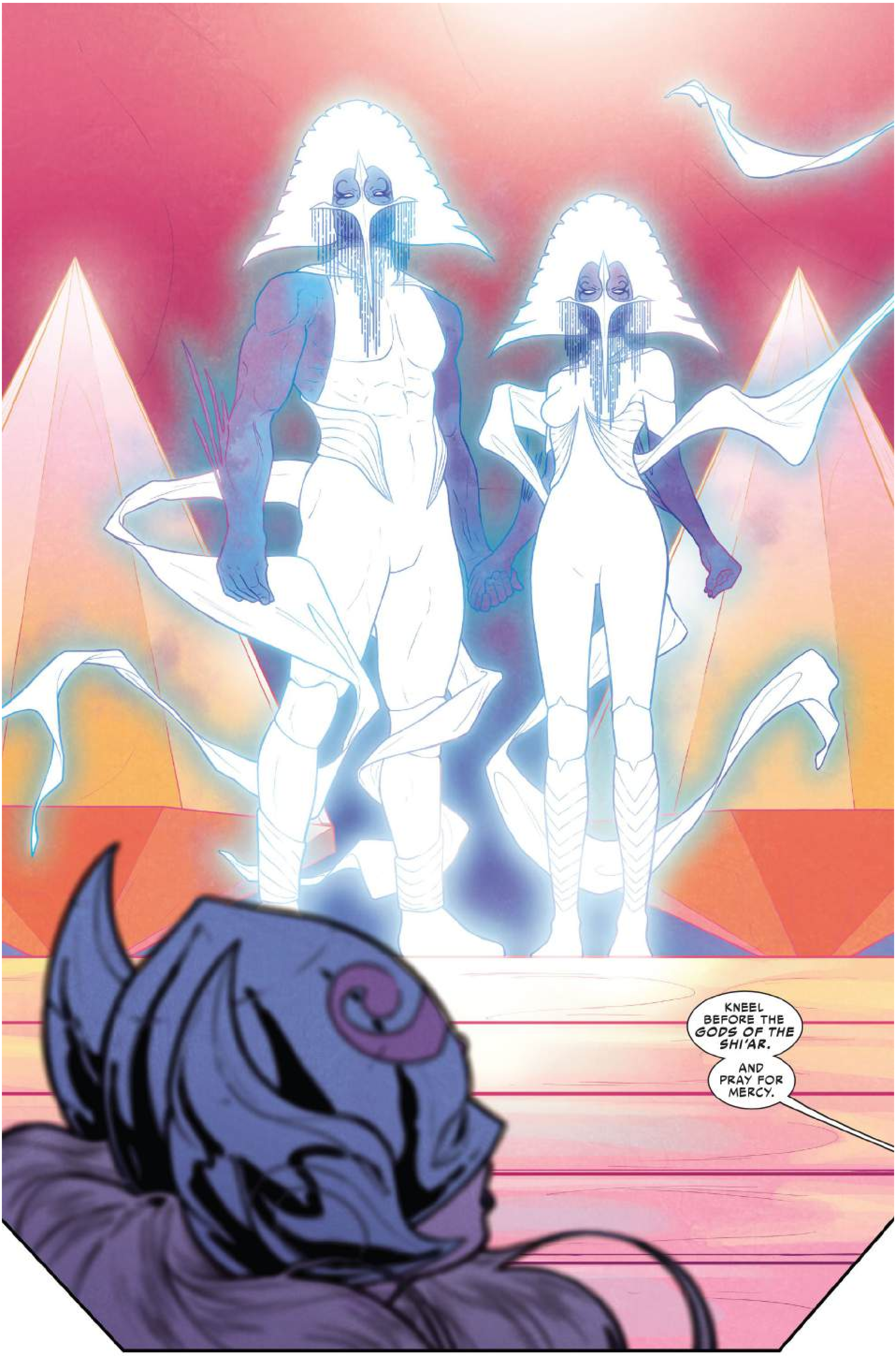

GET AWAY FROM MY DAD!
SMASHER TO ALL SUPERGUARDIANS: SWARM TO MY COORDINATES. WE HAVE THE TARGET IN SIGHT.
TARGET? YOU ARE HERE FOR *ME?*
BUT I HAVE NEVER EVEN SEEN YOU...
STAND DOWN, SMASHER.
I HAVE HER.
HGGGK.
THIS IS MAJESTOR GLADIATOR. ALL POWER TO THE TELEPORTERS.
ENGAGE NOW.

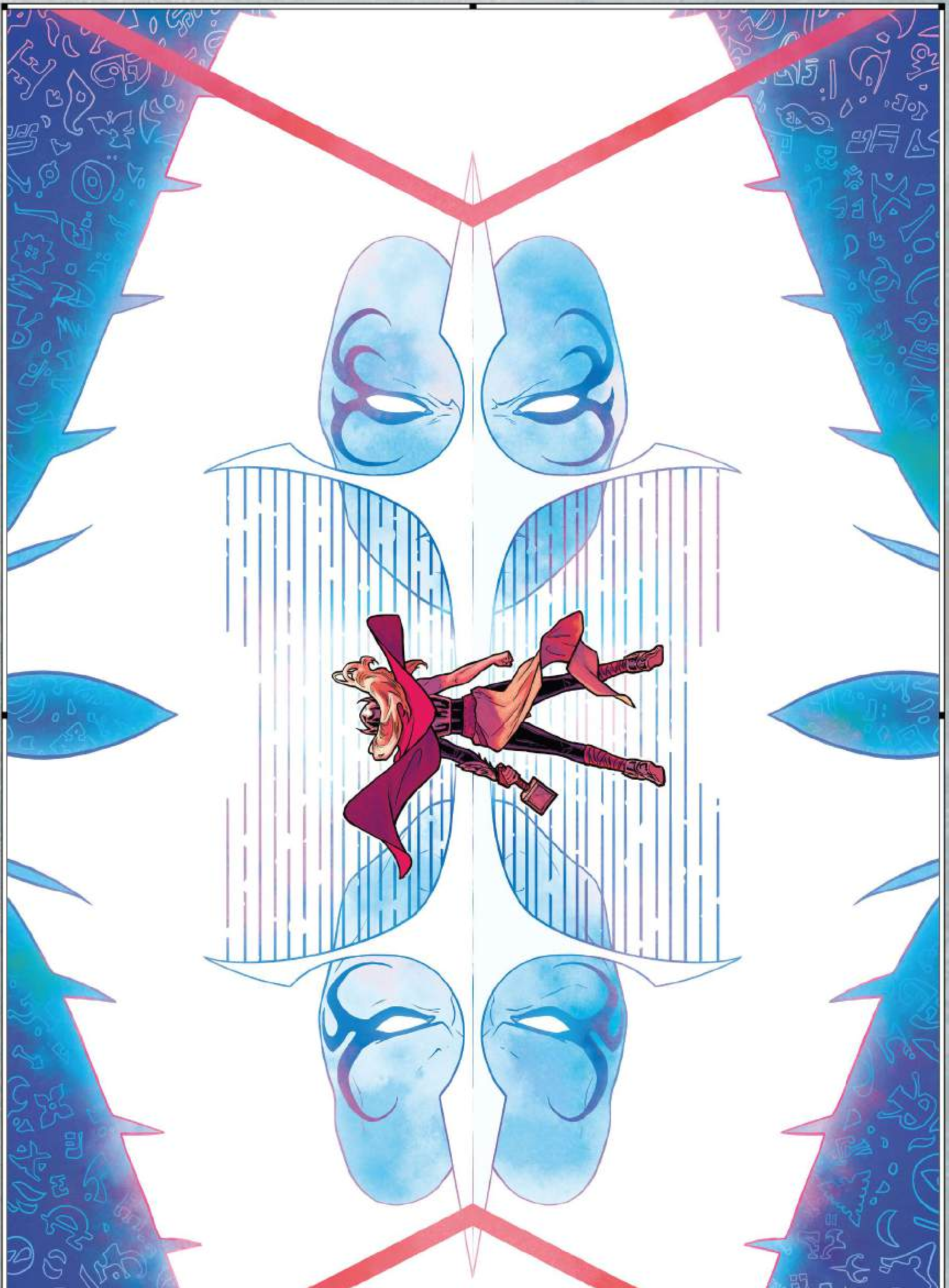

NO!
THEY'RE GONE. THEY ALL JUST... DISAPPEARED.
WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY MUST HAVE POWERFUL *SORCERY.*
HA! THEY FLED IN FEAR ONCE THEY SAW THE MIGHT OF ASGARD.
NO. I DON'T THINK SO.
WAIT...
"...WHAT HAPPENED TO THOR?"


BLACK. IT ALL WENT BLACK.
WHAT JUST...


WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
WHERE...
...WHERE ARE WE?


WELCOME TO M'KRAAN PALACE, THOR OF ASGARD.
NOW KNEEL.


KNEEL BEFORE THE *GODS OF THE SHI'AR.*
AND PRAY FOR MERCY.



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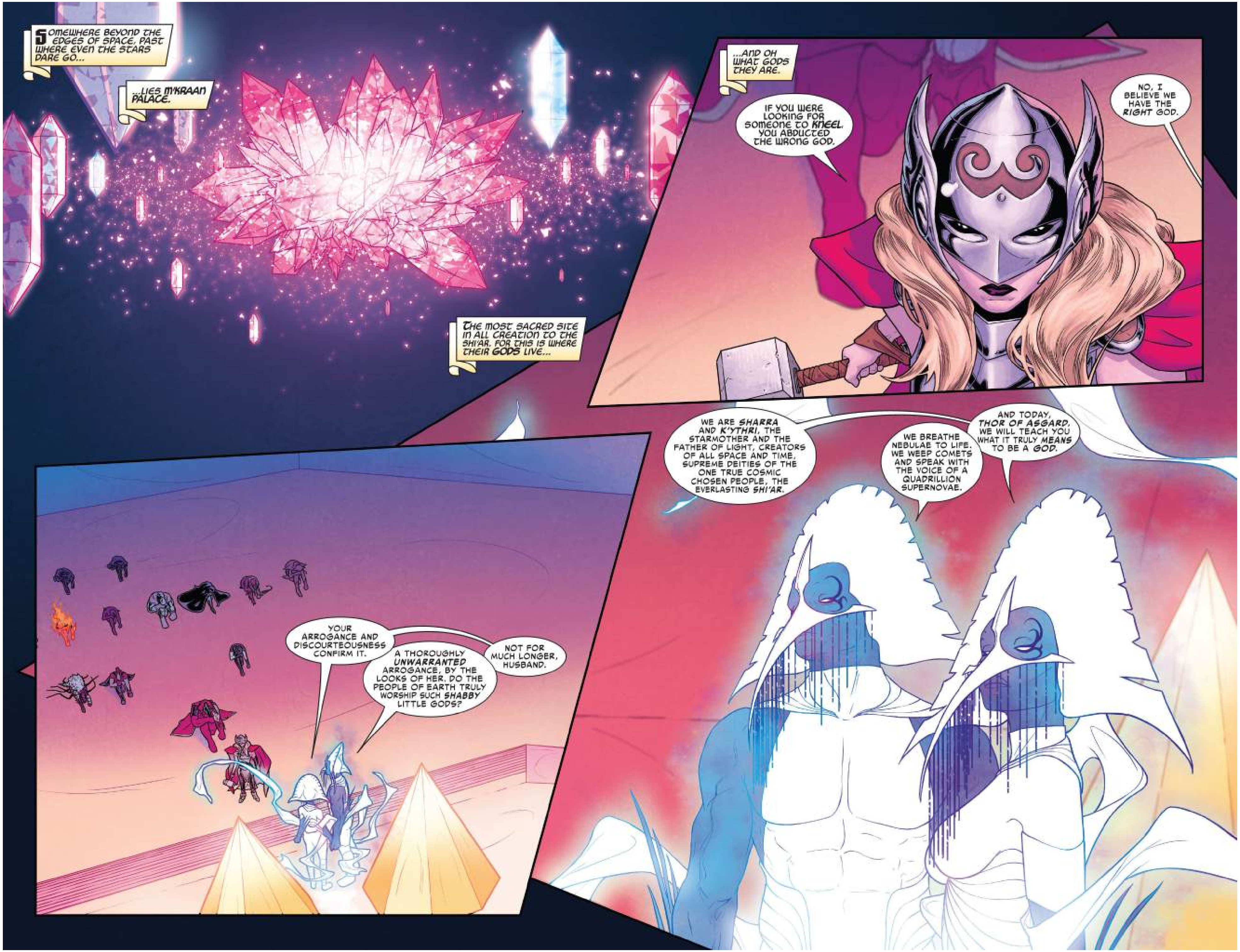
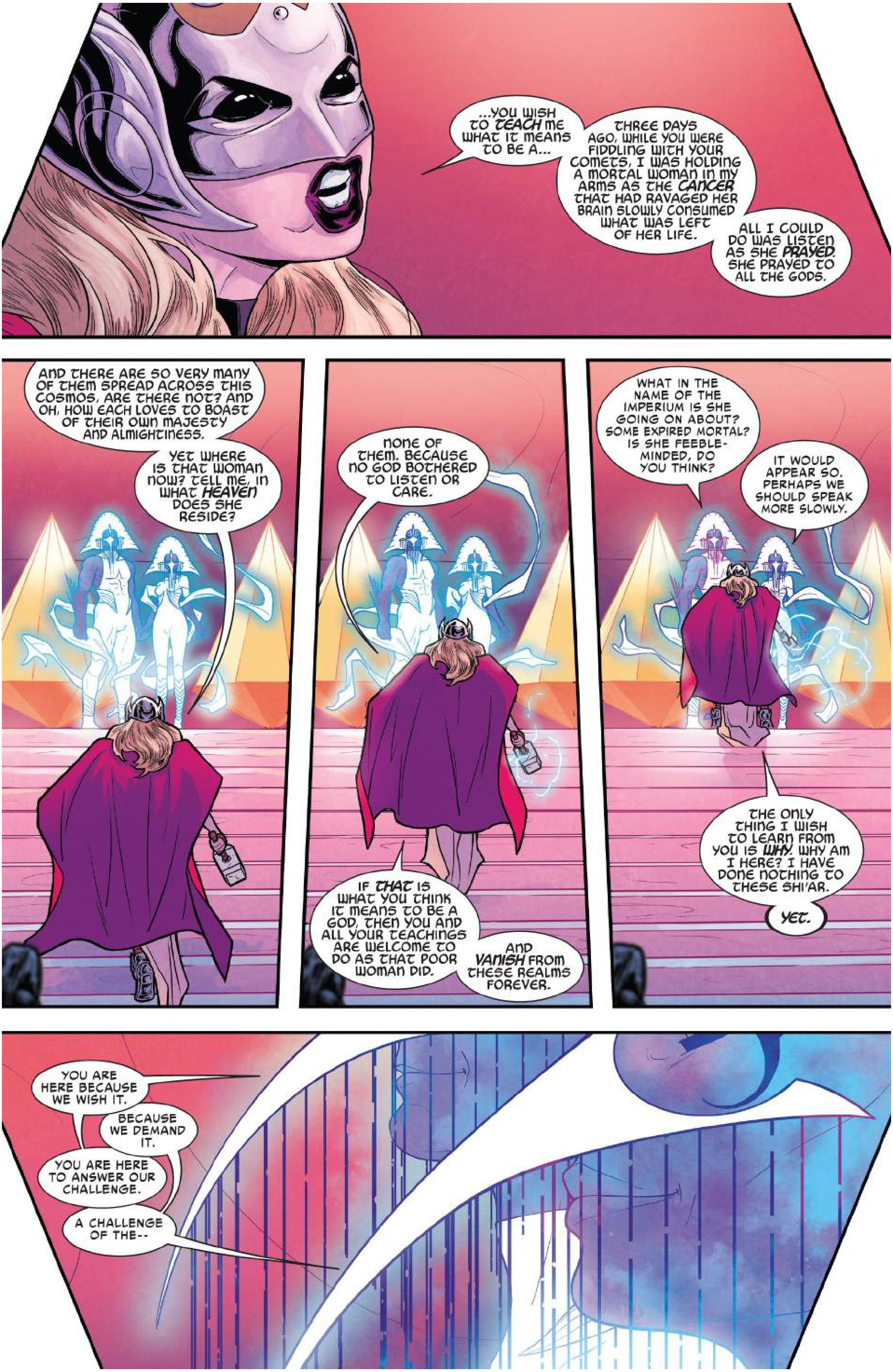
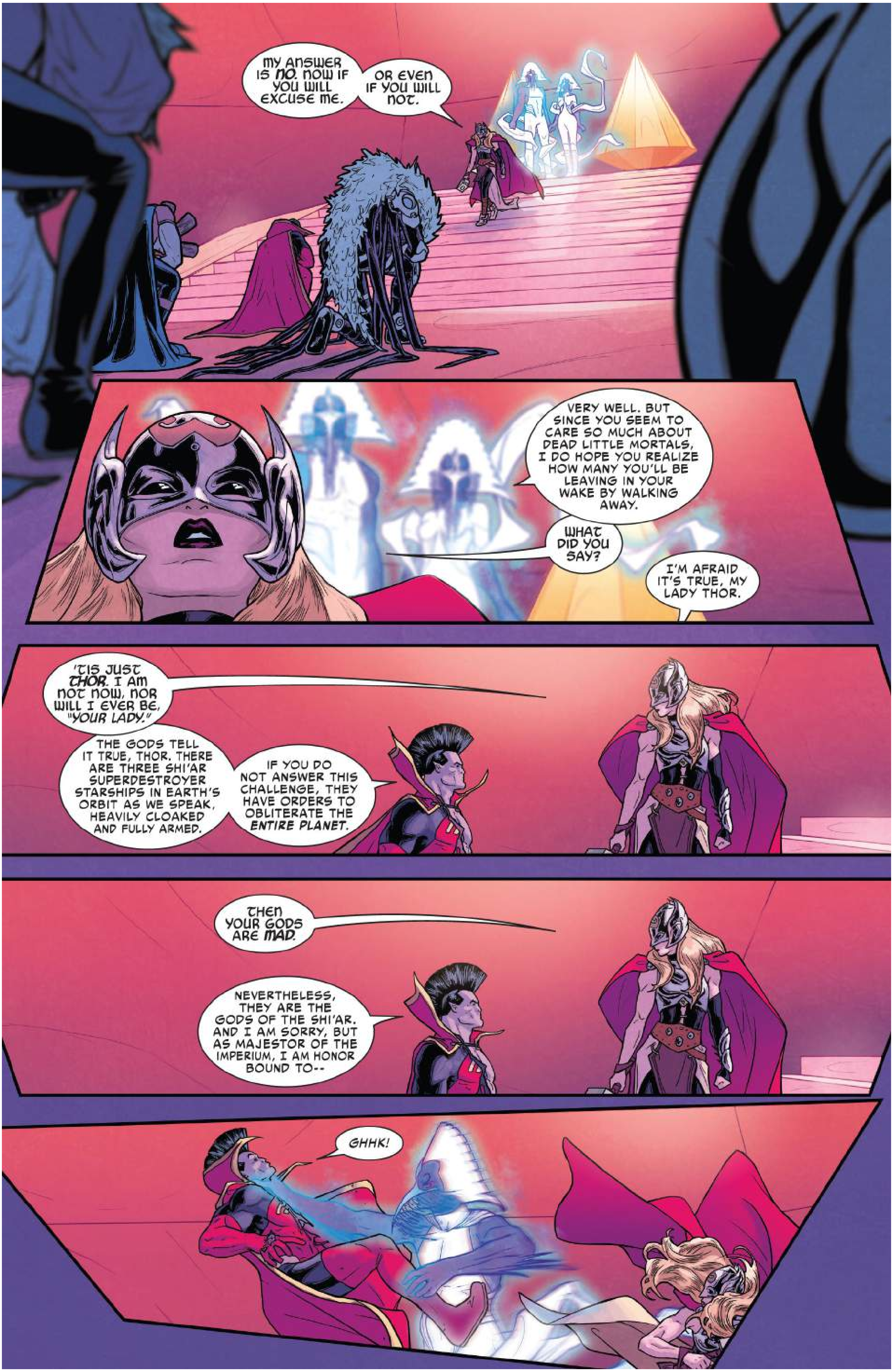
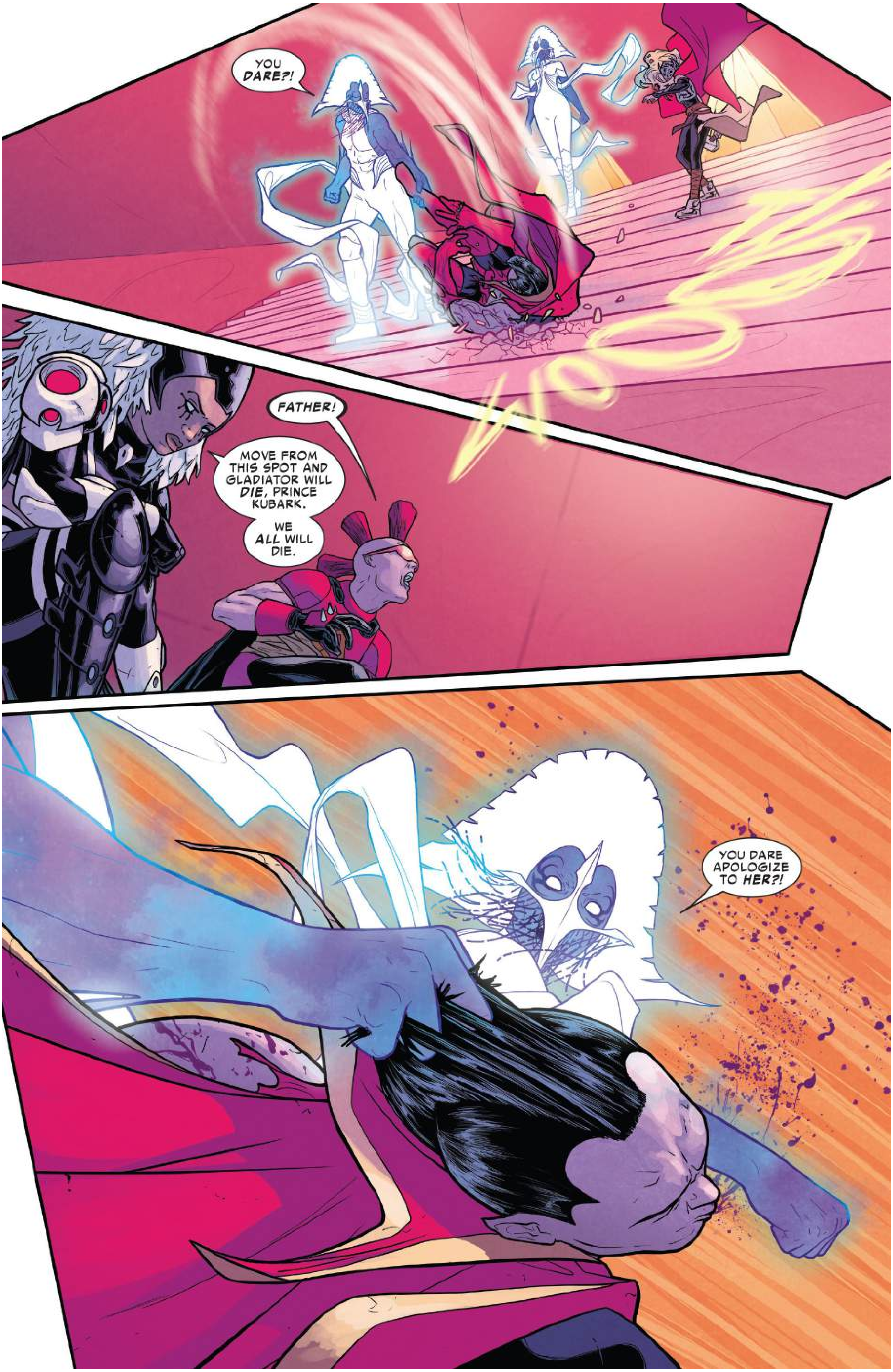
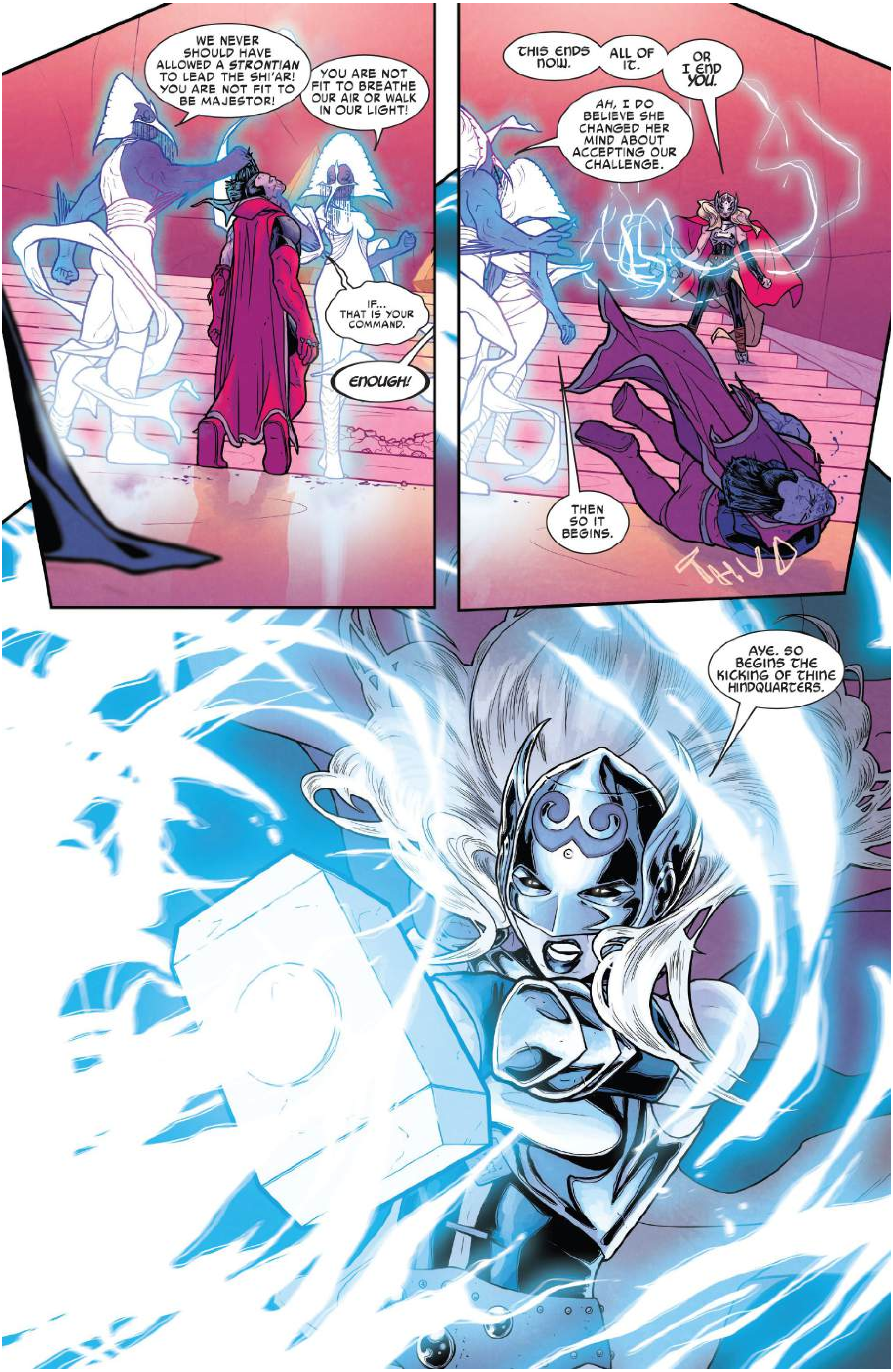
The Asgard/Shi'Ar War — Part 2: The Challenge of the Gods

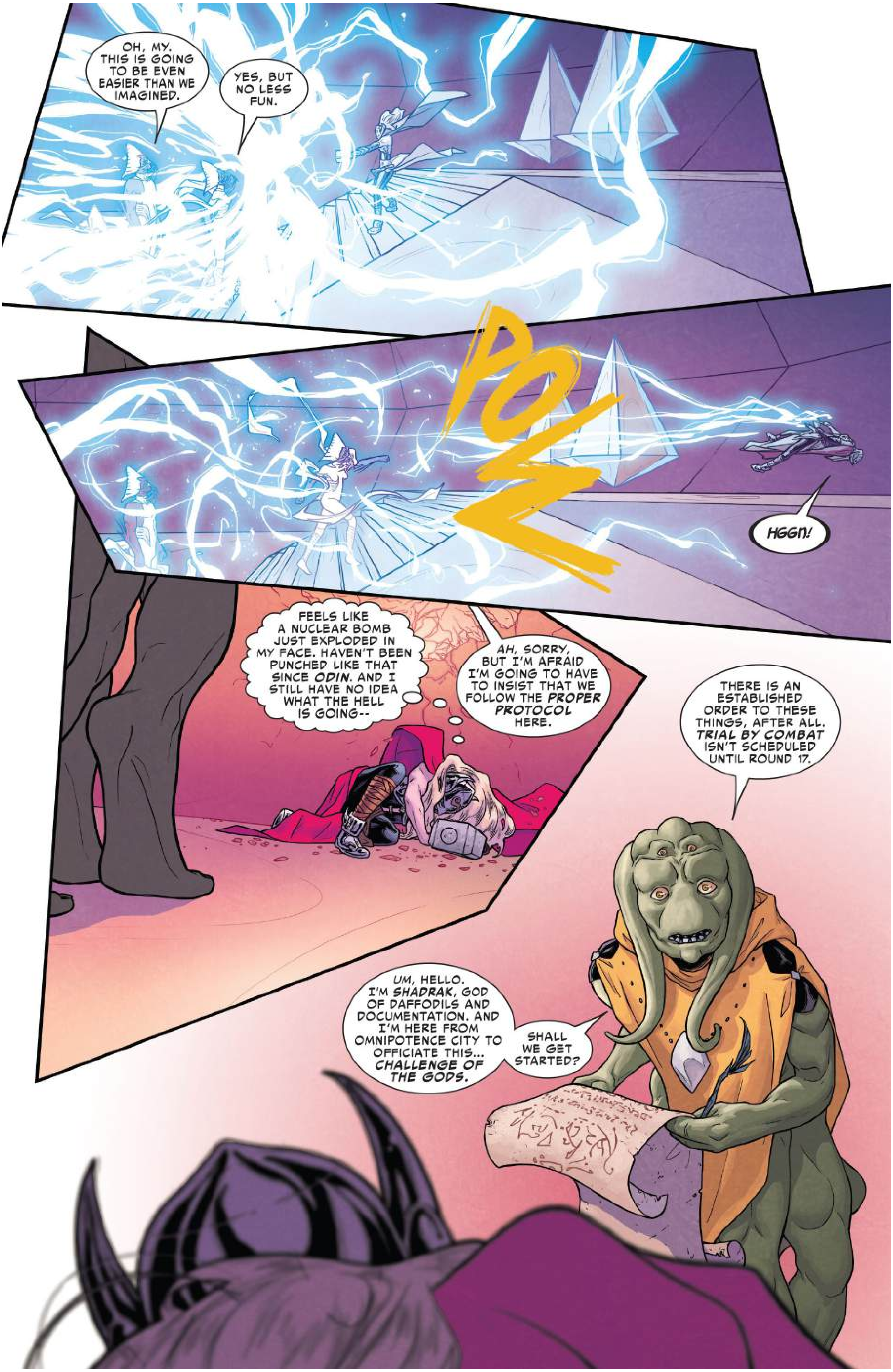

SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE EDGES OF SPACE, PAST WHERE EVEN THE STARS DARE GO...
...LIES M'KRAAN PALACE.
THE MOST SACRED SITE IN ALL CREATION TO THE SHI'AR. FOR THIS IS WHERE THEIR GODS LIVE...
...AND OH WHAT GODS THEY ARE.
IF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO KNEEL, YOU ABDUCTED THE WRONG GOD.
NO, I BELIEVE WE HAVE THE RIGHT GOD.
YOUR ARROGANCE AND DISCOURTEOUSNESS CONFIRM IT.
A THOROUGHLY UNWARRANTED ARROGANCE, BY THE LOOKS OF HER. DO THE PEOPLE OF EARTH TRULY WORSHIP SUCH SHABBY LITTLE GODS?
NOT FOR MUCH LONGER, HUSBAND.
WE ARE SHARRA AND K'YTHRI, THE STARMOTHER AND THE FATHER OF LIGHT, CREATORS OF ALL SPACE AND TIME, SUPREME DEITIES OF THE ONE TRUE COSMIC CHOSEN PEOPLE, THE EVERLASTING SHI'AR.
WE BREATHE NEBULAE TO LIFE. WE WEEP COMETS AND SPEAK WITH THE VOICE OF A QUADRILLION SUPERNOVAE.
AND TODAY, THOR OF ASGARD, WE WILL TEACH YOU WHAT IT TRULY MEANS TO BE A GOD.

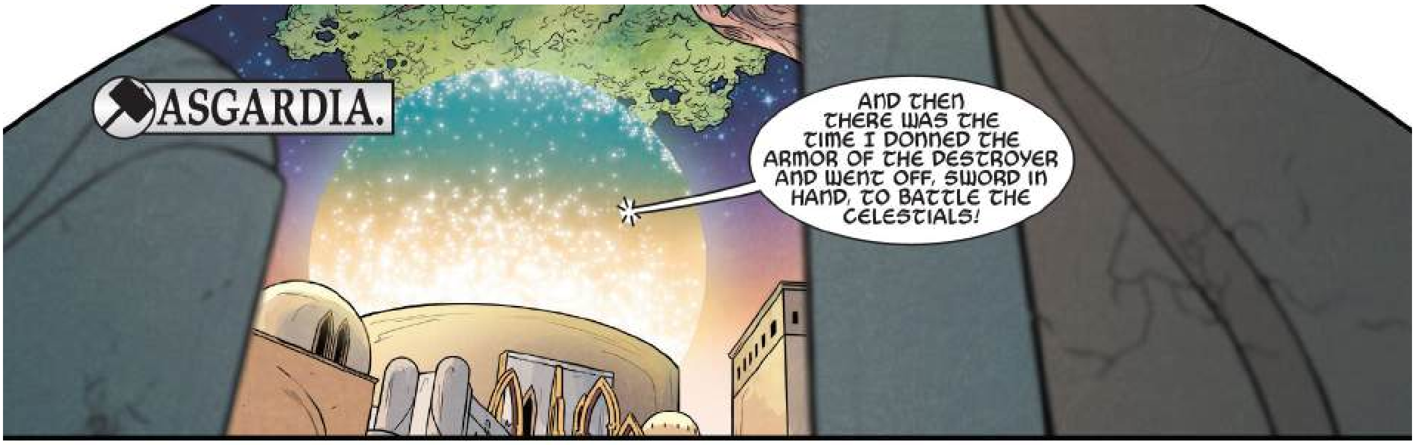

...YOU WISH TO *TEACH* ME WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A...
THREE DAYS AGO, WHILE YOU WERE FIDDLING WITH YOUR COMETS, I WAS HOLDING A MORTAL WOMAN IN MY ARMS AS THE *CANCER* THAT HAD RAVAGED HER BRAIN SLOWLY CONSUMED WHAT WAS LEFT OF HER LIFE.
ALL I COULD DO WAS LISTEN AS SHE *PRAYED*. SHE PRAYED TO ALL THE GODS.
AND THERE ARE SO VERY MANY OF THEM SPREAD ACROSS THIS COSMOS, ARE THERE NOT? AND OH, HOW EACH LOVES TO BOAST OF THEIR OWN MAJESTY AND ALMIGHTINESS.
YET WHERE IS THAT WOMAN NOW? TELL ME, IN WHAT *HEAVEN* DOES SHE RESIDE?
NONE OF THEM. BECAUSE NO GOD BOTHERED TO LISTEN OR CARE.
IF *THAT* IS WHAT YOU THINK IT MEANS TO BE A GOD, THEN YOU AND ALL YOUR TEACHINGS ARE WELCOME TO DO AS THAT POOR WOMAN DID.
AND *VANISH* FROM THESE REALMS FOREVER.
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE IMPERIUM IS SHE GOING ON ABOUT? SOME EXPIRED MORTAL? IS SHE FEEBLE-MINDED, DO YOU THINK?
IT WOULD APPEAR SO. PERHAPS WE SHOULD SPEAK MORE SLOWLY.
THE ONLY THING I WISH TO LEARN FROM YOU IS *WHY*. WHY AM I HERE? I HAVE DONE NOTHING TO THESE SHI'AR.
YET.
YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE WE WISH IT.
BECAUSE WE DEMAND IT.
YOU ARE HERE TO ANSWER OUR CHALLENGE.
A CHALLENGE OF THE--

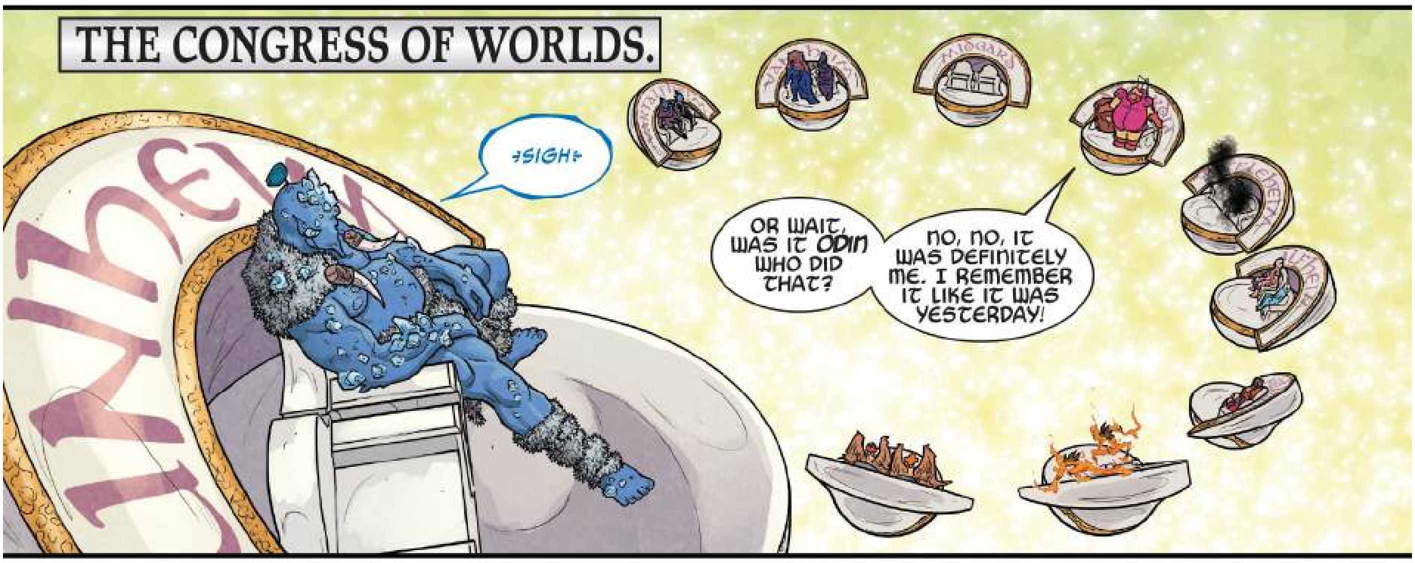

MY ANSWER IS NO. NOW IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME.
OR EVEN IF YOU WILL NOT.
VERY WELL. BUT SINCE YOU SEEM TO CARE SO MUCH ABOUT DEAD LITTLE MORTALS, I DO HOPE YOU REALIZE HOW MANY YOU'LL BE LEAVING IN YOUR WAKE BY WALKING AWAY.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I'M AFRAID IT'S TRUE, MY LADY THOR.
'TIS JUST THOR. I AM NOT NOW, NOR WILL I EVER BE, "YOUR LADY."
THE GODS TELL IT TRUE, THOR. THERE ARE THREE SHI'AR SUPERDESTROYER STARSHIPS IN EARTH'S ORBIT AS WE SPEAK, HEAVILY CLOAKED AND FULLY ARMED.
IF YOU DO NOT ANSWER THIS CHALLENGE, THEY HAVE ORDERS TO OBLITERATE THE ENTIRE PLANET.
THEN YOUR GODS ARE MAD.
NEVERTHELESS, THEY ARE THE GODS OF THE SHI'AR. AND I AM SORRY, BUT AS MAJESTOR OF THE IMPERIUM, I AM HONOR BOUND TO--
GHHK!

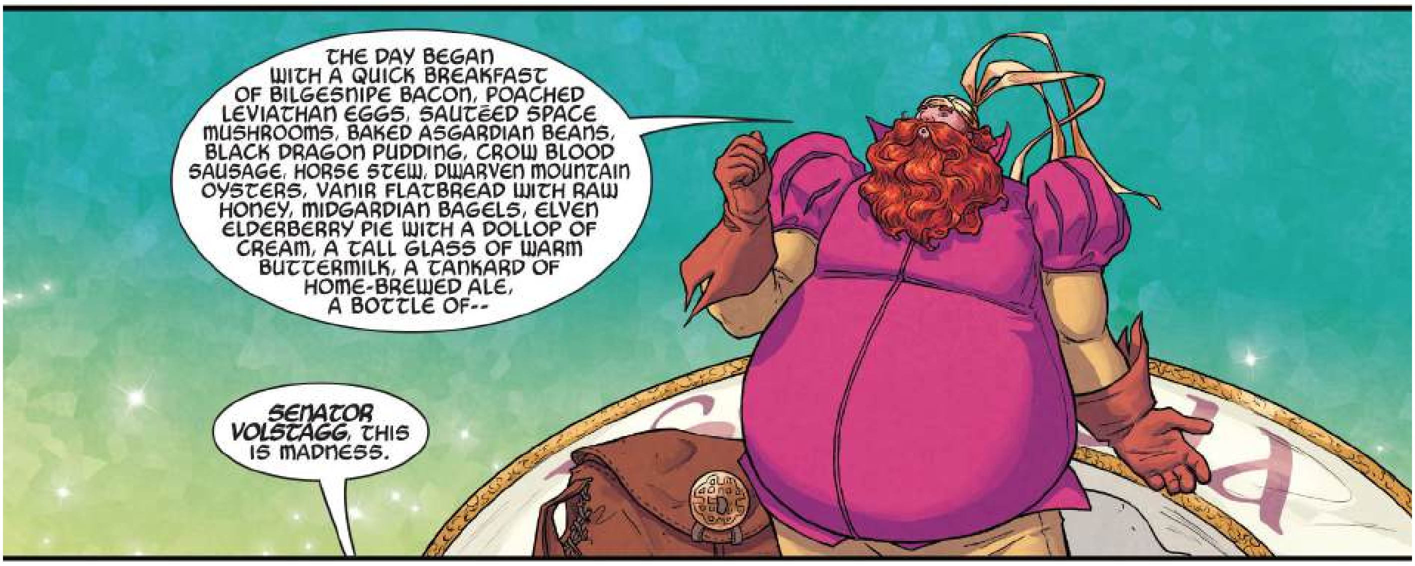

YOU DARE?!
FATHER!
MOVE FROM THIS SPOT AND GLADIATOR WILL *DIE*, PRINCE KUBARK.
WE *ALL* WILL DIE.
YOU DARE APOLOGIZE TO *HER?!*

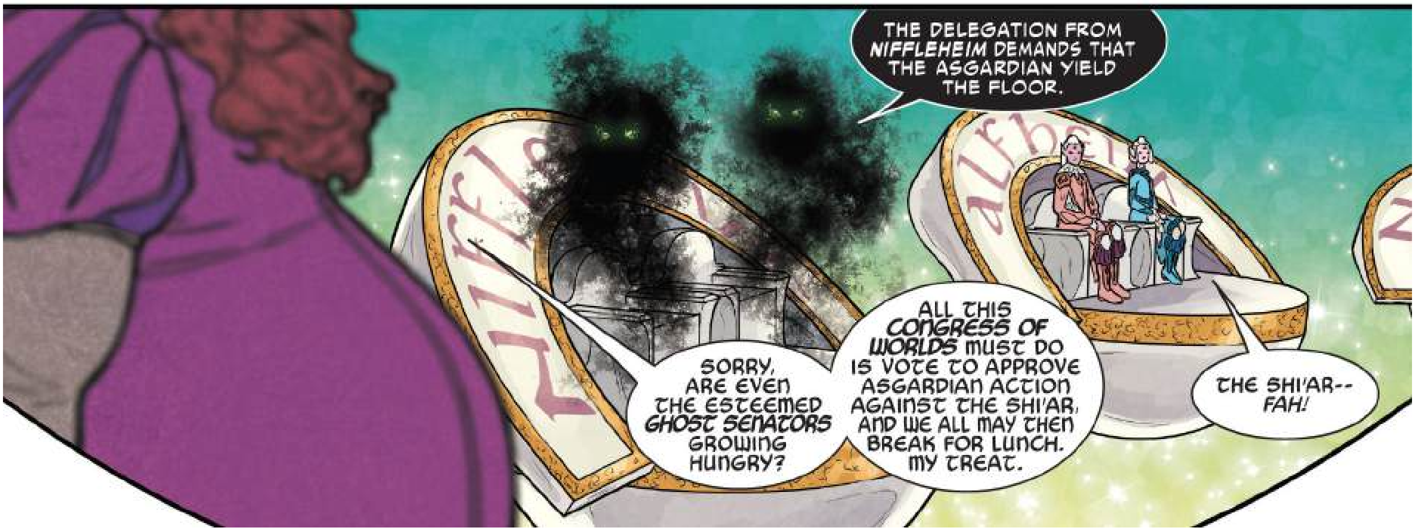

WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE ALLOWED A ***STRONTIAN*** TO LEAD THE SHI'AR! YOU ARE NOT FIT TO BE MAJESTOR!
YOU ARE NOT FIT TO BREATHE OUR AIR OR WALK IN OUR LIGHT!
IF... THAT IS YOUR COMMAND.
ENOUGH!
THIS ENDS NOW.
ALL OF IT.
OR I END ***YOU.***
AH, I DO BELIEVE SHE CHANGED HER MIND ABOUT ACCEPTING OUR CHALLENGE.
THEN SO IT BEGINS.
THUD
AYE. SO BEGINS THE KICKING OF THINE HINDQUARTERS.

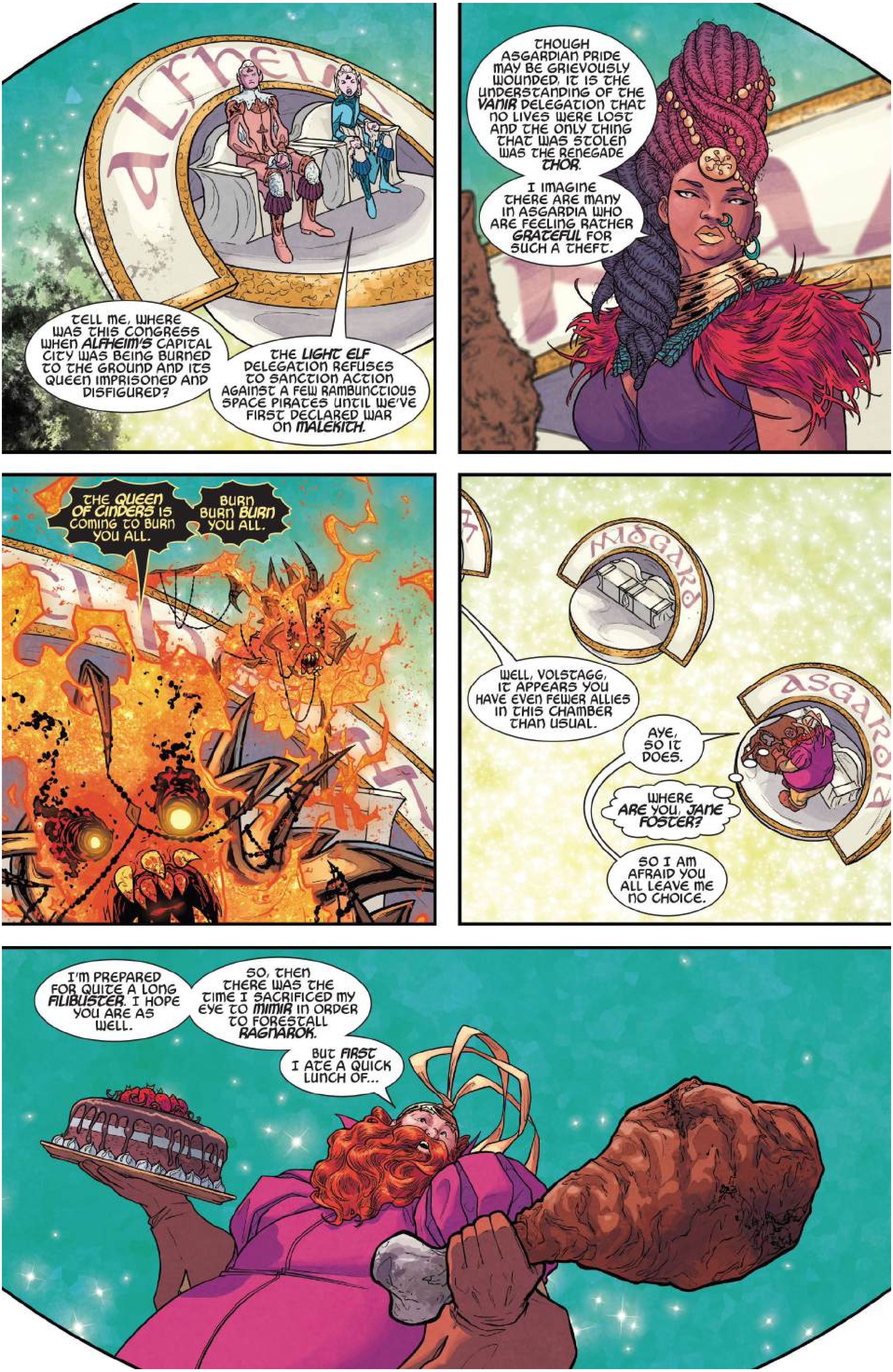

OH, MY. THIS IS GOING TO BE EVEN EASIER THAN WE IMAGINED.
YES, BUT NO LESS FUN.
POW
HGGN!
FEELS LIKE A NUCLEAR BOMB JUST EXPLODED IN MY FACE. HAVEN'T BEEN PUNCHED LIKE THAT SINCE ODIN. AND I STILL HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE HELL IS GOING--
AH, SORRY, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO INSIST THAT WE FOLLOW THE PROPER PROTOCOL HERE.
THERE IS AN ESTABLISHED ORDER TO THESE THINGS, AFTER ALL. TRIAL BY COMBAT ISN'T SCHEDULED UNTIL ROUND 17.
UM, HELLO. I'M SHADRAK, GOD OF DAFFODILS AND DOCUMENTATION. AND I'M HERE FROM OMNIPOTENCE CITY TO OFFICIATE THIS... CHALLENGE OF THE GODS.
SHALL WE GET STARTED?

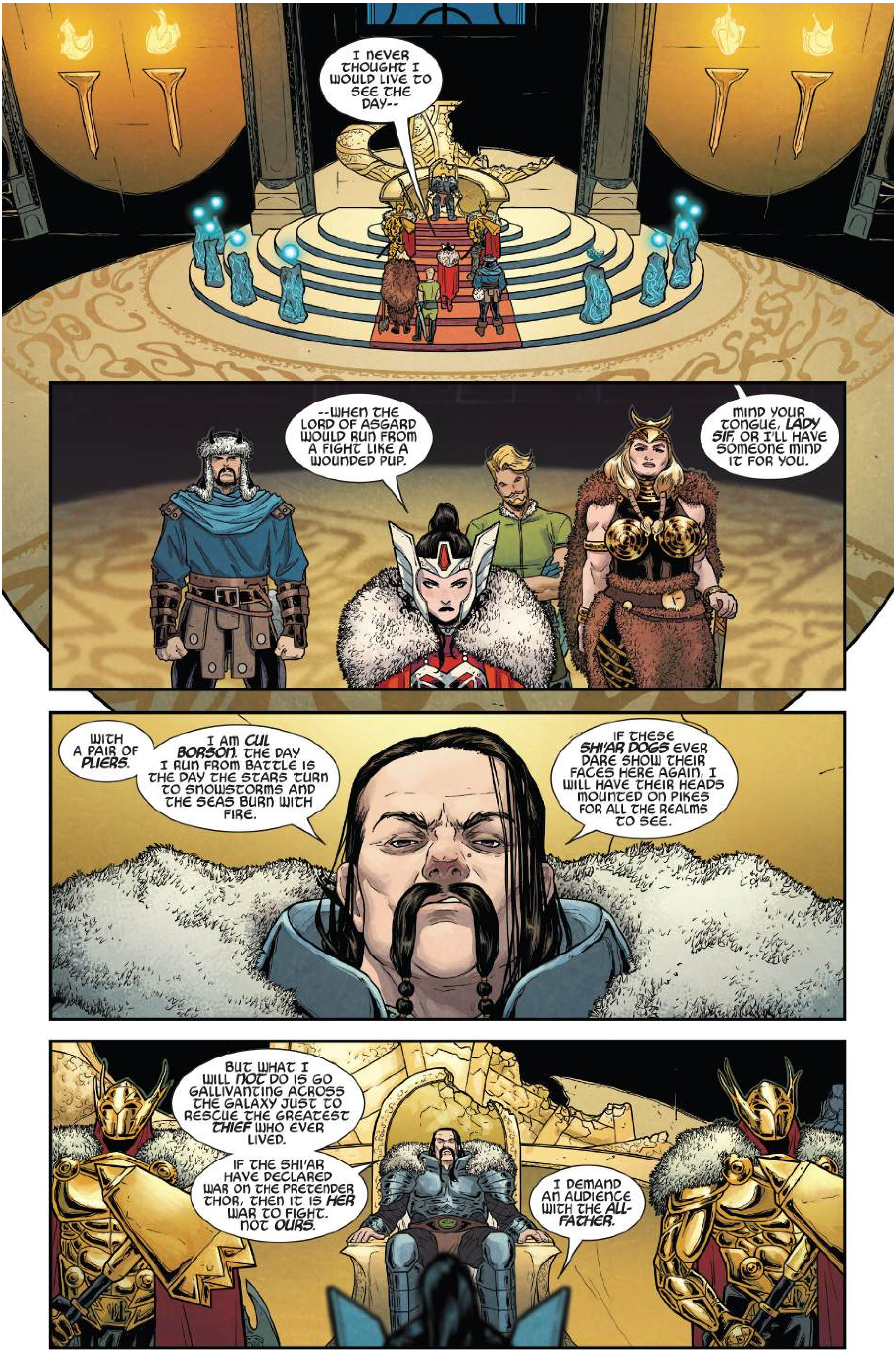

ASGARDIA.
AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME I DONNED THE ARMOR OF THE DESTROYER AND WENT OFF, SWORD IN HAND, TO BATTLE THE CELESTIALS!

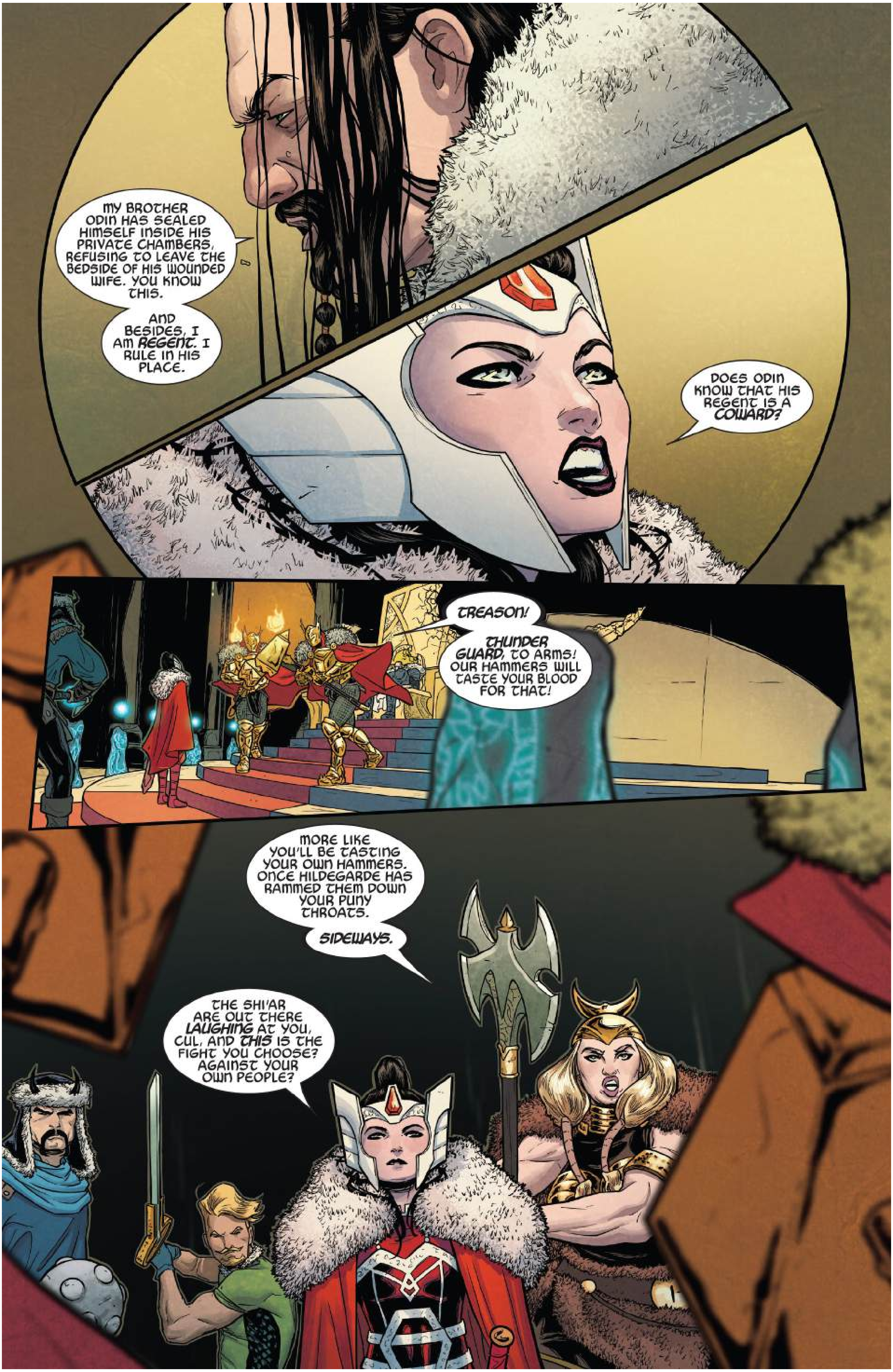

THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS.
⸗SIGH⸗
OR WAIT, WAS IT **ODIN** WHO DID THAT?
NO, NO, IT WAS DEFINITELY ME. I REMEMBER IT LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY!

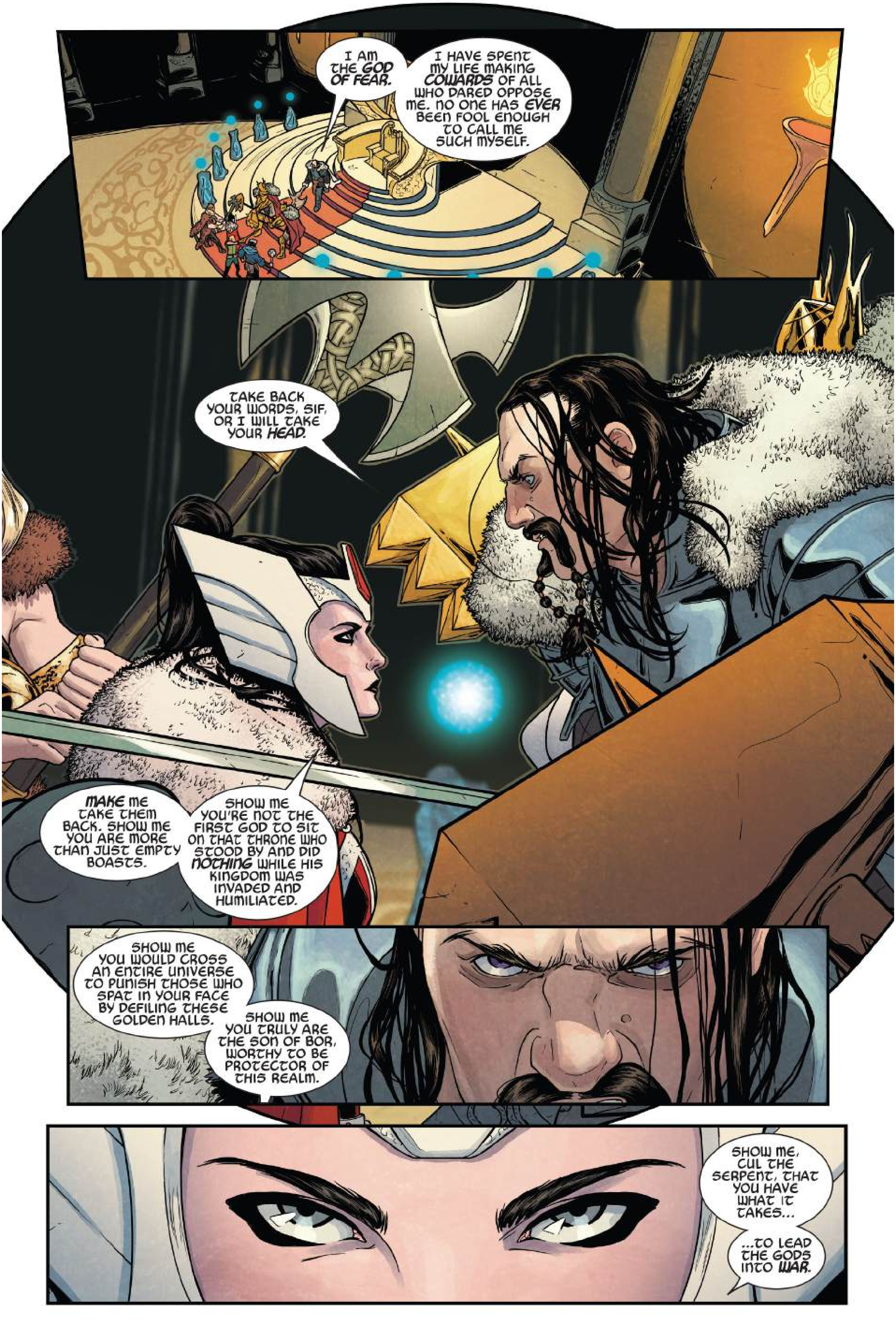

THE DAY BEGAN WITH A QUICK BREAKFAST OF BILGESNIPE BACON, POACHED LEVIATHAN EGGS, SAUTÉED SPACE MUSHROOMS, BAKED ASGARDIAN BEANS, BLACK DRAGON PUDDING, CROW BLOOD SAUSAGE, HORSE STEW, DWARVEN MOUNTAIN OYSTERS, VANIR FLATBREAD WITH RAW HONEY, MIDGARDIAN BAGELS, ELVEN ELDERBERRY PIE WITH A DOLLOP OF CREAM, A TALL GLASS OF WARM BUTTERMILK, A TANKARD OF HOME-BREWED ALE, A BOTTLE OF--
SENATOR VOLSTAGG, THIS IS MADNESS.

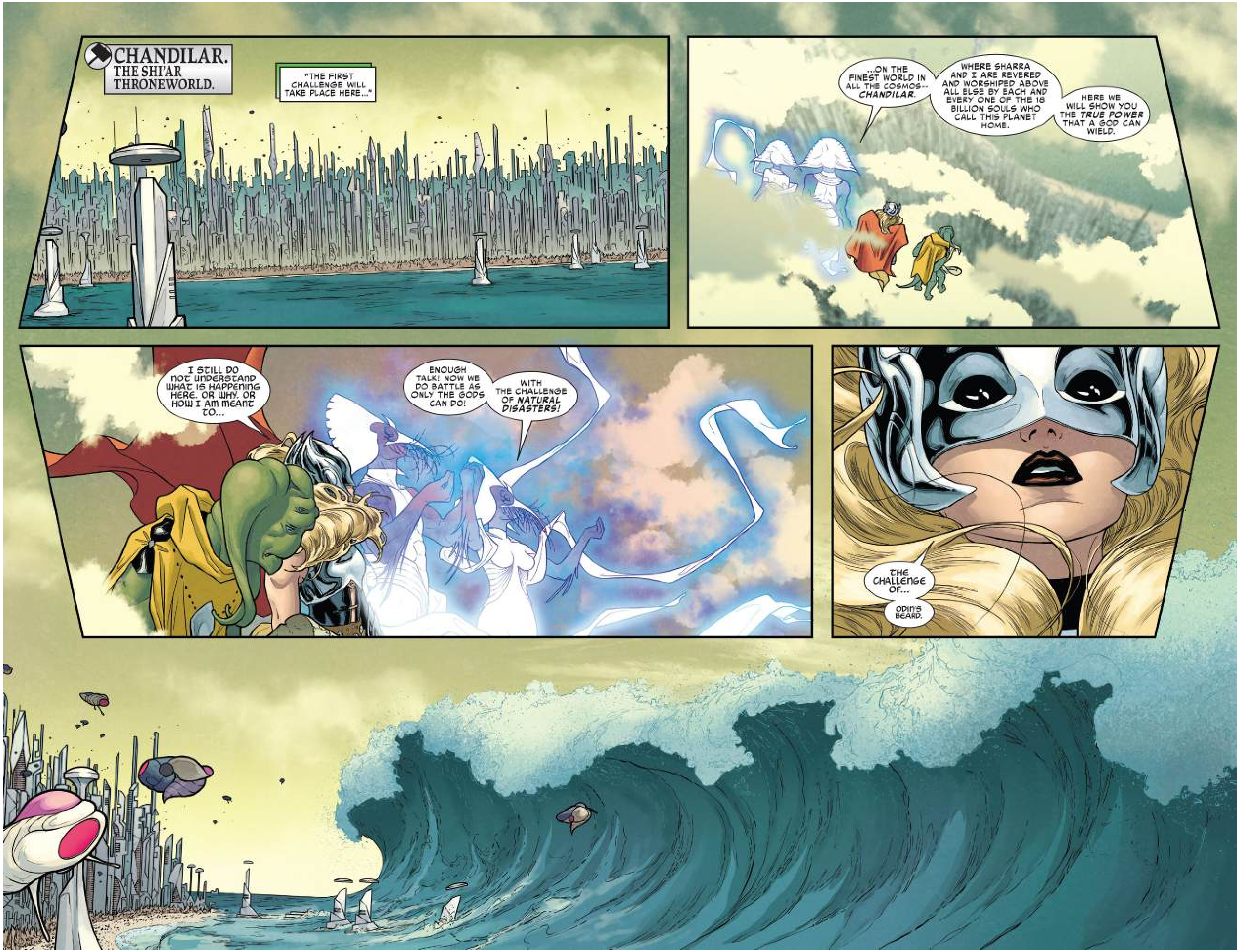

THE DELEGATION FROM ***NIFFLEHEIM*** DEMANDS THAT THE ASGARDIAN YIELD THE FLOOR.
SORRY, ARE EVEN THE ESTEEMED ***GHOST SENATORS*** GROWING HUNGRY?
ALL THIS ***CONGRESS OF WORLDS*** MUST DO IS VOTE TO APPROVE ASGARDIAN ACTION AGAINST THE SHI'AR, AND WE ALL MAY THEN BREAK FOR LUNCH. MY TREAT.
THE SHI'AR-- ***FAH!***

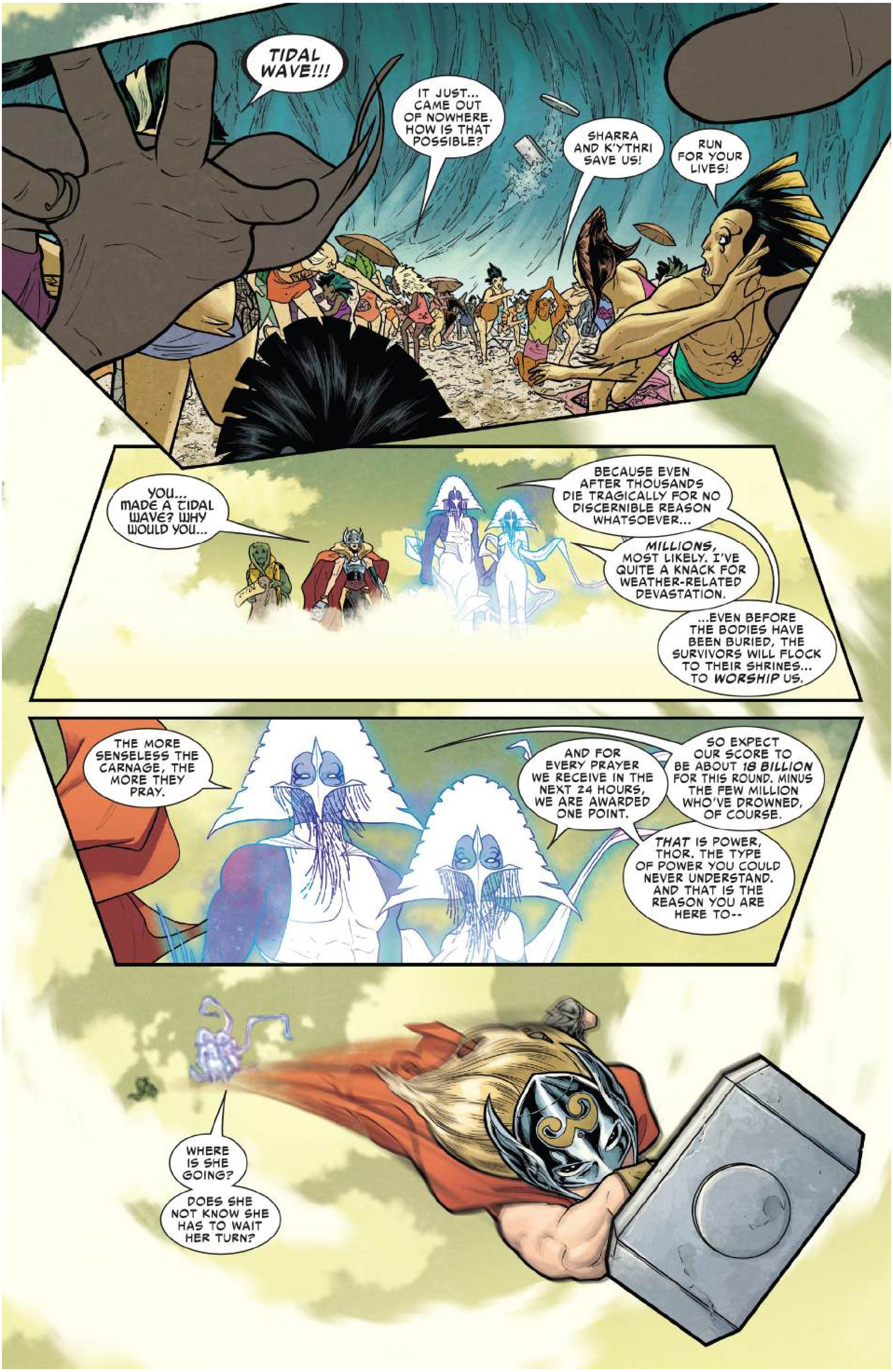

ALFHEIM
TELL ME, WHERE WAS THIS CONGRESS WHEN ALFHEIM'S CAPITAL CITY WAS BEING BURNED TO THE GROUND AND ITS QUEEN IMPRISONED AND DISFIGURED?
THE LIGHT ELF DELEGATION REFUSES TO SANCTION ACTION AGAINST A FEW RAMBUNCTIOUS SPACE PIRATES UNTIL WE'VE FIRST DECLARED WAR ON MALEKITH.
THOUGH ASGARDIAN PRIDE MAY BE GRIEVOUSLY WOUNDED, IT IS THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE VANIR DELEGATION THAT NO LIVES WERE LOST AND THE ONLY THING THAT WAS STOLEN WAS THE RENEGADE THOR.
I IMAGINE THERE ARE MANY IN ASGARDIA WHO ARE FEELING RATHER GRATEFUL FOR SUCH A THEFT.
THE QUEEN OF CINDERS IS COMING TO BURN YOU ALL.
BURN BURN BURN YOU ALL.
MIDGARD
WELL, VOLSTAGG, IT APPEARS YOU HAVE EVEN FEWER ALLIES IN THIS CHAMBER THAN USUAL.
ASGARDIA
AYE, SO IT DOES.
WHERE ARE YOU, JANE FOSTER?
SO I AM AFRAID YOU ALL LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.
I'M PREPARED FOR QUITE A LONG FILIBUSTER. I HOPE YOU ARE AS WELL.
SO, THEN THERE WAS THE TIME I SACRIFICED MY EYE TO MIMIR IN ORDER TO FORESTALL RAGNAROK.
BUT FIRST I ATE A QUICK LUNCH OF...

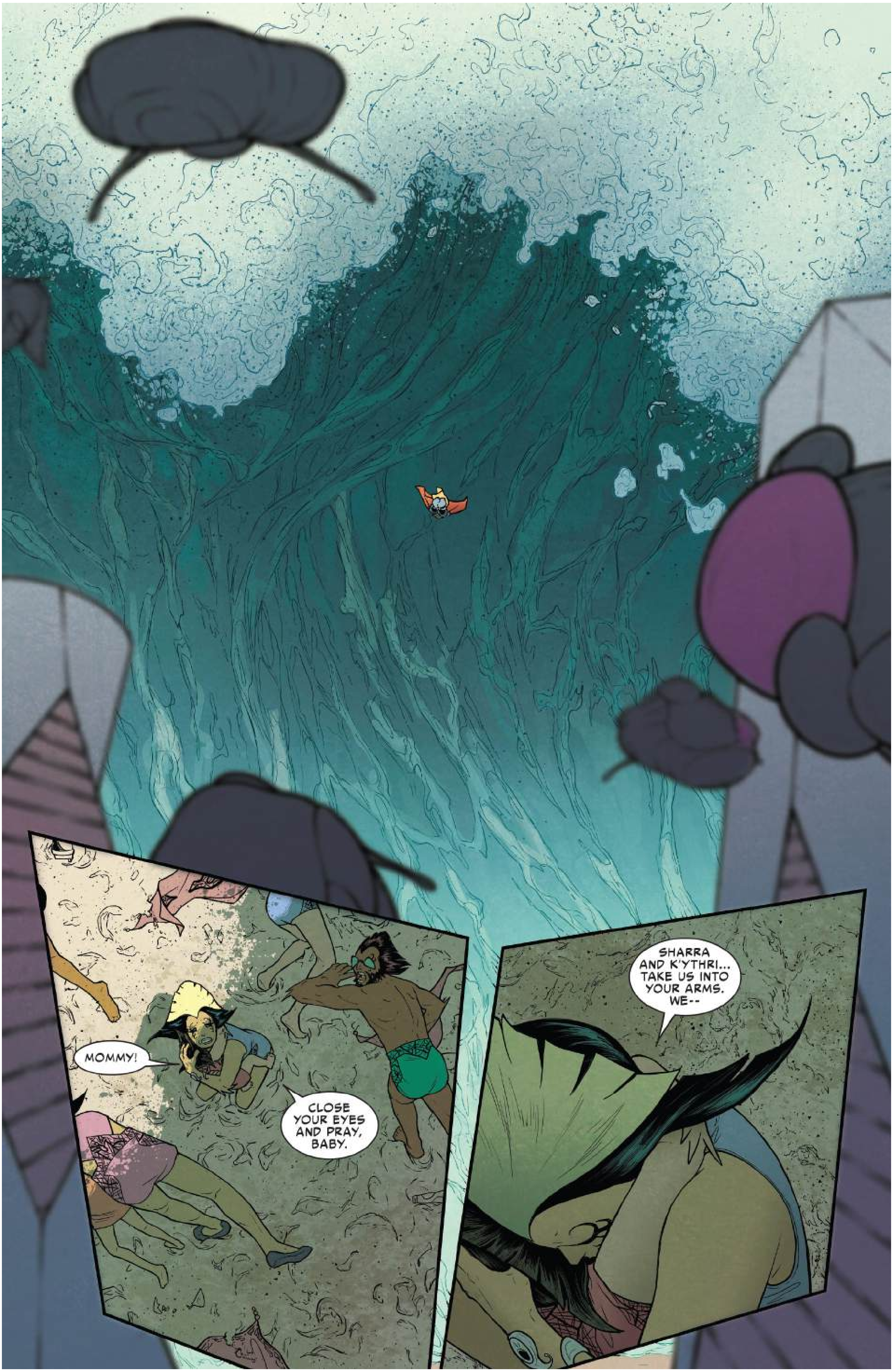

I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD LIVE TO SEE THE DAY--
--WHEN THE LORD OF ASGARD WOULD RUN FROM A FIGHT LIKE A WOUNDED PUP.
MIND YOUR TONGUE, LADY SIF, OR I'LL HAVE SOMEONE MIND IT FOR YOU.
WITH A PAIR OF PLIERS.
I AM CUL BORSON. THE DAY I RUN FROM BATTLE IS THE DAY THE STARS TURN TO SNOWSTORMS AND THE SEAS BURN WITH FIRE.
IF THESE SHI'AR DOGS EVER DARE SHOW THEIR FACES HERE AGAIN, I WILL HAVE THEIR HEADS MOUNTED ON PIKES FOR ALL THE REALMS TO SEE.
BUT WHAT I WILL NOT DO IS GO GALLIVANTING ACROSS THE GALAXY JUST TO RESCUE THE GREATEST THIEF WHO EVER LIVED.
IF THE SHI'AR HAVE DECLARED WAR ON THE PRETENDER THOR, THEN IT IS HER WAR TO FIGHT. NOT OURS.
I DEMAND AN AUDIENCE WITH THE ALL-FATHER.

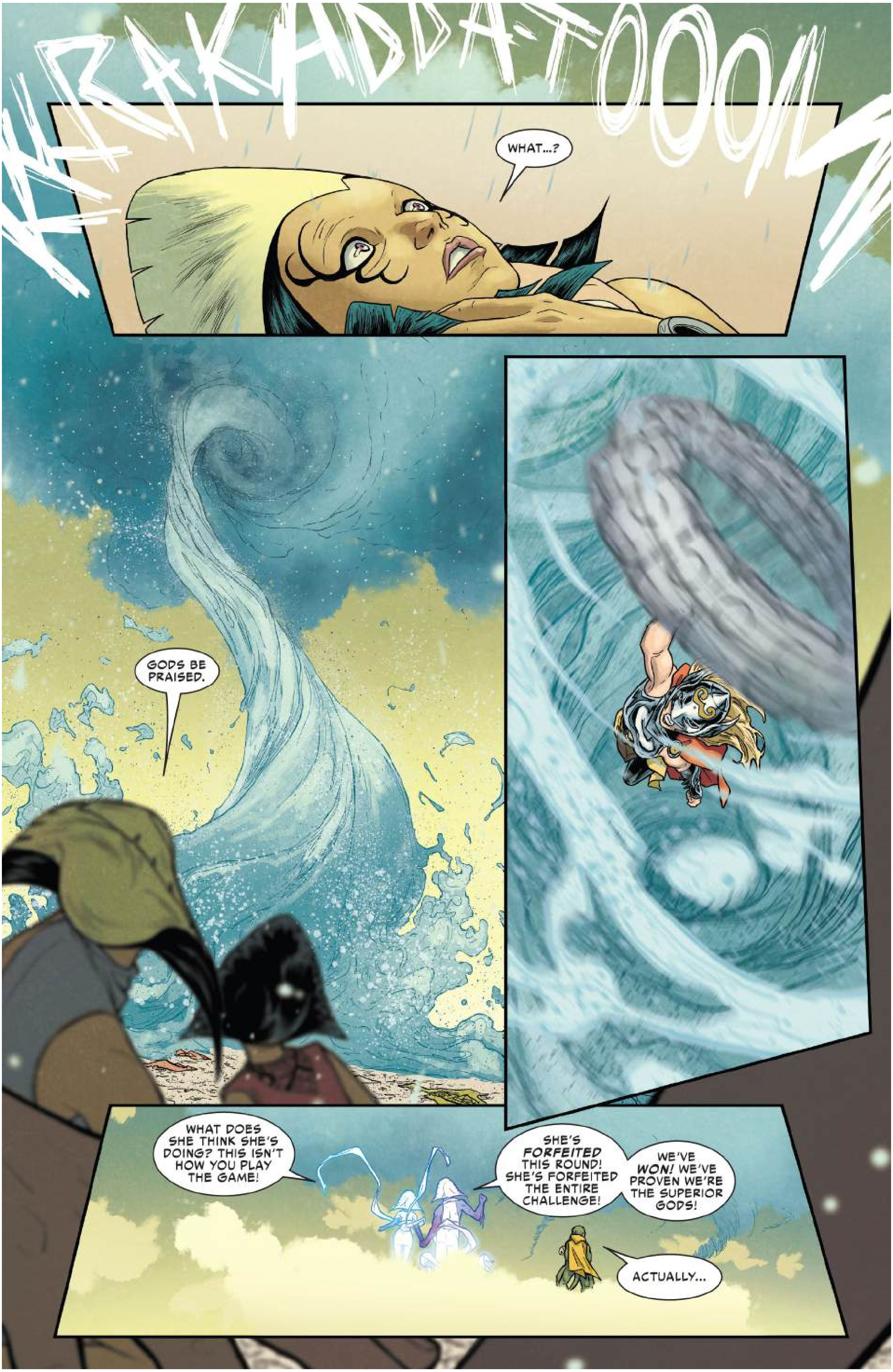

MY BROTHER ODIN HAS SEALED HIMSELF INSIDE HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS, REFUSING TO LEAVE THE BEDSIDE OF HIS WOUNDED WIFE. YOU KNOW THIS.
AND BESIDES, I AM **REGENT**. I RULE IN HIS PLACE.
DOES ODIN KNOW THAT HIS REGENT IS A **COWARD?**
TREASON!
THUNDER GUARD, TO ARMS! OUR HAMMERS WILL TASTE YOUR BLOOD FOR THAT!
MORE LIKE YOU'LL BE TASTING YOUR OWN HAMMERS. ONCE HILDEGARDE HAS RAMMED THEM DOWN YOUR PUNY THROATS.
SIDEWAYS.
THE SHI'AR ARE OUT THERE ***LAUGHING*** AT YOU, CUL, AND ***THIS*** IS THE FIGHT YOU CHOOSE? AGAINST YOUR OWN PEOPLE?

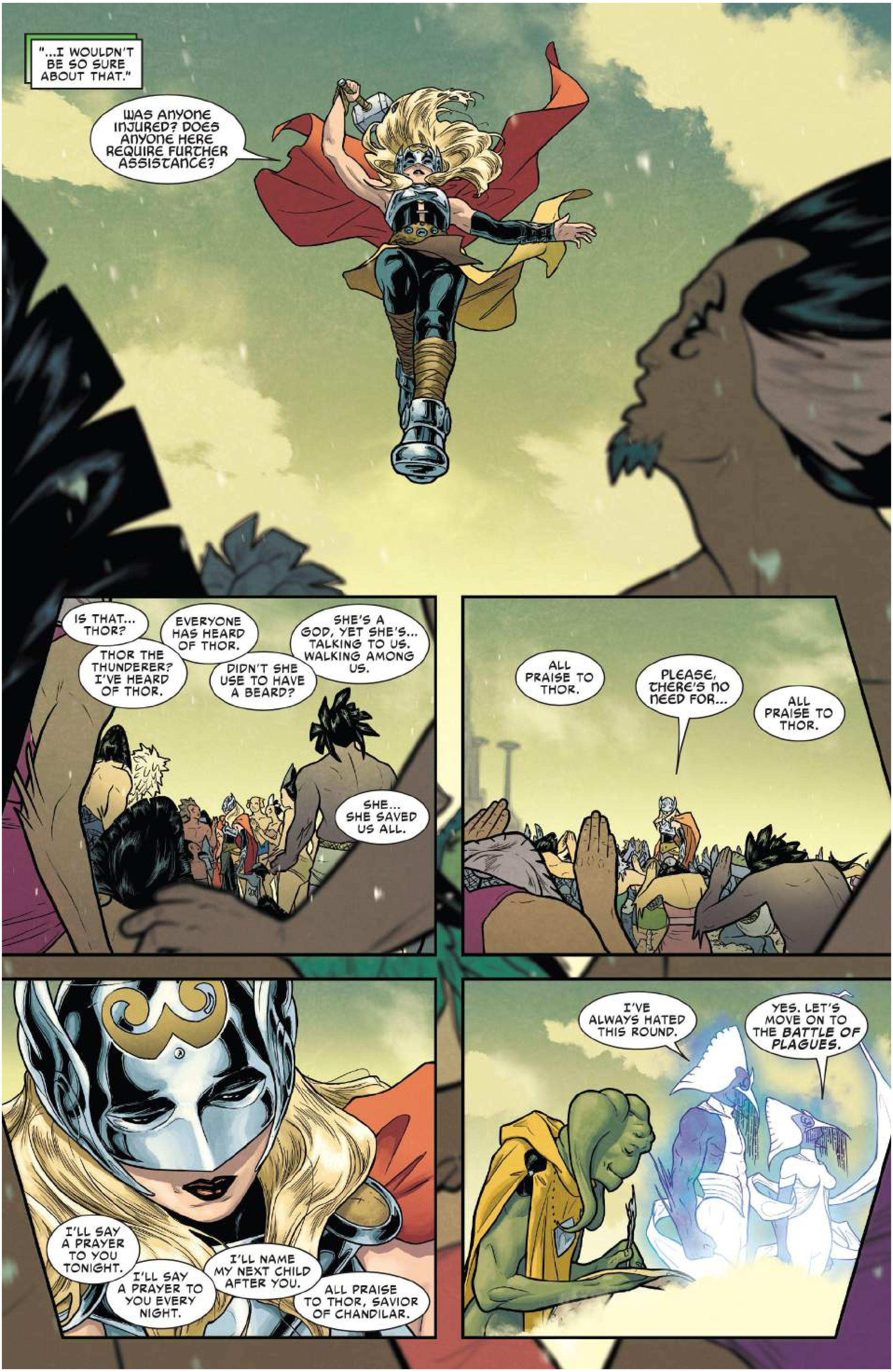

I AM THE **GOD OF FEAR.**
I HAVE SPENT MY LIFE MAKING **COWARDS** OF ALL WHO DARED OPPOSE ME. NO ONE HAS **EVER** BEEN FOOL ENOUGH TO CALL ME SUCH MYSELF.
TAKE BACK YOUR WORDS, SIF, OR I WILL TAKE YOUR **HEAD.**
MAKE ME TAKE THEM BACK. SHOW ME YOU ARE MORE THAN JUST EMPTY BOASTS.
SHOW ME YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST GOD TO SIT ON THAT THRONE WHO STOOD BY AND DID **NOTHING** WHILE HIS KINGDOM WAS INVADED AND HUMILIATED.
SHOW ME YOU WOULD CROSS AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE TO PUNISH THOSE WHO SPAT IN YOUR FACE BY DEFILING THESE GOLDEN HALLS.
SHOW ME YOU TRULY ARE THE SON OF BOR, WORTHY TO BE PROTECTOR OF THIS REALM.
SHOW ME, CUL THE SERPENT, THAT YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES...
...TO LEAD THE GODS INTO **WAR.**

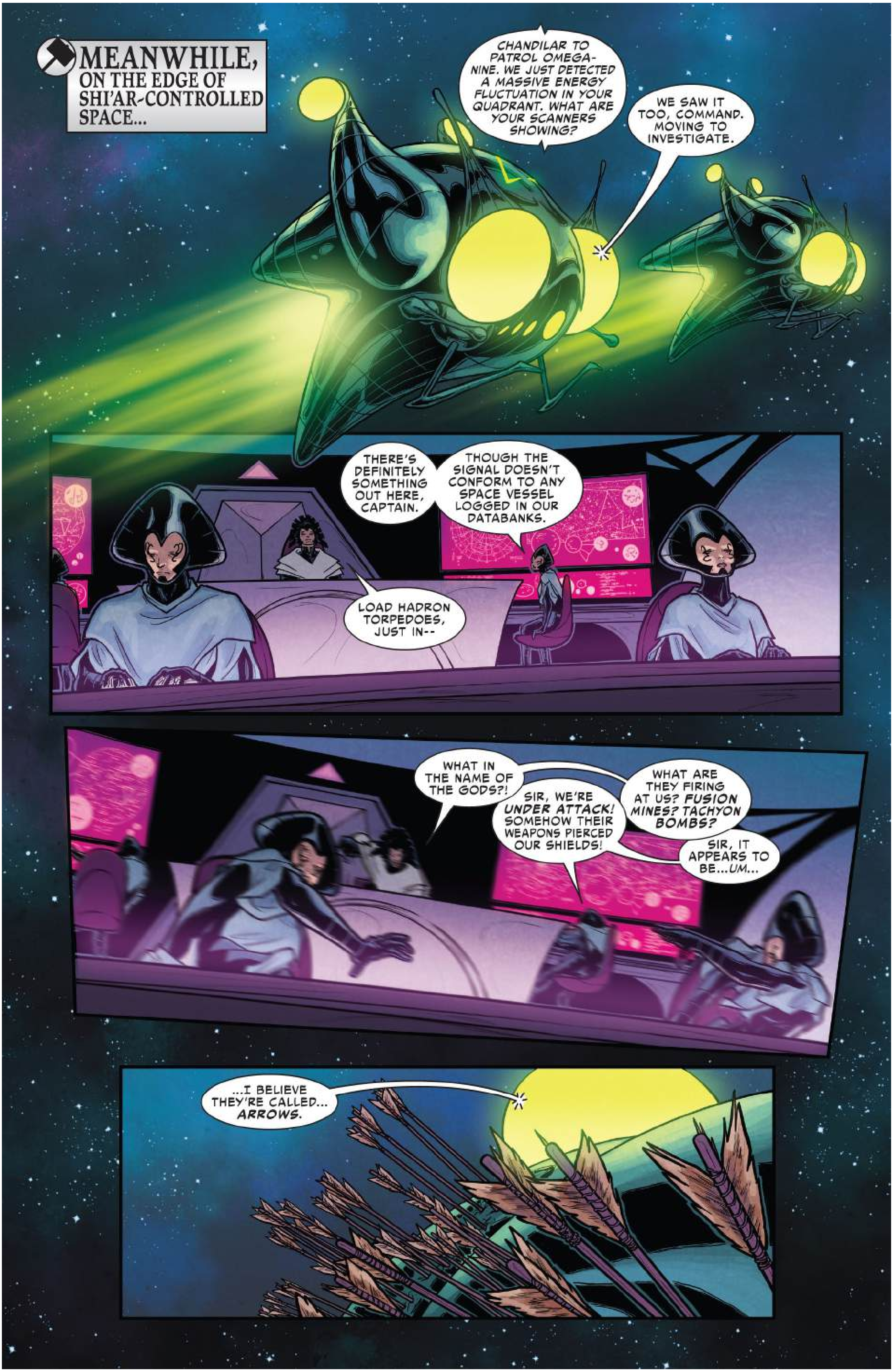

CHANDILAR. THE SHI'AR THRONEWORLD.
"THE FIRST CHALLENGE WILL TAKE PLACE HERE..."
...ON THE FINEST WORLD IN ALL THE COSMOS-- *CHANDILAR.*
WHERE SHARRA AND I ARE REVERED AND WORSHIPED ABOVE ALL ELSE BY EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THE 18 BILLION SOULS WHO CALL THIS PLANET HOME.
HERE WE WILL SHOW YOU THE *TRUE POWER* THAT A GOD CAN WIELD.
I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE. OR WHY. OR HOW I AM MEANT TO...
ENOUGH TALK! NOW WE DO BATTLE AS ONLY THE GODS CAN DO!
WITH THE CHALLENGE OF *NATURAL DISASTERS!*
THE CHALLENGE OF...
ODIN'S BEARD.

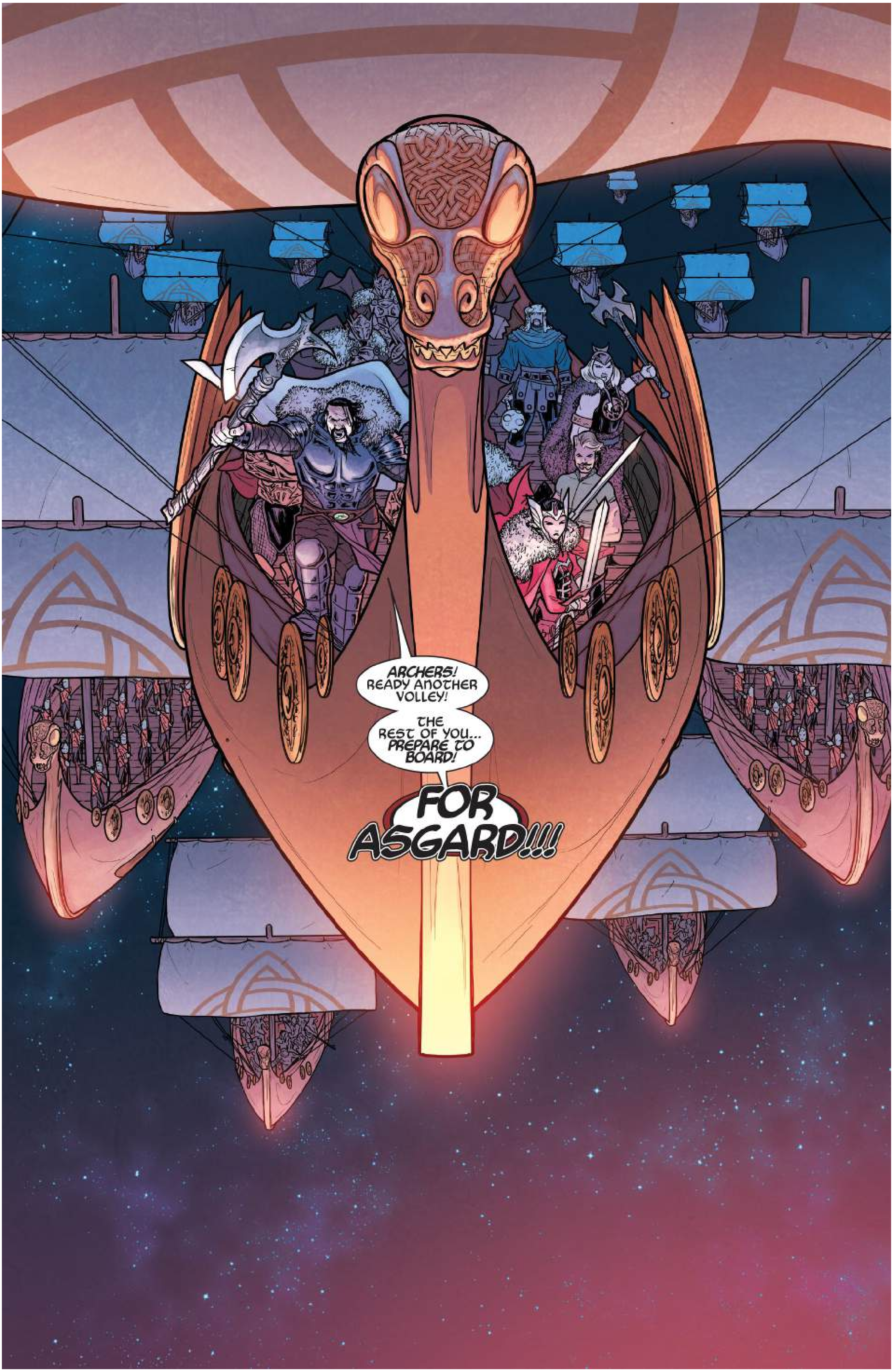

TIDAL WAVE!!!
IT JUST... CAME OUT OF NOWHERE. HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?
SHARRA AND K'YTHRI SAVE US!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
YOU... MADE A TIDAL WAVE? WHY WOULD YOU...
BECAUSE EVEN AFTER THOUSANDS DIE TRAGICALLY FOR NO DISCERNIBLE REASON WHATSOEVER...
MILLIONS, MOST LIKELY. I'VE QUITE A KNACK FOR WEATHER-RELATED DEVASTATION.
...EVEN BEFORE THE BODIES HAVE BEEN BURIED, THE SURVIVORS WILL FLOCK TO THEIR SHRINES... TO *WORSHIP* US.
THE MORE SENSELESS THE CARNAGE, THE MORE THEY PRAY.
AND FOR EVERY PRAYER WE RECEIVE IN THE NEXT 24 HOURS, WE ARE AWARDED ONE POINT.
SO EXPECT OUR SCORE TO BE ABOUT *18 BILLION* FOR THIS ROUND. MINUS THE FEW MILLION WHO'VE DROWNED, OF COURSE.
THAT IS POWER, THOR. THE TYPE OF POWER YOU COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND. AND THAT IS THE REASON YOU ARE HERE TO--
WHERE IS SHE GOING?
DOES SHE NOT KNOW SHE HAS TO WAIT HER TURN?

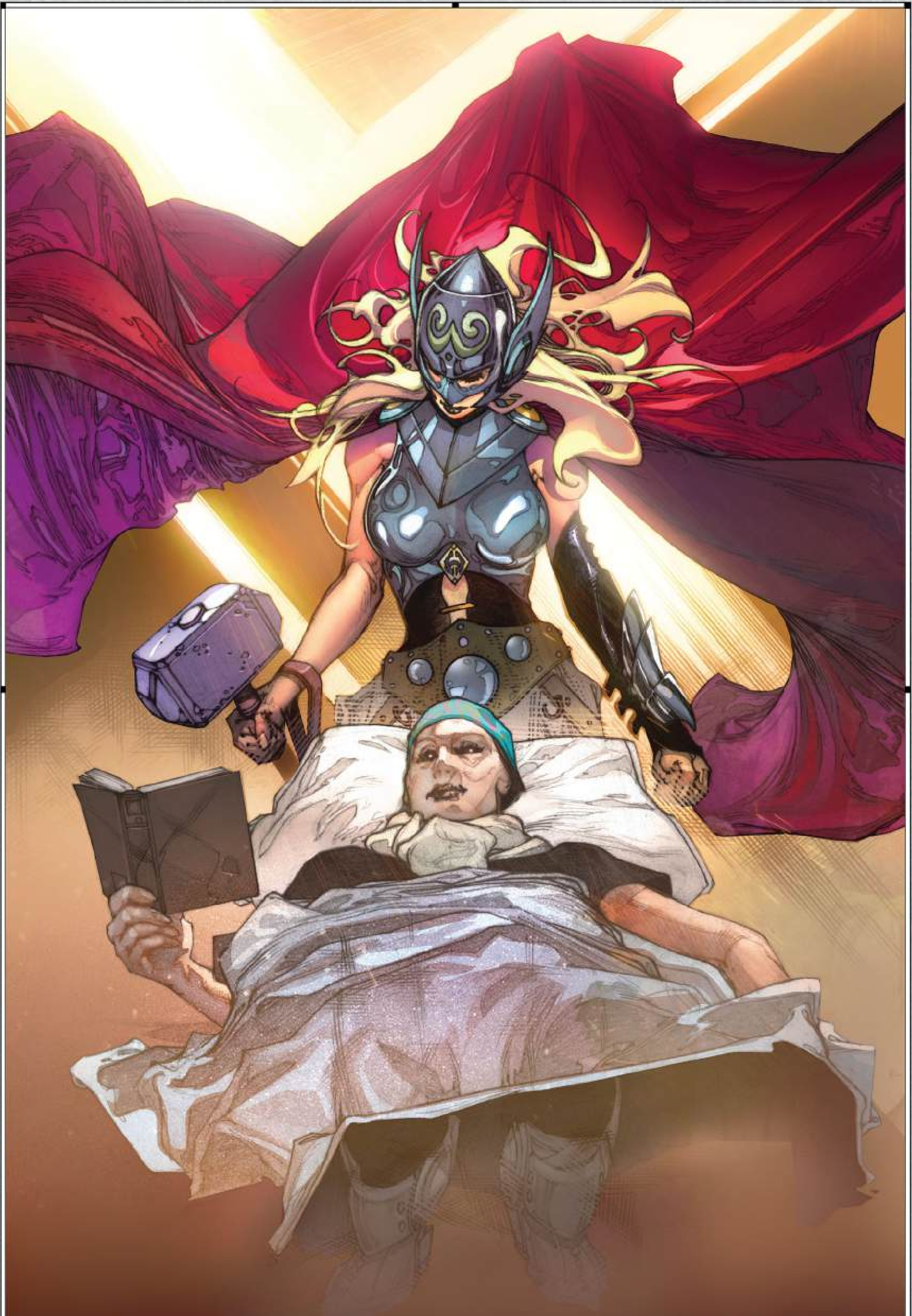

MOMMY!
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND PRAY, BABY.
SHARRA AND K'YTHRI... TAKE US INTO YOUR ARMS. WE--


KRAKADDA-TOOOM
WHAT...?
GODS BE PRAISED.
WHAT DOES SHE THINK SHE'S DOING? THIS ISN'T HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME!
SHE'S *FORFEITED* THIS ROUND! SHE'S FORFEITED THE ENTIRE CHALLENGE!
WE'VE *WON!* WE'VE PROVEN WE'RE THE SUPERIOR GODS!
ACTUALLY...

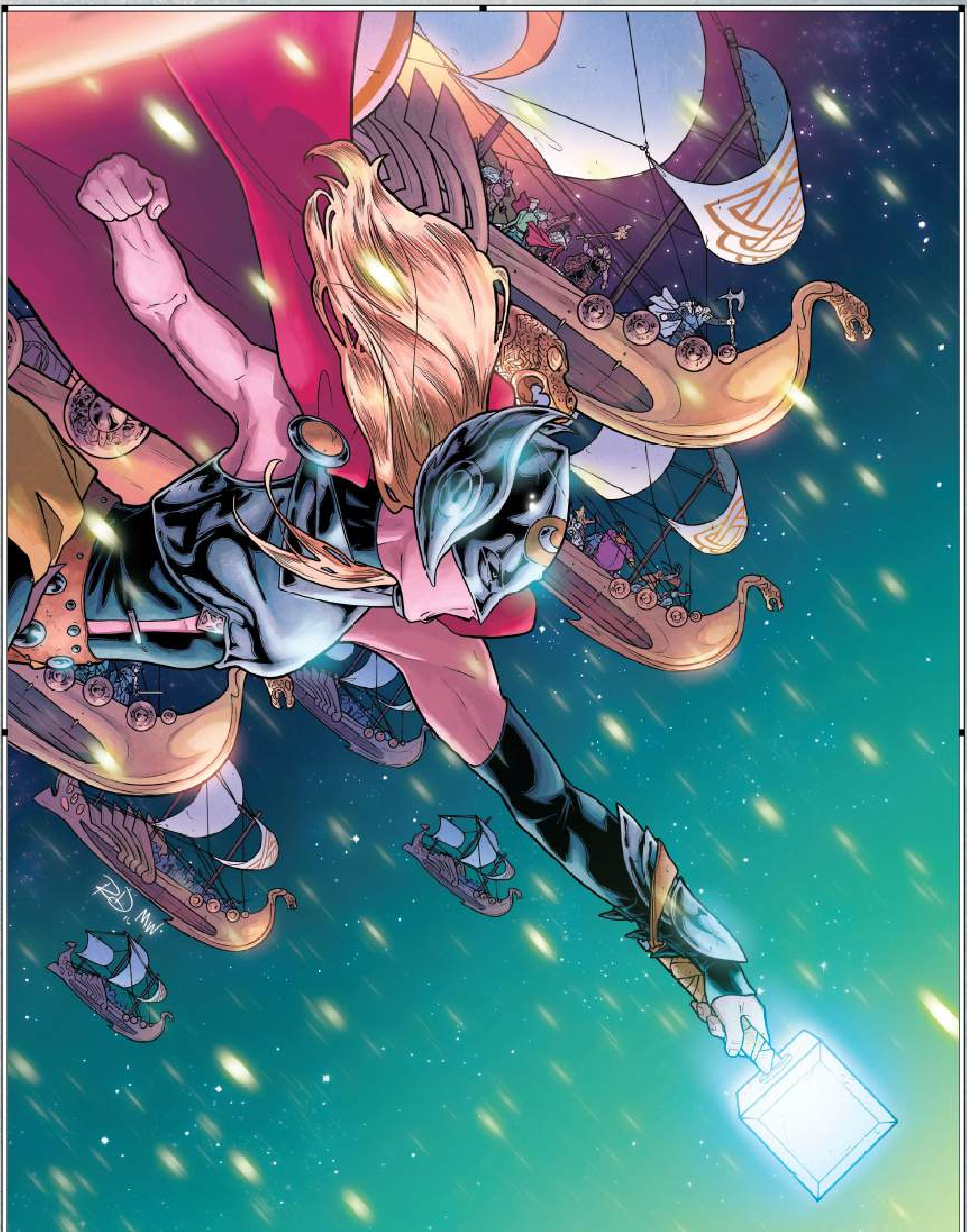

"...I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT."
WAS ANYONE INJURED? DOES ANYONE HERE REQUIRE FURTHER ASSISTANCE?
IS THAT... THOR?
THOR THE THUNDERER? I'VE HEARD OF THOR.
EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF THOR.
DIDN'T SHE USE TO HAVE A BEARD?
SHE'S A GOD, YET SHE'S... TALKING TO US. WALKING AMONG US.
SHE... SHE SAVED US ALL.
ALL PRAISE TO THOR.
PLEASE, THERE'S NO NEED FOR...
ALL PRAISE TO THOR.
I'LL SAY A PRAYER TO YOU TONIGHT.
I'LL SAY A PRAYER TO YOU EVERY NIGHT.
I'LL NAME MY NEXT CHILD AFTER YOU.
ALL PRAISE TO THOR, SAVIOR OF CHANDILAR.
I'VE ALWAYS HATED THIS ROUND.
YES. LET'S MOVE ON TO THE *BATTLE OF PLAGUES.*


MEANWHILE, ON THE EDGE OF SHI'AR-CONTROLLED SPACE...
CHANDILAR TO PATROL OMEGA-NINE. WE JUST DETECTED A MASSIVE ENERGY FLUCTUATION IN YOUR QUADRANT. WHAT ARE YOUR SCANNERS SHOWING?
WE SAW IT TOO, COMMAND. MOVING TO INVESTIGATE.
THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING OUT HERE, CAPTAIN.
THOUGH THE SIGNAL DOESN'T CONFORM TO ANY SPACE VESSEL LOGGED IN OUR DATABANKS.
LOAD HADRON TORPEDOES, JUST IN--
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE GODS?!
WHAT ARE THEY FIRING AT US? *FUSION MINES? TACHYON BOMBS?*
SIR, WE'RE *UNDER ATTACK!* SOMEHOW THEIR WEAPONS PIERCED OUR SHIELDS!
SIR, IT APPEARS TO BE...*UM*...
...I BELIEVE THEY'RE CALLED... *ARROWS.*


ARCHERS! READY ANOTHER VOLLEY!
THE REST OF YOU... PREPARE TO BOARD!
FOR ASGARD!!!

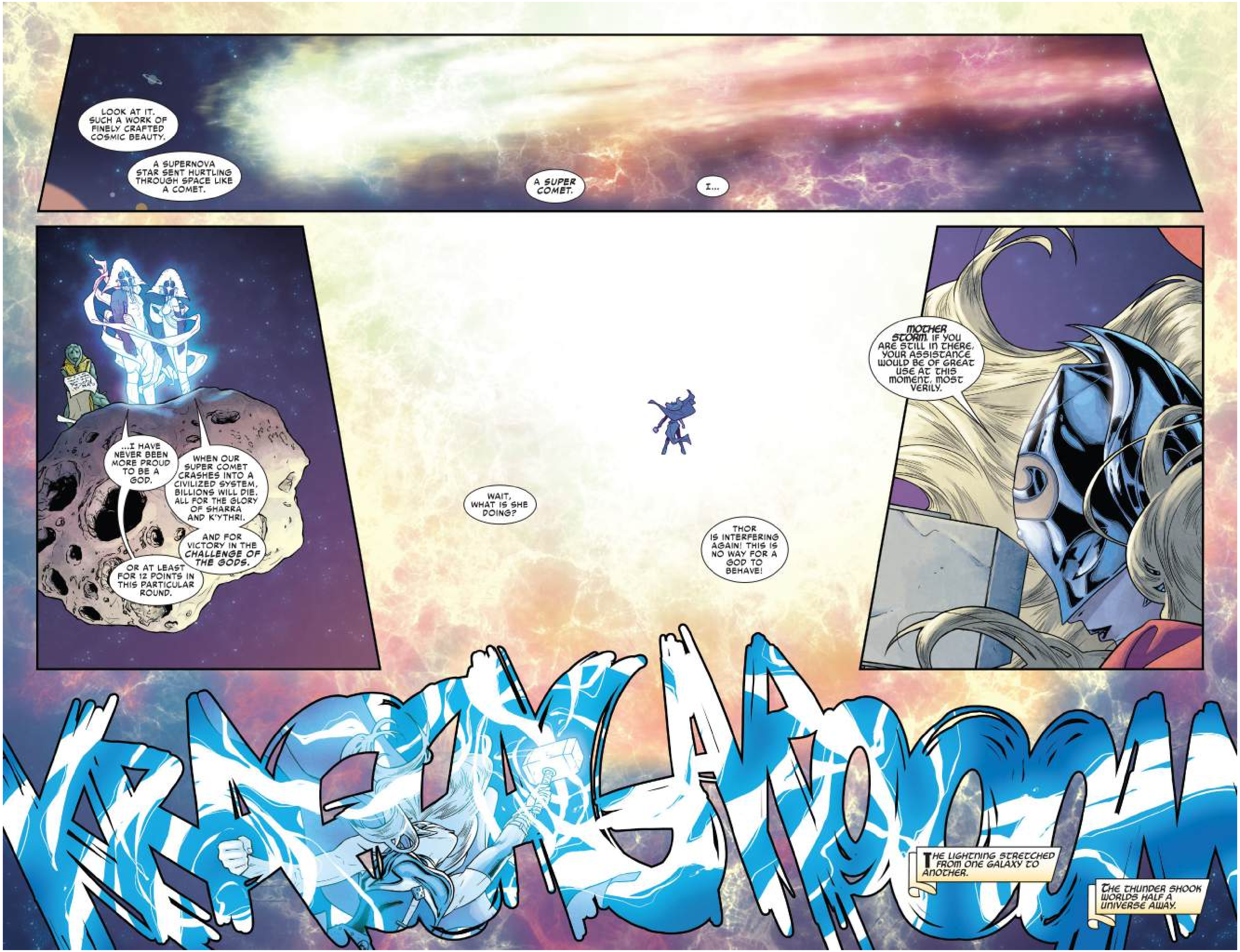


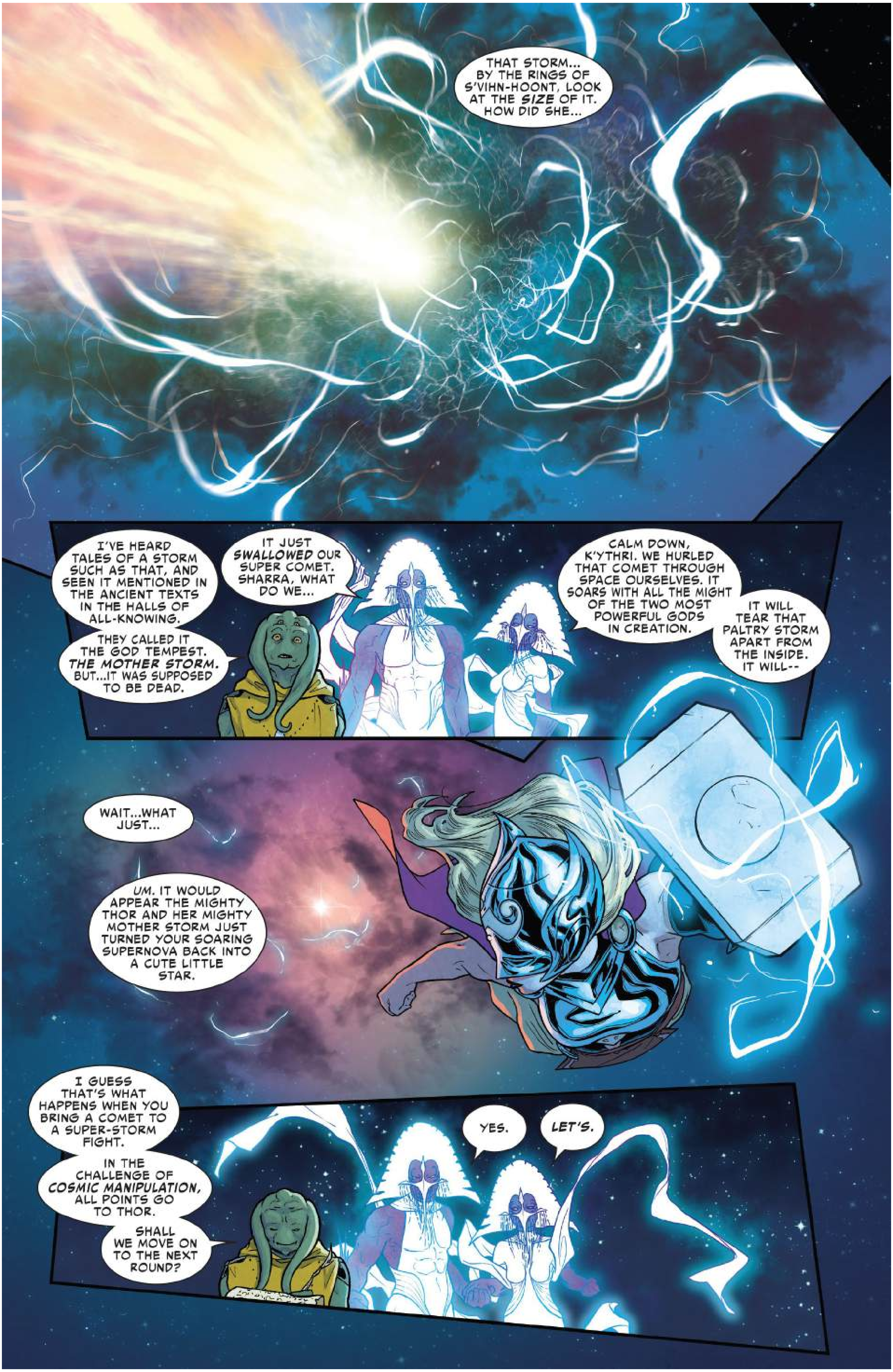
MIGHTY THOR #3 VARIANT BY Simone Bianchi & David Curiel

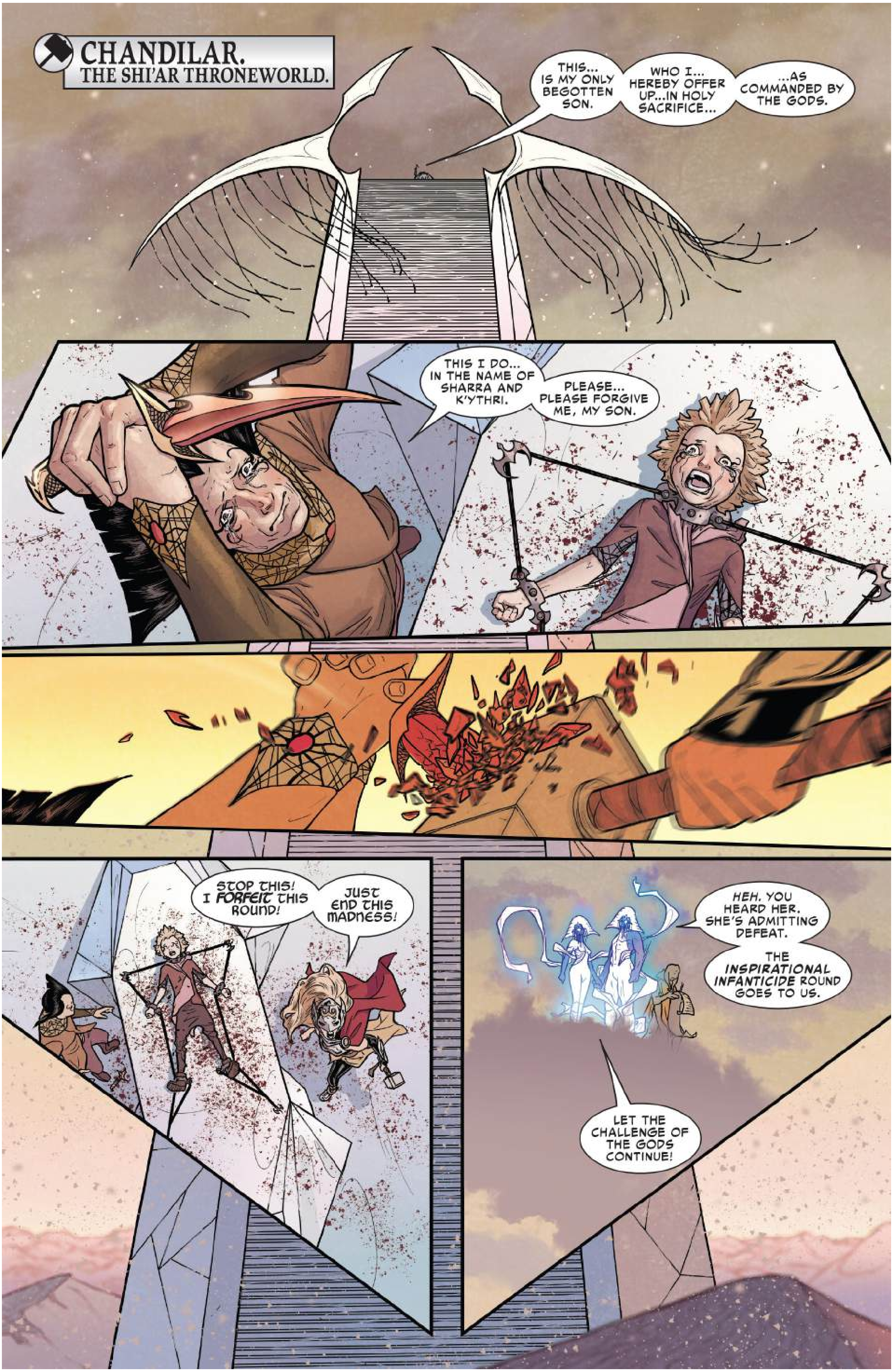


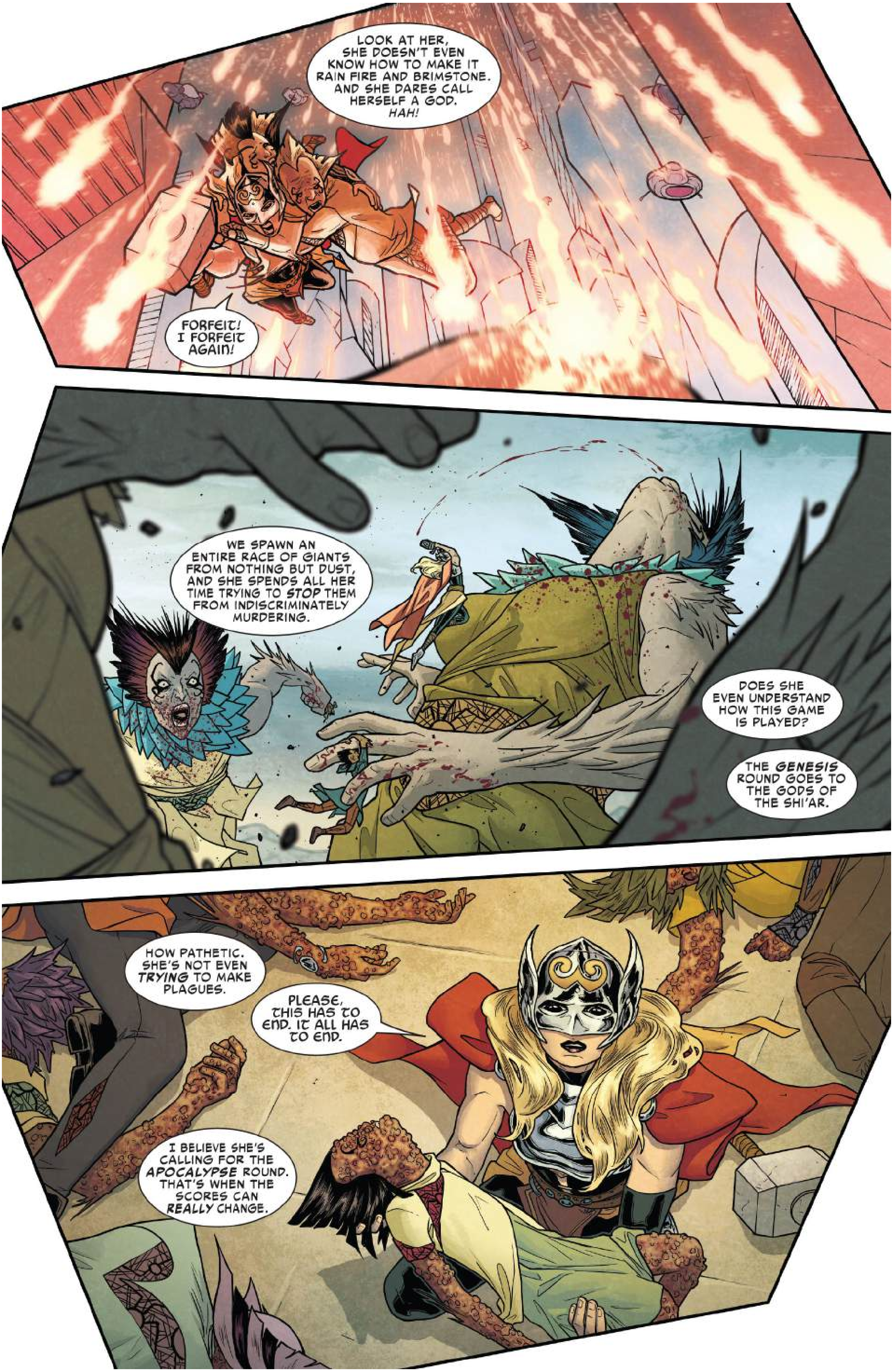
MIGHTY THOR | 17

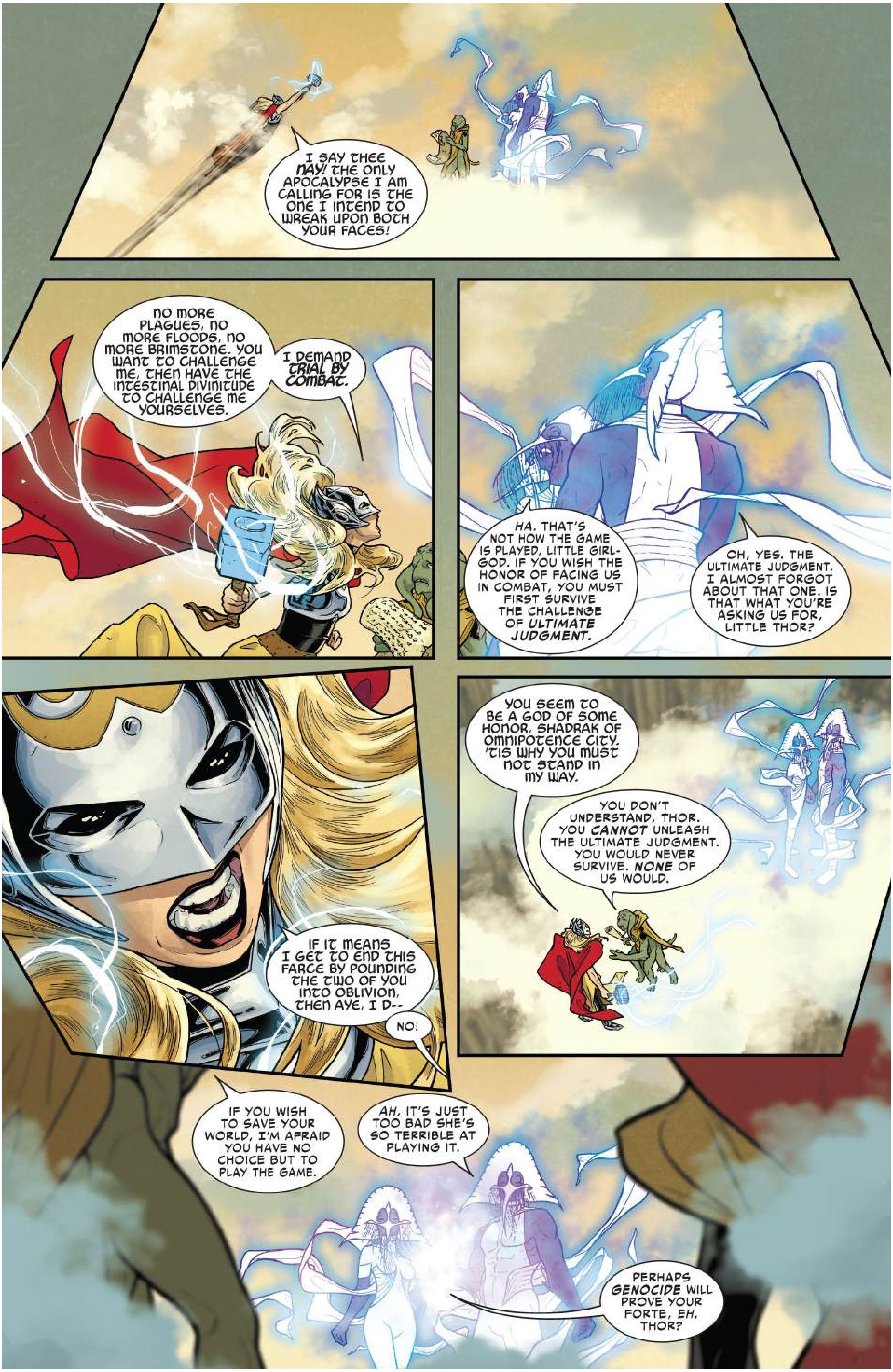
The Asgard/Shi'Ar War — Part 3: When the Stars Threw Down Their Spears

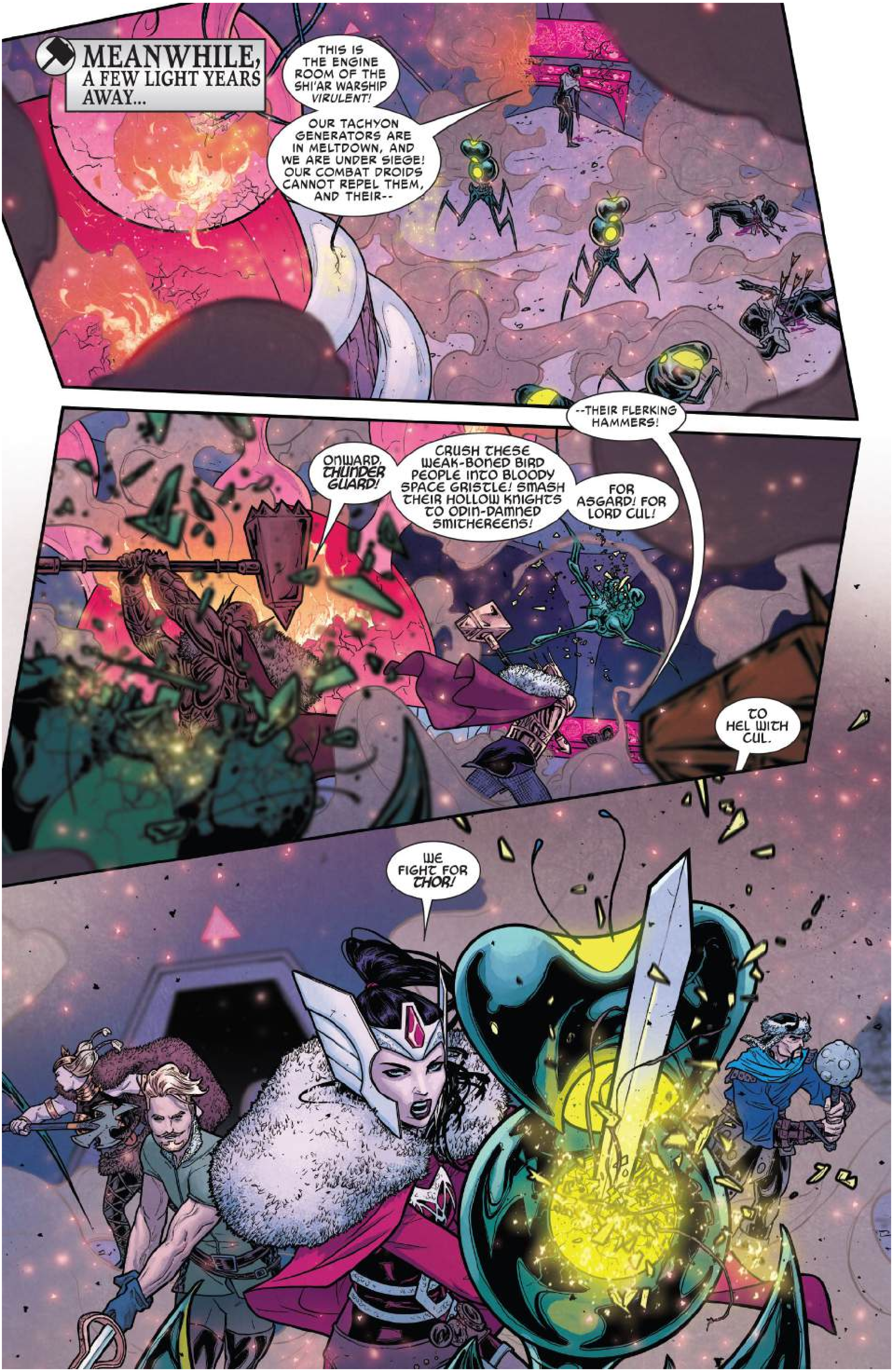

LOOK AT IT. SUCH A WORK OF FINELY CRAFTED COSMIC BEAUTY.
A SUPERNOVA STAR SENT HURTLING THROUGH SPACE LIKE A COMET.
A *SUPER COMET.*
I...
...I HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE PROUD TO BE A GOD.
WHEN OUR SUPER COMET CRASHES INTO A CIVILIZED SYSTEM, BILLIONS WILL DIE. ALL FOR THE GLORY OF SHARRA AND K'YTHRI.
AND FOR VICTORY IN THE ***CHALLENGE OF THE GODS.***
OR AT LEAST FOR 12 POINTS IN THIS PARTICULAR ROUND.
WAIT, WHAT IS SHE DOING?
THOR IS INTERFERING AGAIN! THIS IS NO WAY FOR A GOD TO BEHAVE!
MOTHER STORM. IF YOU ARE STILL IN THERE, YOUR ASSISTANCE WOULD BE OF GREAT USE AT THIS MOMENT. MOST VERILY.
KRACACABOOOM
THE LIGHTNING STRETCHED FROM ONE GALAXY TO ANOTHER.
THE THUNDER SHOOK WORLDS HALF A UNIVERSE AWAY.

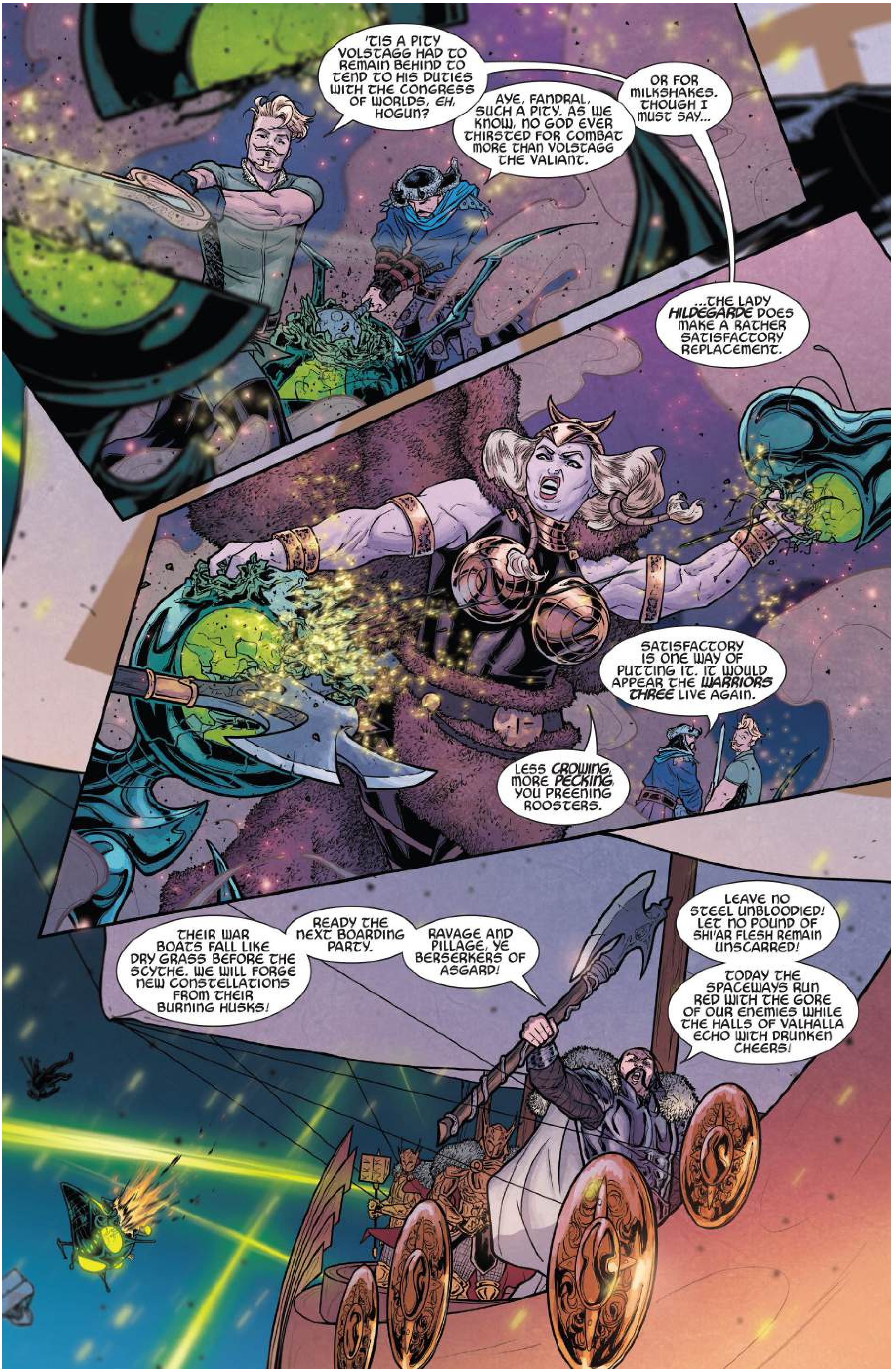

THAT STORM... BY THE RINGS OF S'VIHN-HOONT, LOOK AT THE *SIZE* OF IT. HOW DID SHE...
I'VE HEARD TALES OF A STORM SUCH AS THAT, AND SEEN IT MENTIONED IN THE ANCIENT TEXTS IN THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING.
THEY CALLED IT THE GOD TEMPEST. *THE MOTHER STORM.* BUT...IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.
IT JUST *SWALLOWED* OUR SUPER COMET. SHARRA, WHAT DO WE...
CALM DOWN, K'YTHRI. WE HURLED THAT COMET THROUGH SPACE OURSELVES. IT SOARS WITH ALL THE MIGHT OF THE TWO MOST POWERFUL GODS IN CREATION.
IT WILL TEAR THAT PALTRY STORM APART FROM THE INSIDE. IT WILL--
WAIT...WHAT JUST...
UM. IT WOULD APPEAR THE MIGHTY THOR AND HER MIGHTY MOTHER STORM JUST TURNED YOUR SOARING SUPERNOVA BACK INTO A CUTE LITTLE STAR.
I GUESS THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU BRING A COMET TO A SUPER-STORM FIGHT.
IN THE CHALLENGE OF *COSMIC MANIPULATION,* ALL POINTS GO TO THOR.
SHALL WE MOVE ON TO THE NEXT ROUND?
YES.
LET'S.

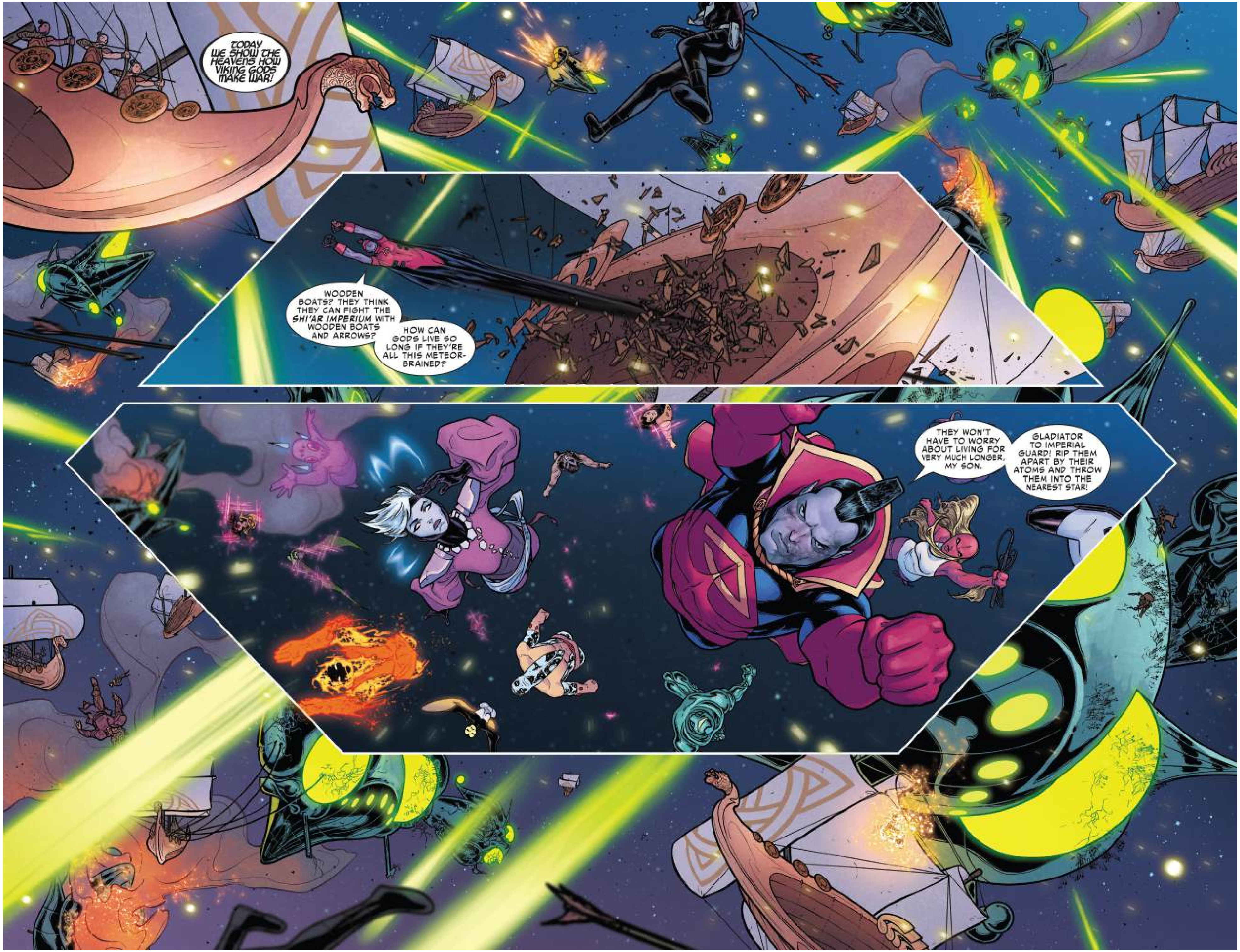

CHANDILAR.
THE SHI'AR THRONEWORLD.
THIS... IS MY ONLY BEGOTTEN SON.
WHO I... HEREBY OFFER UP...IN HOLY SACRIFICE...
...AS COMMANDED BY THE GODS.
THIS I DO... IN THE NAME OF SHARRA AND K'YTHRI.
PLEASE... PLEASE FORGIVE ME, MY SON.
STOP THIS! I *FORFEIT* THIS ROUND!
JUST END THIS MADNESS!
HEH. YOU HEARD HER. SHE'S ADMITTING DEFEAT.
THE *INSPIRATIONAL INFANTICIDE* ROUND GOES TO US.
LET THE CHALLENGE OF THE GODS CONTINUE!

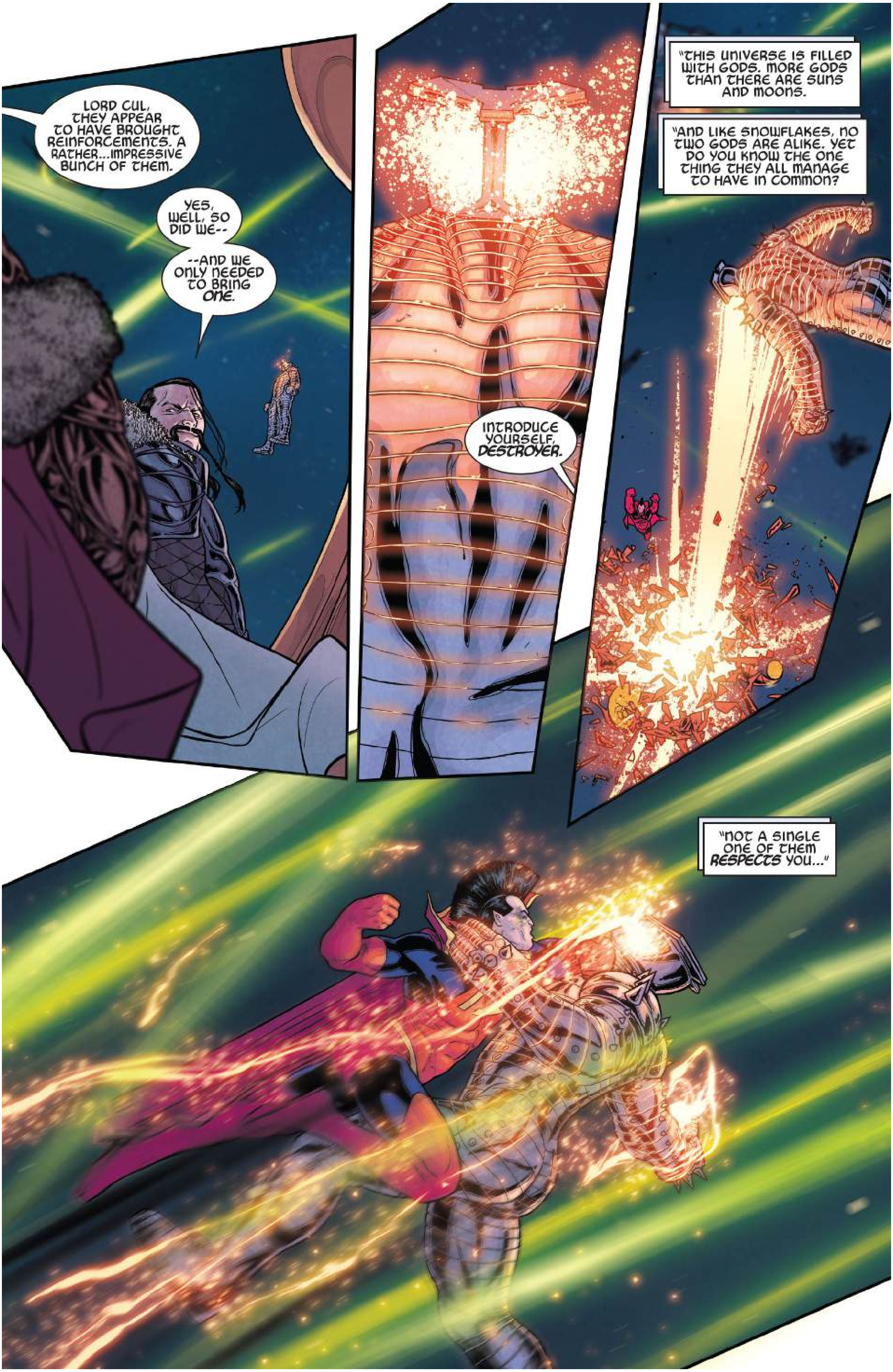

LOOK AT HER, SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT RAIN FIRE AND BRIMSTONE. AND SHE DARES CALL HERSELF A GOD. *HAH!*
FORFEIT! I FORFEIT AGAIN!
WE SPAWN AN ENTIRE RACE OF GIANTS FROM NOTHING BUT DUST, AND SHE SPENDS ALL HER TIME TRYING TO *STOP* THEM FROM INDISCRIMINATELY MURDERING.
DOES SHE EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW THIS GAME IS PLAYED?
THE *GENESIS* ROUND GOES TO THE GODS OF THE SHI'AR.
HOW PATHETIC. SHE'S NOT EVEN *TRYING* TO MAKE PLAGUES.
PLEASE, THIS HAS TO END. IT ALL HAS TO END.
I BELIEVE SHE'S CALLING FOR THE *APOCALYPSE* ROUND. THAT'S WHEN THE SCORES CAN *REALLY* CHANGE.

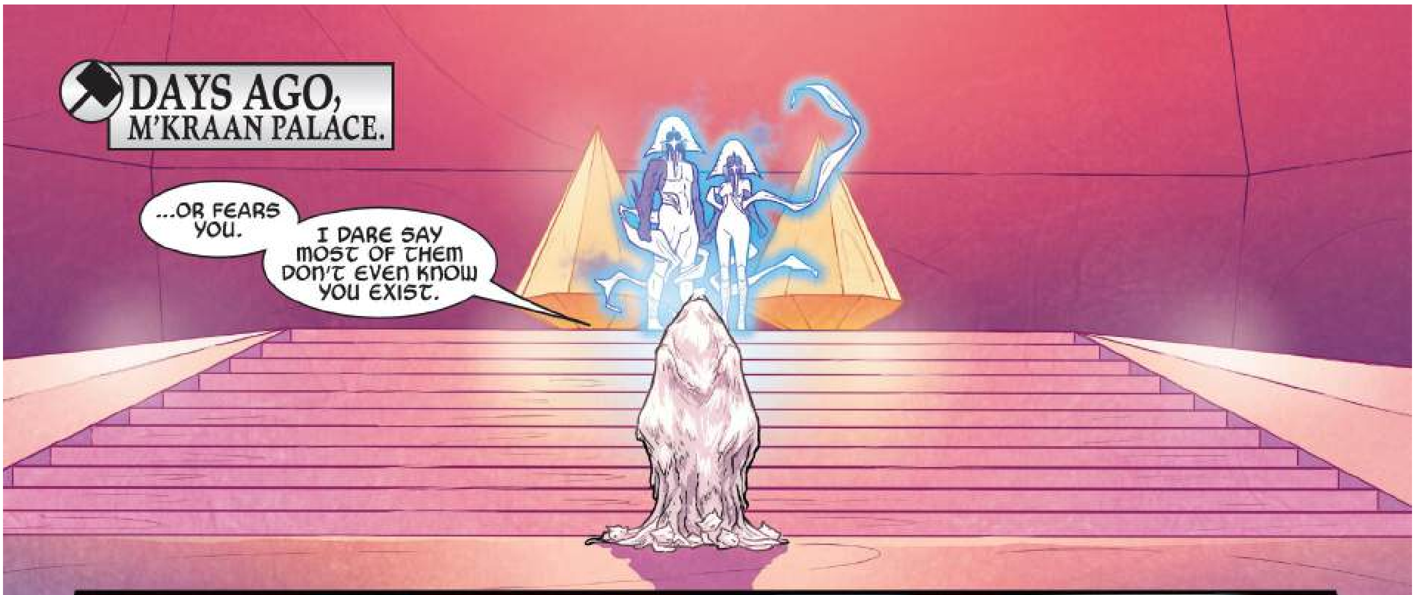

I SAY THEE *NAY!* THE ONLY APOCALYPSE I AM CALLING FOR IS THE ONE I INTEND TO WREAK UPON BOTH YOUR FACES!
NO MORE PLAGUES, NO MORE FLOODS, NO MORE BRIMSTONE. YOU WANT TO CHALLENGE ME, THEN HAVE THE INTESTINAL DIVINITUDE TO CHALLENGE ME YOURSELVES.
I DEMAND ***TRIAL BY COMBAT.***
HA. THAT'S NOT HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED, LITTLE GIRL-GOD. IF YOU WISH THE HONOR OF FACING US IN COMBAT, YOU MUST FIRST SURVIVE THE CHALLENGE OF ***ULTIMATE JUDGMENT.***
OH, YES. THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT. I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THAT ONE. IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE ASKING US FOR, LITTLE THOR?
IF IT MEANS I GET TO END THIS FARCE BY POUNDING THE TWO OF YOU INTO OBLIVION, THEN AYE, I D--
NO!
YOU SEEM TO BE A GOD OF SOME HONOR, SHADRAK OF OMNIPOTENCE CITY. 'TIS WHY YOU MUST NOT STAND IN MY WAY.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, THOR. YOU ***CANNOT*** UNLEASH THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT. YOU WOULD NEVER SURVIVE. ***NONE*** OF US WOULD.
IF YOU WISH TO SAVE YOUR WORLD, I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PLAY THE GAME.
AH, IT'S JUST TOO BAD SHE'S SO TERRIBLE AT PLAYING IT.
PERHAPS ***GENOCIDE*** WILL PROVE YOUR FORTE, *EH,* THOR?

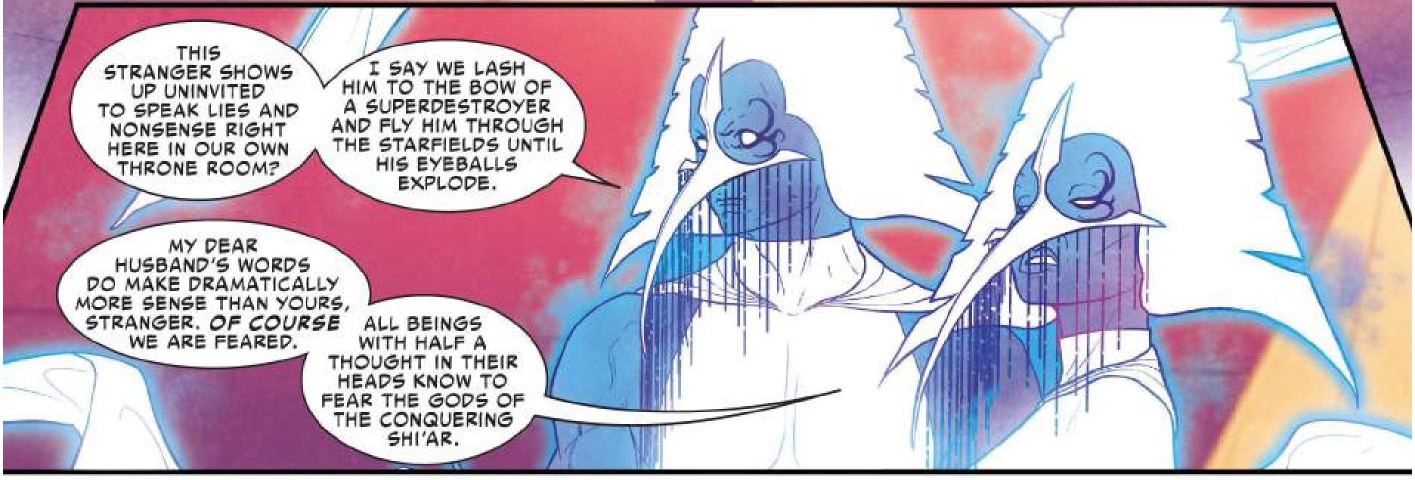

MEANWHILE, A FEW LIGHT YEARS AWAY...
THIS IS THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE SHI'AR WARSHIP *VIRULENT!*
OUR TACHYON GENERATORS ARE IN MELTDOWN, AND WE ARE UNDER SIEGE! OUR COMBAT DROIDS CANNOT REPEL THEM, AND THEIR--
--THEIR FLERKING HAMMERS!
ONWARD, ***THUNDER GUARD!***
CRUSH THESE WEAK-BONED BIRD PEOPLE INTO BLOODY SPACE GRISTLE! SMASH THEIR HOLLOW KNIGHTS TO ODIN-DAMNED SMITHEREENS!
FOR ASGARD! FOR LORD CUL!
TO HEL WITH CUL.
WE FIGHT FOR ***THOR!***

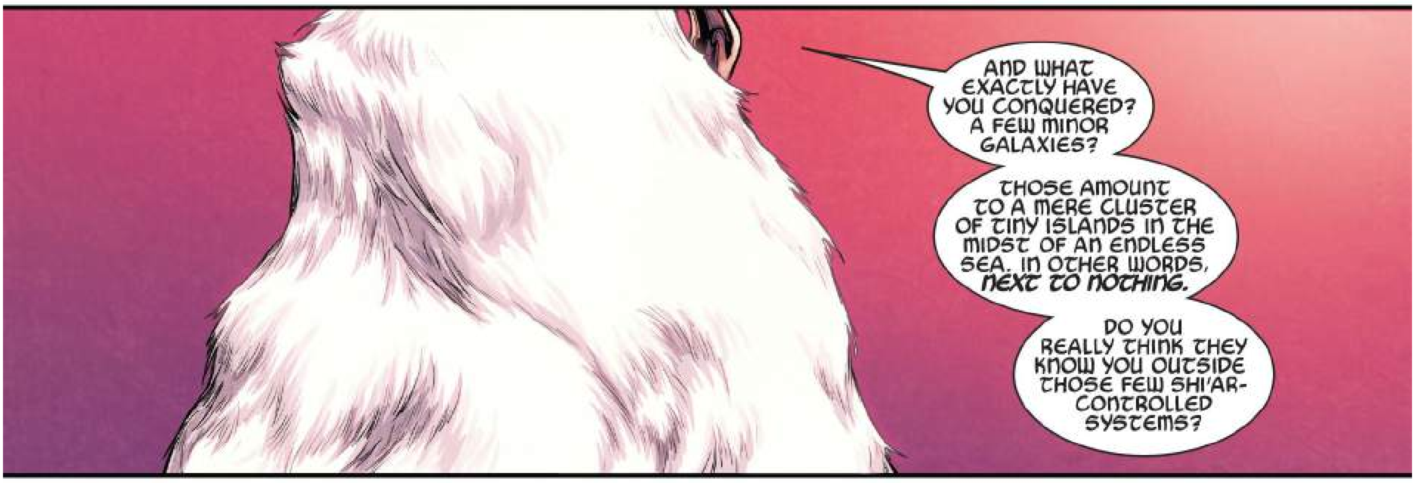

'TIS A PITY VOLSTAGG HAD TO REMAIN BEHIND TO TEND TO HIS DUTIES WITH THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS, EH, HOGUN?
AYE, FANDRAL, SUCH A PITY. AS WE KNOW, NO GOD EVER THIRSTED FOR COMBAT MORE THAN VOLSTAGG THE VALIANT.
OR FOR MILKSHAKES. THOUGH I MUST SAY...
...THE LADY **HILDEGARDE** DOES MAKE A RATHER SATISFACTORY REPLACEMENT.
SATISFACTORY IS ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT. IT WOULD APPEAR THE **WARRIORS THREE** LIVE AGAIN.
LESS **CROWING**, MORE **PECKING**, YOU PREENING ROOSTERS.
THEIR WAR BOATS FALL LIKE DRY GRASS BEFORE THE SCYTHE. WE WILL FORGE NEW CONSTELLATIONS FROM THEIR BURNING HUSKS!
READY THE NEXT BOARDING PARTY.
RAVAGE AND PILLAGE, YE BERSERKERS OF ASGARD!
LEAVE NO STEEL UNBLOODIED! LET NO POUND OF SHI'AR FLESH REMAIN UNSCARRED!
TODAY THE SPACEWAYS RUN RED WITH THE GORE OF OUR ENEMIES WHILE THE HALLS OF VALHALLA ECHO WITH DRUNKEN CHEERS!

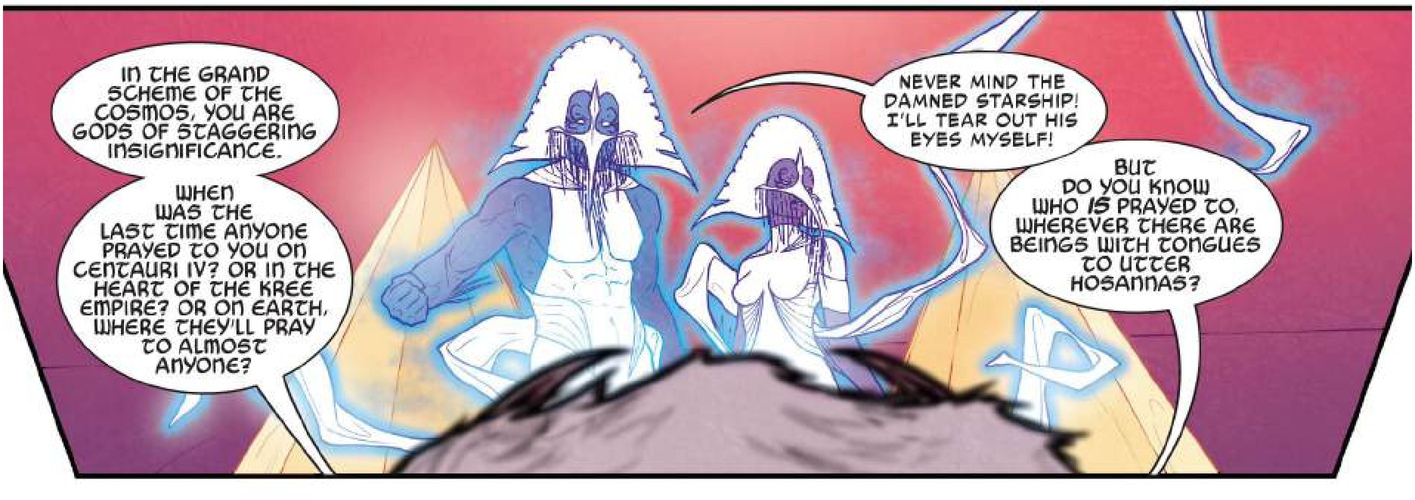

TODAY WE SHOW THE HEAVENS HOW VIKING GODS MAKE WAR!
WOODEN BOATS? THEY THINK THEY CAN FIGHT THE *SHI'AR IMPERIUM* WITH WOODEN BOATS AND ARROWS?
HOW CAN GODS LIVE SO LONG IF THEY'RE ALL THIS METEOR-BRAINED?
THEY WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT LIVING FOR VERY MUCH LONGER, MY SON.
GLADIATOR TO IMPERIAL GUARD! RIP THEM APART BY THEIR ATOMS AND THROW THEM INTO THE NEAREST STAR!

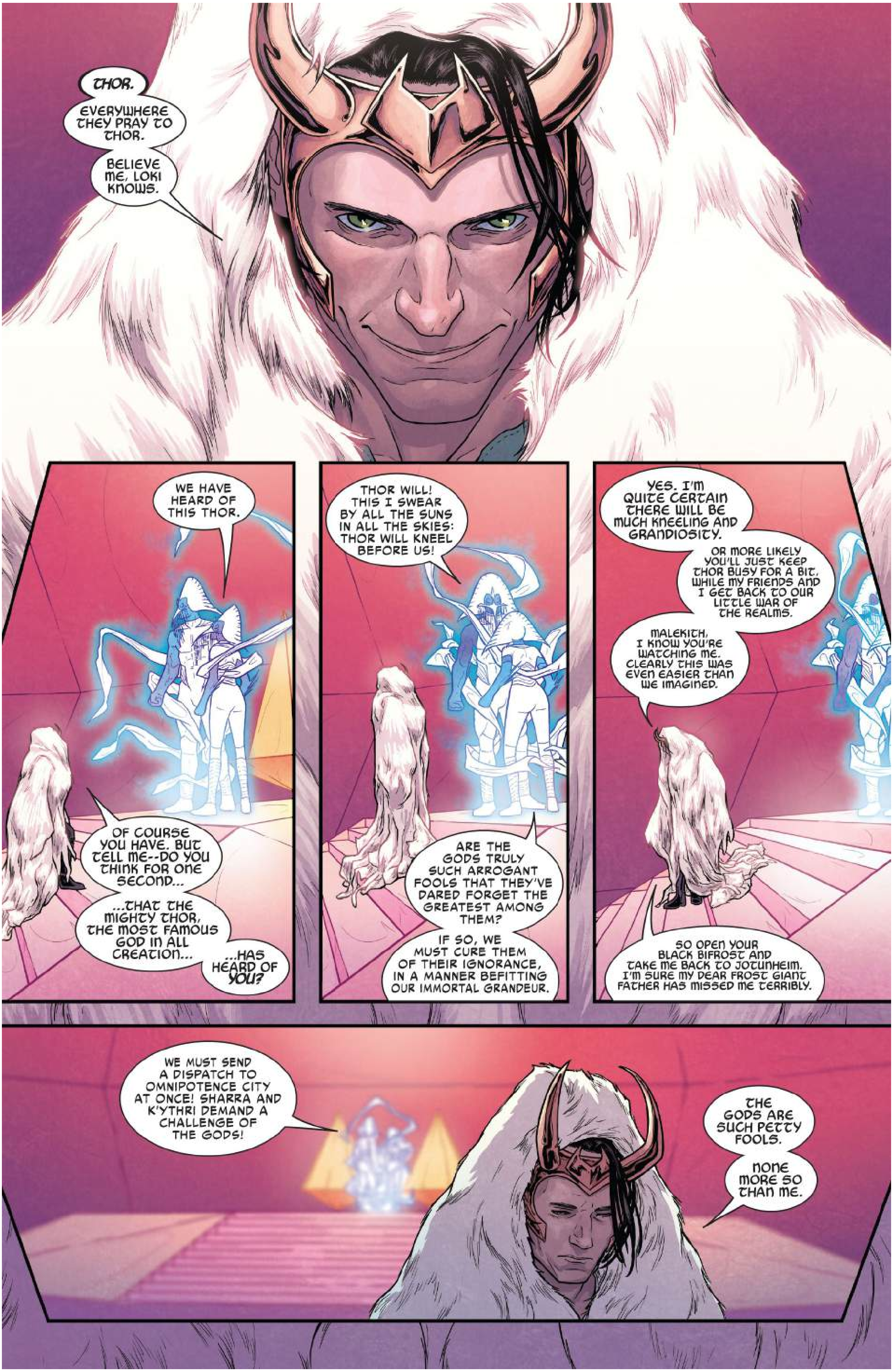

LORD CUL, THEY APPEAR TO HAVE BROUGHT REINFORCEMENTS. A RATHER...IMPRESSIVE BUNCH OF THEM.
YES, WELL, SO DID WE--
--AND WE ONLY NEEDED TO BRING *ONE*.
INTRODUCE YOURSELF, *DESTROYER*.
"THIS UNIVERSE IS FILLED WITH GODS. MORE GODS THAN THERE ARE SUNS AND MOONS.
"AND LIKE SNOWFLAKES, NO TWO GODS ARE ALIKE. YET DO YOU KNOW THE ONE THING THEY ALL MANAGE TO HAVE IN COMMON?
"NOT A SINGLE ONE OF THEM *RESPECTS* YOU..."

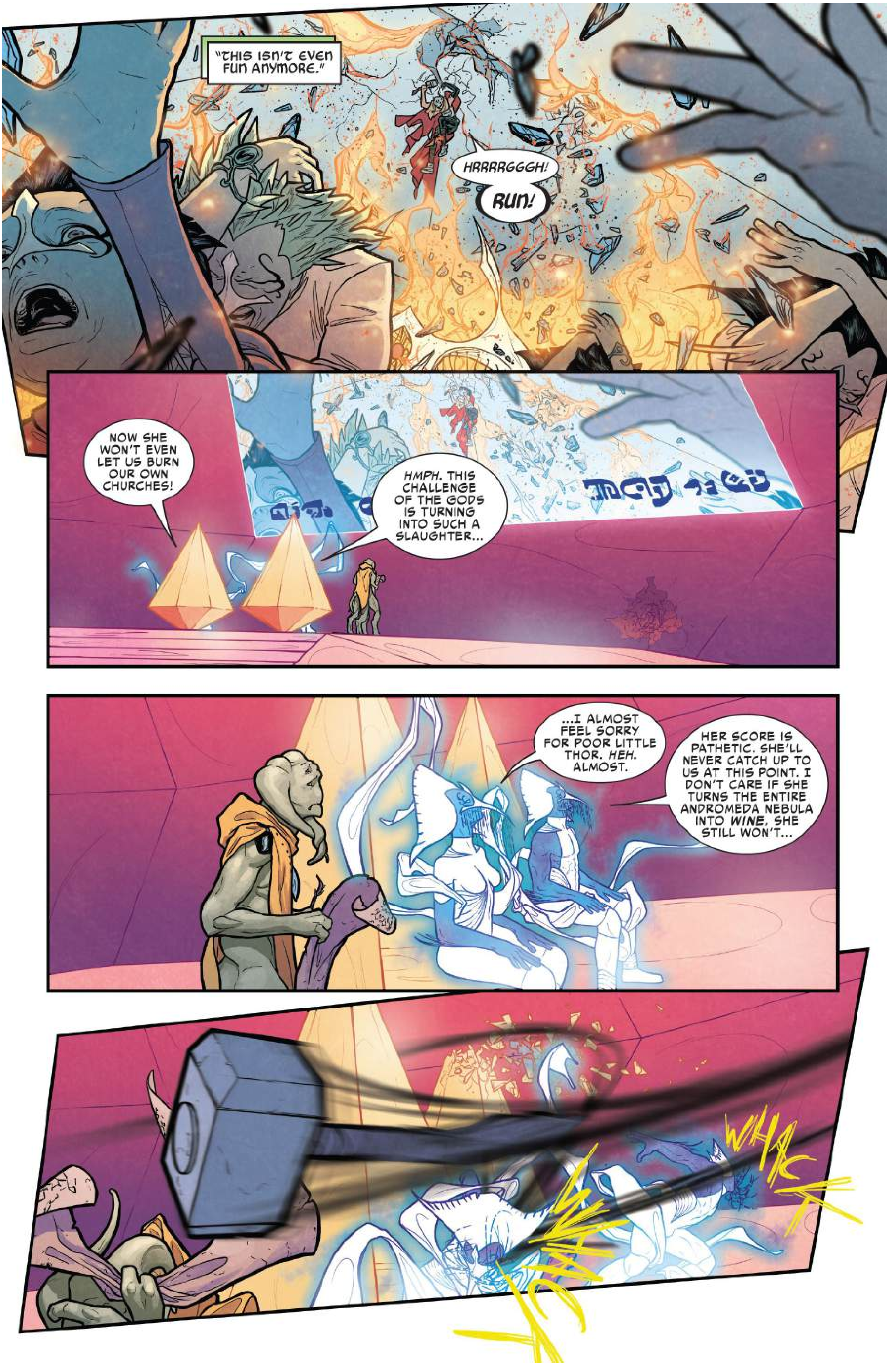

DAYS AGO, M'KRAAN PALACE.
...OR FEARS YOU.
I DARE SAY MOST OF THEM DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU EXIST.

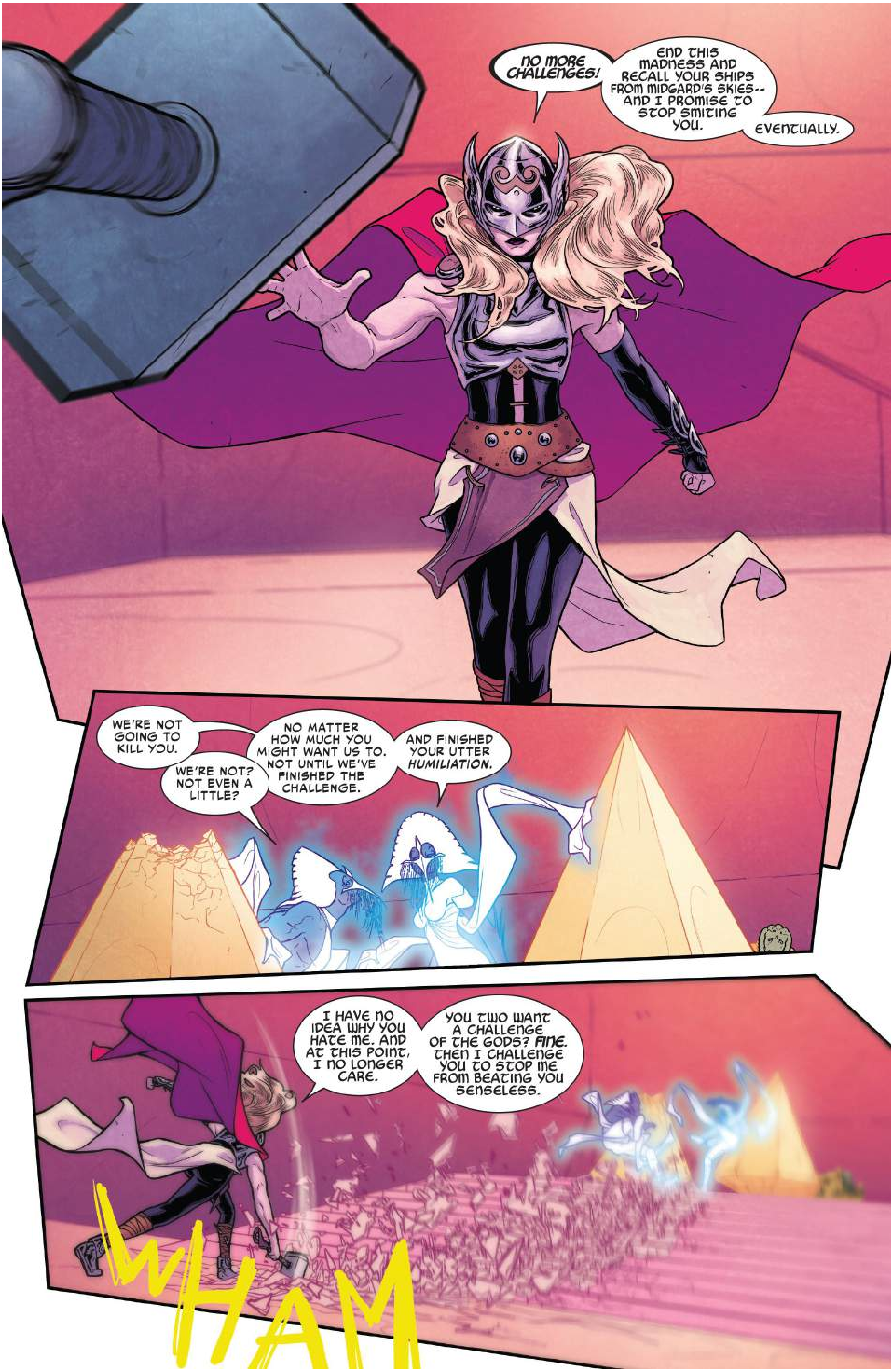

THIS STRANGER SHOWS UP UNINVITED TO SPEAK LIES AND NONSENSE RIGHT HERE IN OUR OWN THRONE ROOM?
I SAY WE LASH HIM TO THE BOW OF A SUPERDESTROYER AND FLY HIM THROUGH THE STARFIELDS UNTIL HIS EYEBALLS EXPLODE.
MY DEAR HUSBAND'S WORDS DO MAKE DRAMATICALLY MORE SENSE THAN YOURS, STRANGER. *OF COURSE* WE ARE FEARED.
ALL BEINGS WITH HALF A THOUGHT IN THEIR HEADS KNOW TO FEAR THE GODS OF THE CONQUERING SHI'AR.

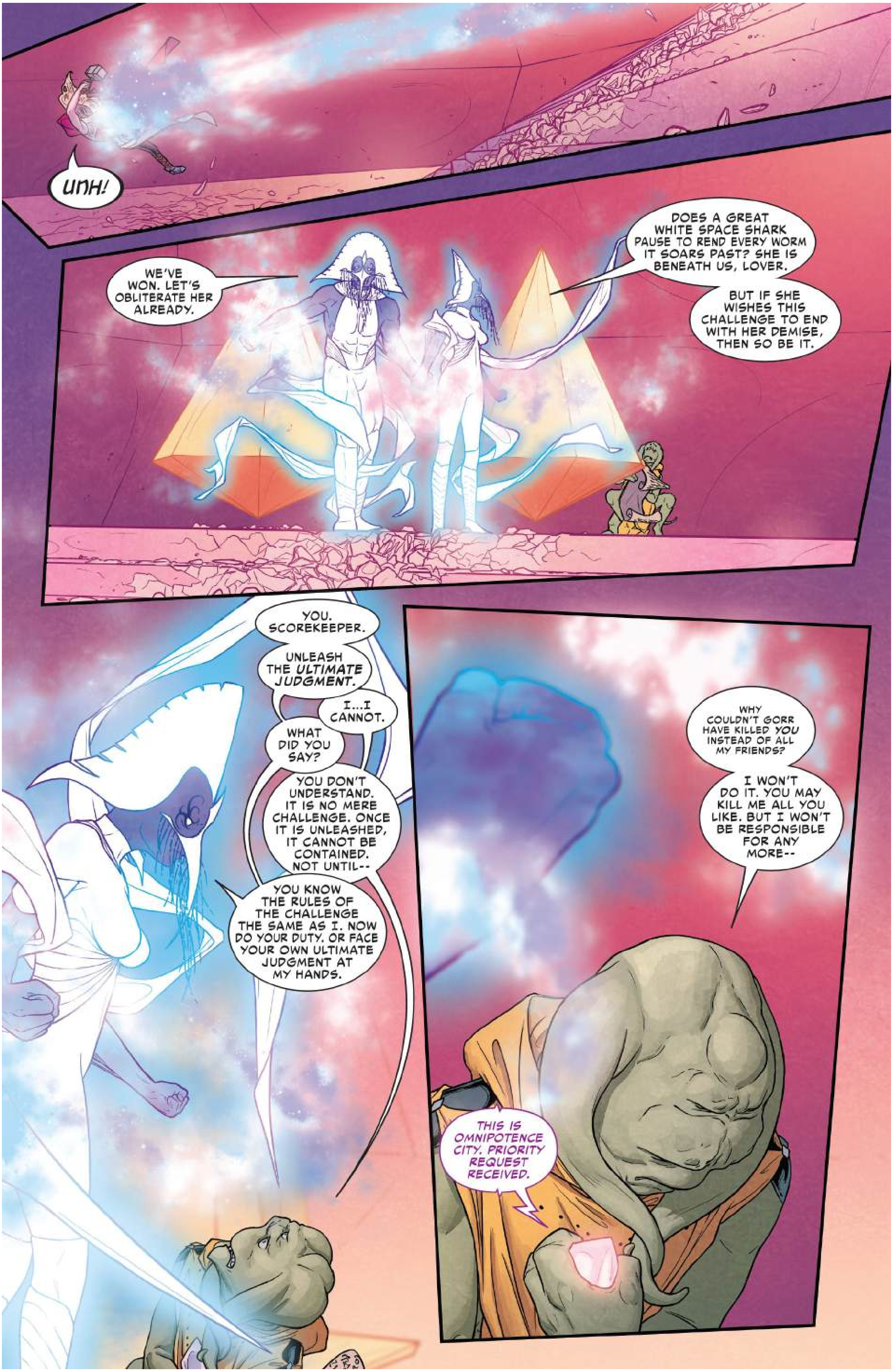

AND WHAT EXACTLY HAVE YOU CONQUERED? A FEW MINOR GALAXIES?
THOSE AMOUNT TO A MERE CLUSTER OF TINY ISLANDS IN THE MIDST OF AN ENDLESS SEA. IN OTHER WORDS, ***NEXT TO NOTHING.***
DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY KNOW YOU OUTSIDE THOSE FEW SHI'AR-CONTROLLED SYSTEMS?

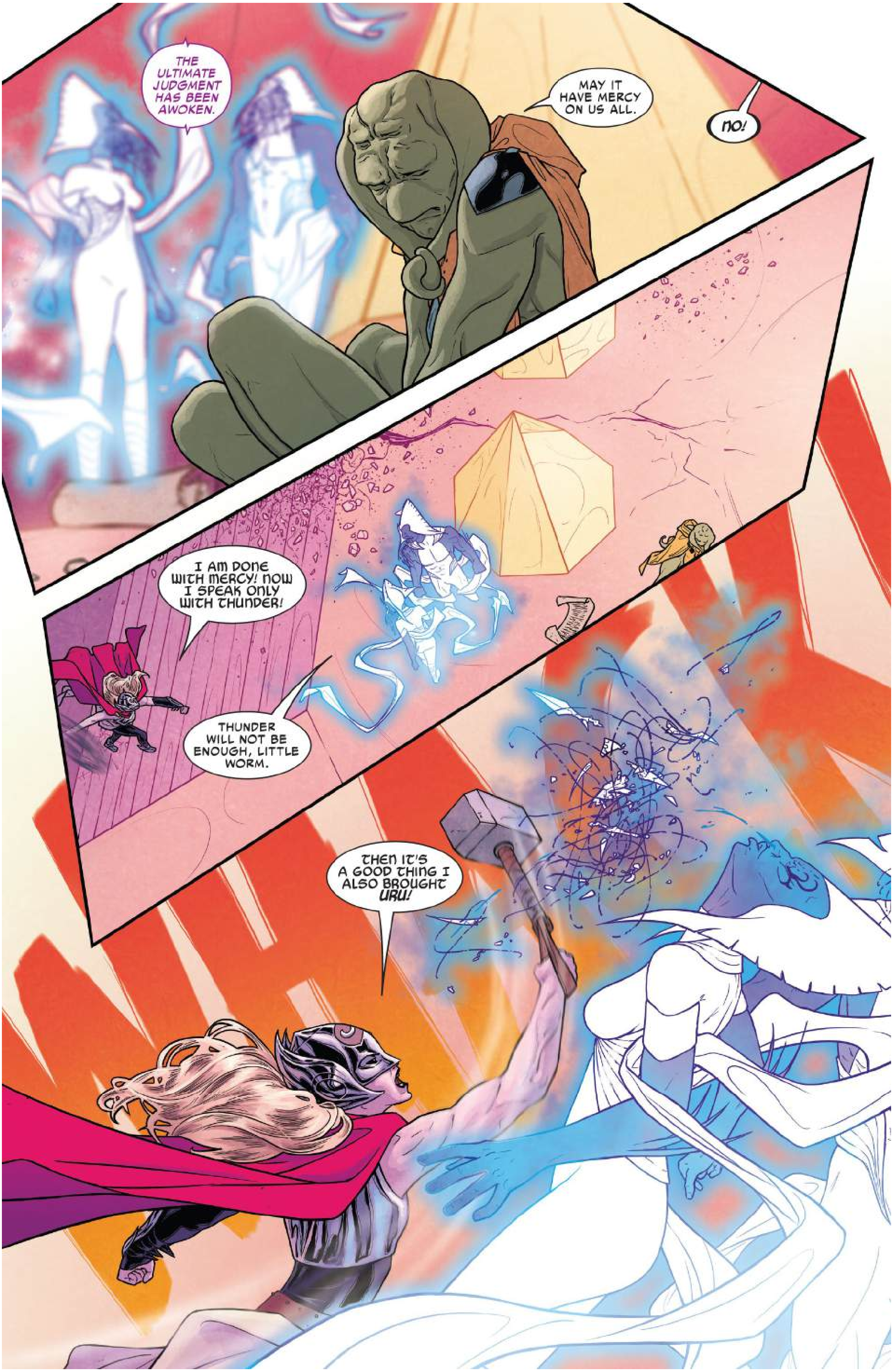

IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THE COSMOS, YOU ARE GODS OF STAGGERING INSIGNIFICANCE.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANYONE PRAYED TO YOU ON CENTAURI IV? OR IN THE HEART OF THE KREE EMPIRE? OR ON EARTH, WHERE THEY'LL PRAY TO ALMOST ANYONE?
NEVER MIND THE DAMNED STARSHIP! I'LL TEAR OUT HIS EYES MYSELF!
BUT DO YOU KNOW WHO *IS* PRAYED TO, WHEREVER THERE ARE BEINGS WITH TONGUES TO UTTER HOSANNAS?

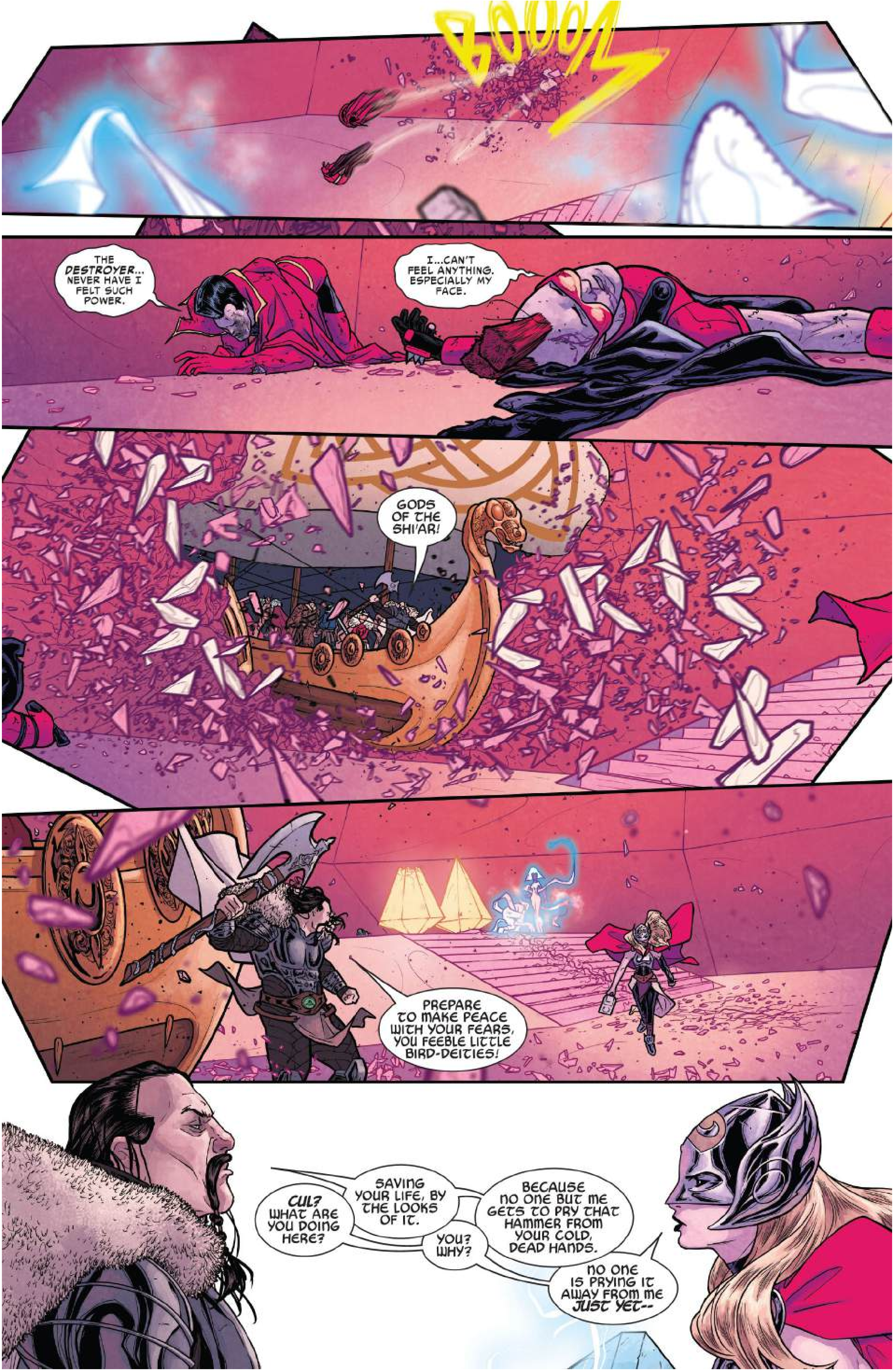

THOR.
EVERYWHERE THEY PRAY TO THOR.
BELIEVE ME, LOKI KNOWS.
WE HAVE HEARD OF THIS THOR.
OF COURSE YOU HAVE. BUT TELL ME--DO YOU THINK FOR ONE SECOND...
...THAT THE MIGHTY THOR, THE MOST FAMOUS GOD IN ALL CREATION...
...HAS HEARD OF *YOU?*
THOR WILL! THIS I SWEAR BY ALL THE SUNS IN ALL THE SKIES: THOR WILL KNEEL BEFORE US!
ARE THE GODS TRULY SUCH ARROGANT FOOLS THAT THEY'VE DARED FORGET THE GREATEST AMONG THEM?
IF SO, WE MUST CURE THEM OF THEIR IGNORANCE, IN A MANNER BEFITTING OUR IMMORTAL GRANDEUR.
YES. I'M QUITE CERTAIN THERE WILL BE MUCH KNEELING AND GRANDIOSITY.
OR MORE LIKELY YOU'LL JUST KEEP THOR BUSY FOR A BIT, WHILE MY FRIENDS AND I GET BACK TO OUR LITTLE WAR OF THE REALMS.
MALEKITH, I KNOW YOU'RE WATCHING ME. CLEARLY THIS WAS EVEN EASIER THAN WE IMAGINED.
SO OPEN YOUR BLACK BIFROST AND TAKE ME BACK TO JOTUNHEIM. I'M SURE MY DEAR FROST GIANT FATHER HAS MISSED ME TERRIBLY.
WE MUST SEND A DISPATCH TO OMNIPOTENCE CITY AT ONCE! SHARRA AND K'YTHRI DEMAND A CHALLENGE OF THE GODS!
THE GODS ARE SUCH PETTY FOOLS.
NONE MORE SO THAN ME.

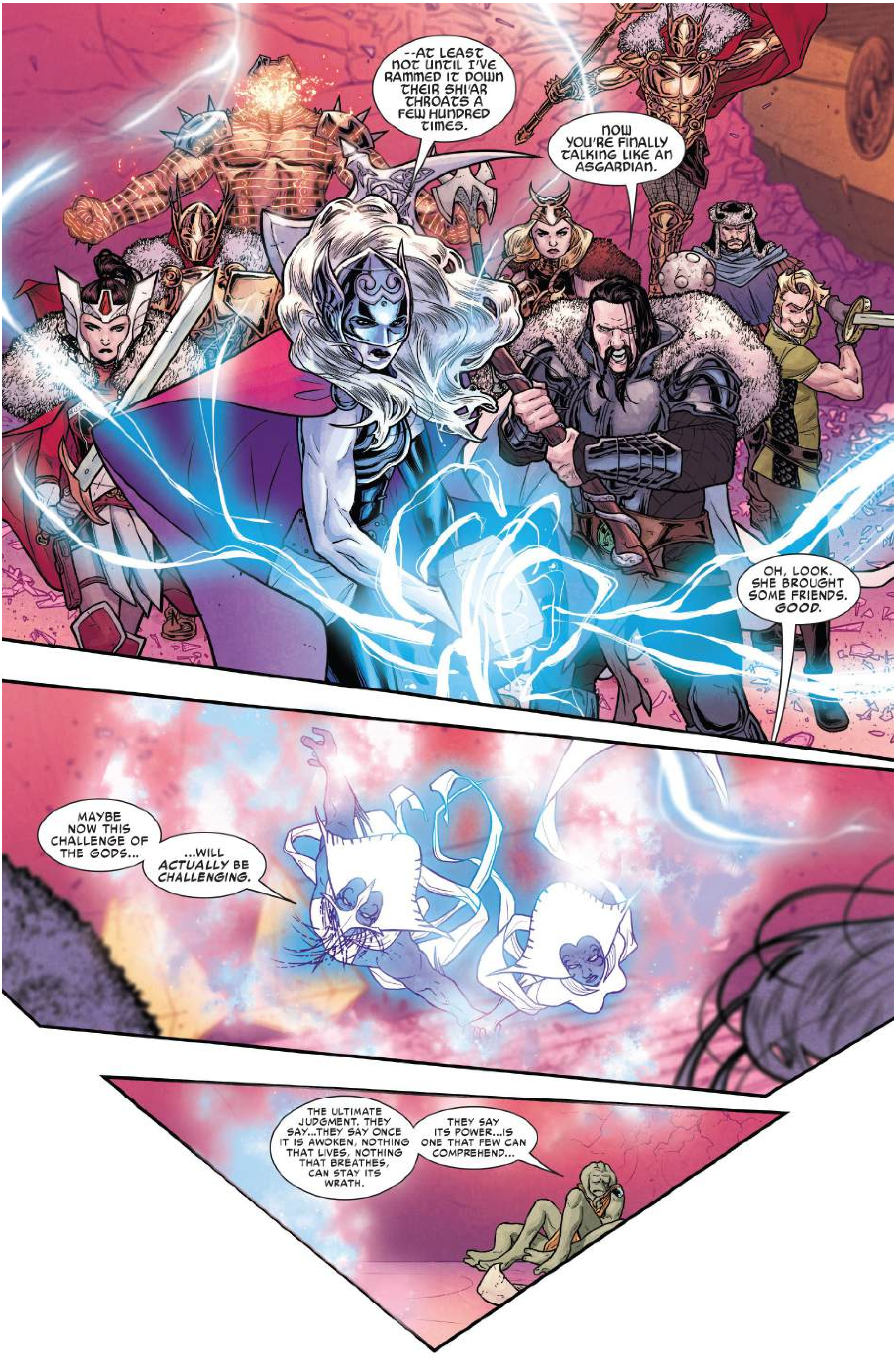

"THIS ISN'T EVEN FUN ANYMORE."
HRRRRGGGH!
RUN!
NOW SHE WON'T EVEN LET US BURN OUR OWN CHURCHES!
HMPH. THIS CHALLENGE OF THE GODS IS TURNING INTO SUCH A SLAUGHTER...
...I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR POOR LITTLE THOR. *HEH.* ALMOST.
HER SCORE IS PATHETIC. SHE'LL NEVER CATCH UP TO US AT THIS POINT. I DON'T CARE IF SHE TURNS THE ENTIRE ANDROMEDA NEBULA INTO *WINE.* SHE STILL WON'T...
WHACK

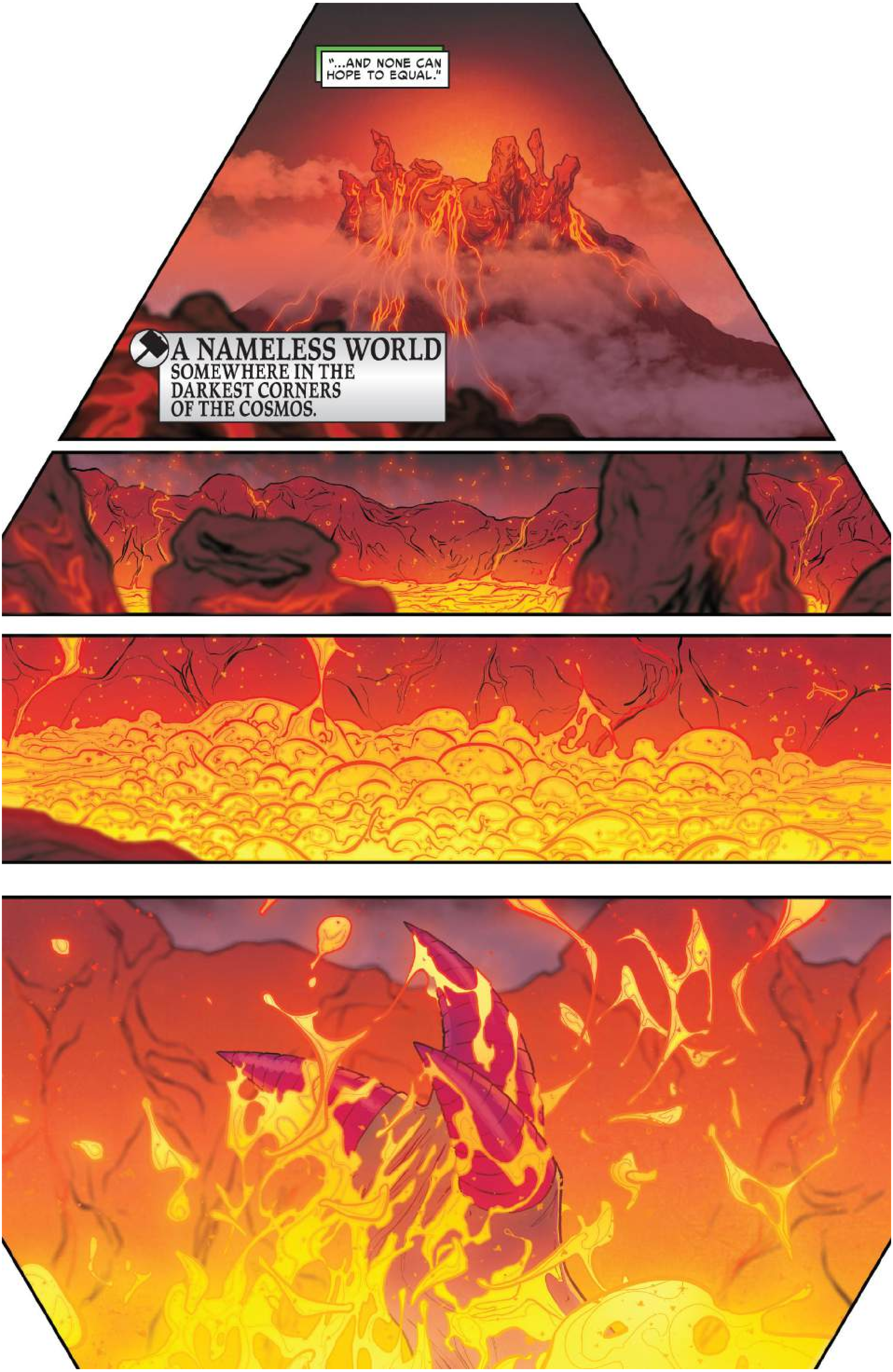

NO MORE CHALLENGES!
END THIS MADNESS AND RECALL YOUR SHIPS FROM MIDGARD'S SKIES-- AND I PROMISE TO STOP SMITING YOU.
EVENTUALLY.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO KILL YOU.
WE'RE NOT? NOT EVEN A LITTLE?
NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU MIGHT WANT US TO. NOT UNTIL WE'VE FINISHED THE CHALLENGE.
AND FINISHED YOUR UTTER *HUMILIATION*.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHY YOU HATE ME. AND AT THIS POINT, I NO LONGER CARE.
YOU TWO WANT A CHALLENGE OF THE GODS? *FINE*. THEN I CHALLENGE YOU TO STOP ME FROM BEATING YOU SENSELESS.
WHAM


UNH!
WE'VE WON. LET'S OBLITERATE HER ALREADY.
DOES A GREAT WHITE SPACE SHARK PAUSE TO REND EVERY WORM IT SOARS PAST? SHE IS BENEATH US, LOVER.
BUT IF SHE WISHES THIS CHALLENGE TO END WITH HER DEMISE, THEN SO BE IT.
YOU. SCOREKEEPER.
UNLEASH THE *ULTIMATE JUDGMENT.*
I...I CANNOT.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT IS NO MERE CHALLENGE. ONCE IT IS UNLEASHED, IT CANNOT BE CONTAINED. NOT UNTIL--
YOU KNOW THE RULES OF THE CHALLENGE THE SAME AS I. NOW DO YOUR DUTY. OR FACE YOUR OWN ULTIMATE JUDGMENT AT MY HANDS.
WHY COULDN'T GORR HAVE KILLED *YOU* INSTEAD OF ALL MY FRIENDS?
I WON'T DO IT. YOU MAY KILL ME ALL YOU LIKE. BUT I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY MORE--
THIS IS OMNIPOTENCE CITY. PRIORITY REQUEST RECEIVED.


THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT HAS BEEN AWOKEN.
MAY IT HAVE MERCY ON US ALL.
NO!
I AM DONE WITH MERCY! NOW I SPEAK ONLY WITH THUNDER!
THUNDER WILL NOT BE ENOUGH, LITTLE WORM.
THEN IT'S A GOOD THING I ALSO BROUGHT URU!


BOOOM
THE ***DESTROYER***... NEVER HAVE I FELT SUCH POWER.
I...CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING. ESPECIALLY MY FACE.
GODS OF THE SHI'AR!
PREPARE TO MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR FEARS, YOU FEEBLE LITTLE BIRD-DEITIES!
CUL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
SAVING YOUR LIFE, BY THE LOOKS OF IT.
YOU? WHY?
BECAUSE NO ONE BUT ME GETS TO PRY THAT HAMMER FROM YOUR COLD, DEAD HANDS.
NO ONE IS PRYING IT AWAY FROM ME ***JUST YET***--

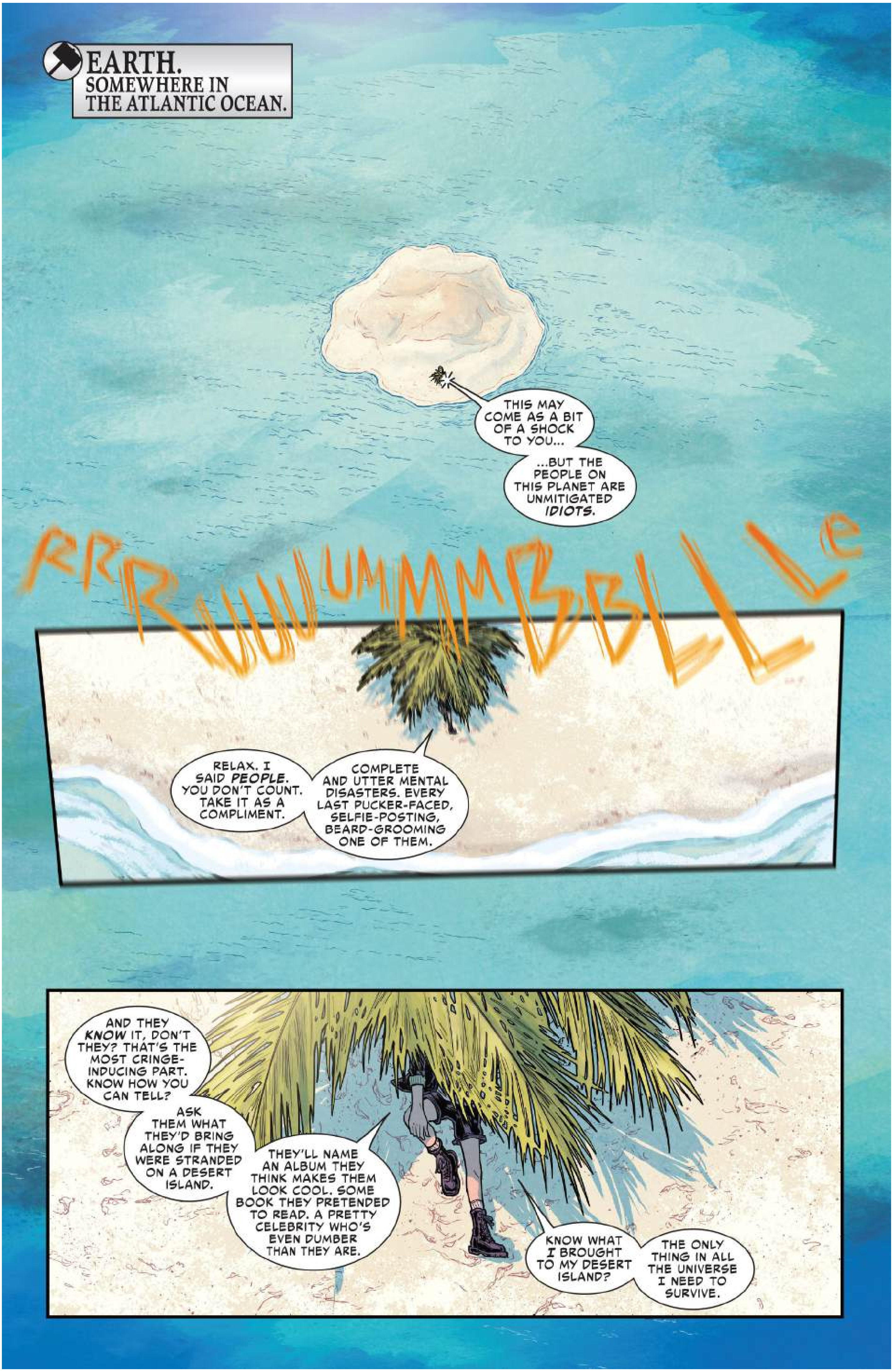

--AT LEAST NOT UNTIL I'VE RAMMED IT DOWN THEIR SHI'AR THROATS A FEW HUNDRED TIMES.
NOW YOU'RE FINALLY TALKING LIKE AN ASGARDIAN.
OH, LOOK. SHE BROUGHT SOME FRIENDS. GOOD.
MAYBE NOW THIS CHALLENGE OF THE GODS...
...WILL ACTUALLY BE CHALLENGING.
THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT. THEY SAY...THEY SAY ONCE IT IS AWOKEN, NOTHING THAT LIVES, NOTHING THAT BREATHES, CAN STAY ITS WRATH.
THEY SAY ITS POWER...IS ONE THAT FEW CAN COMPREHEND...

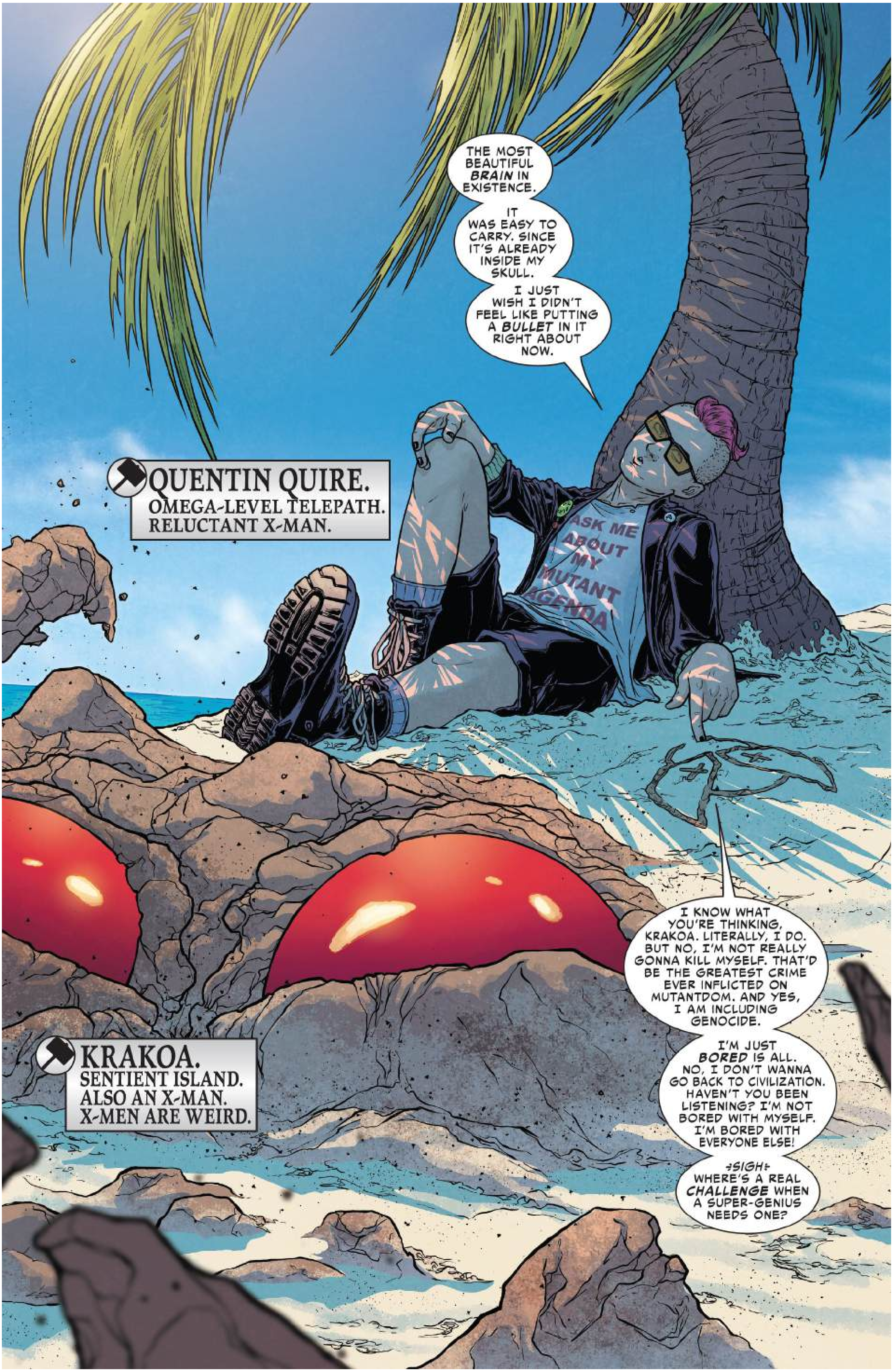

"...AND NONE CAN HOPE TO EQUAL."
A NAMELESS WORLD
SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKEST CORNERS OF THE COSMOS.

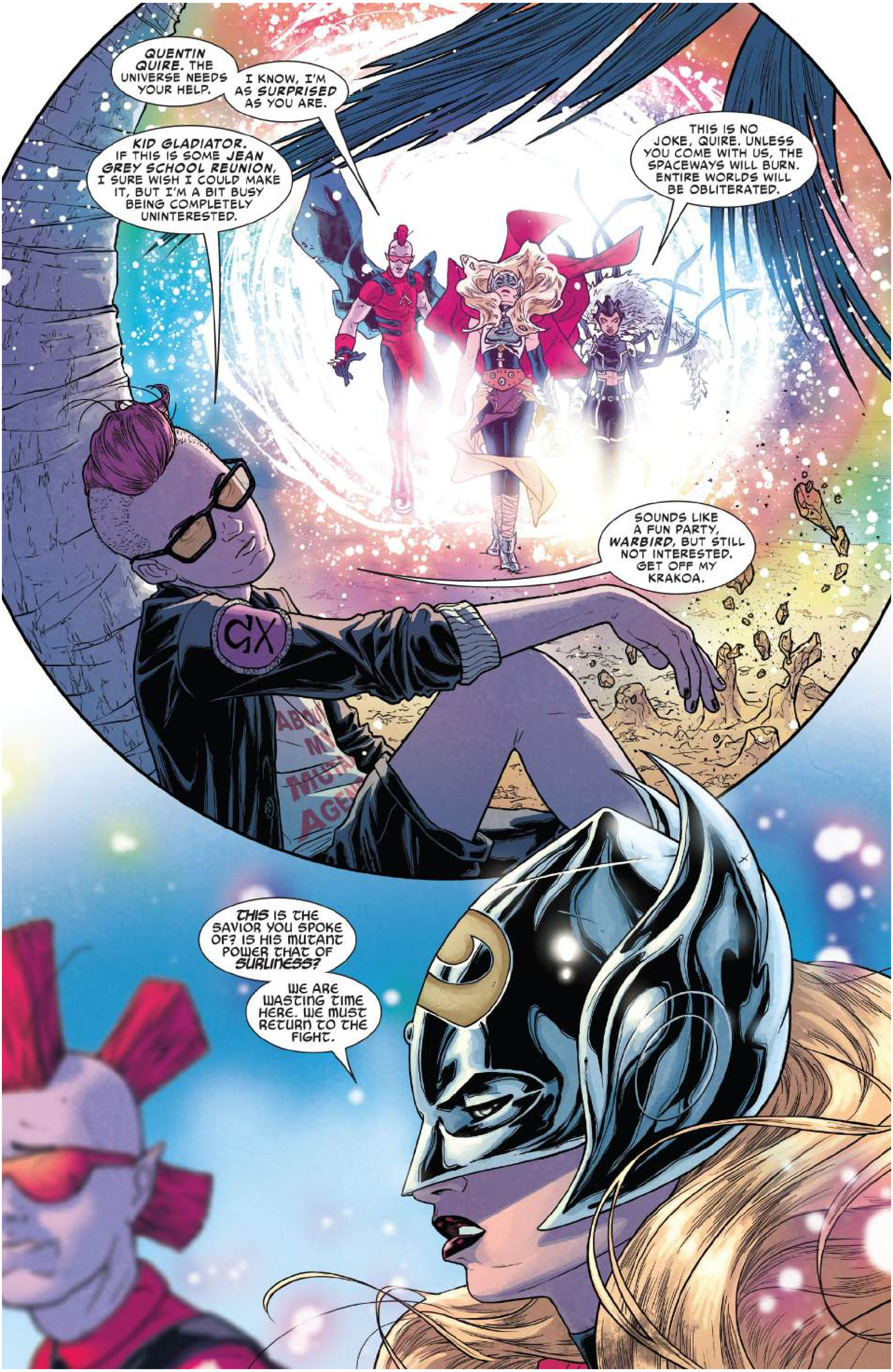
MIGHTY THOR #4 VARIANT BY Adam Hughes

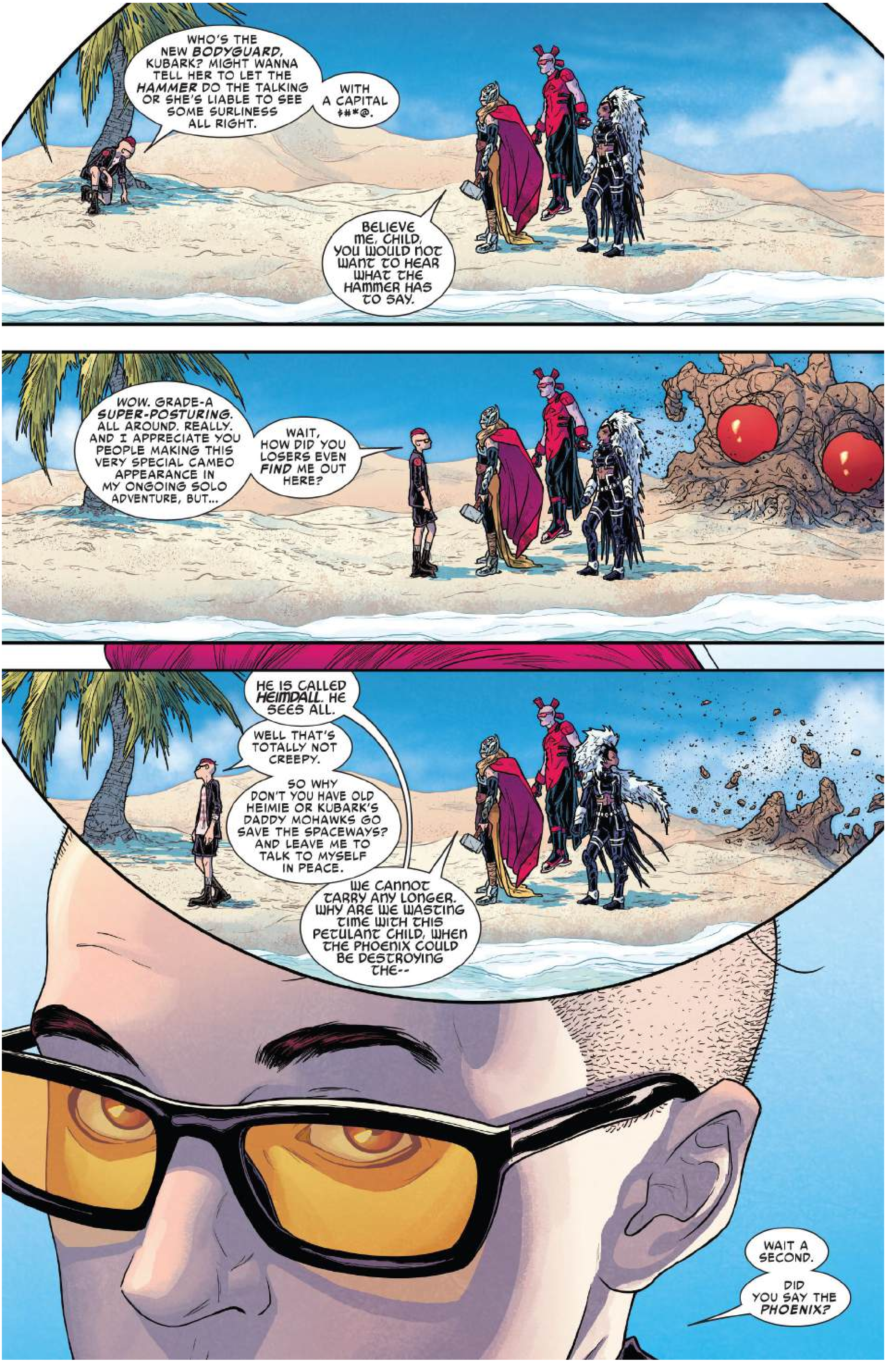
MIGHTY THOR | 18

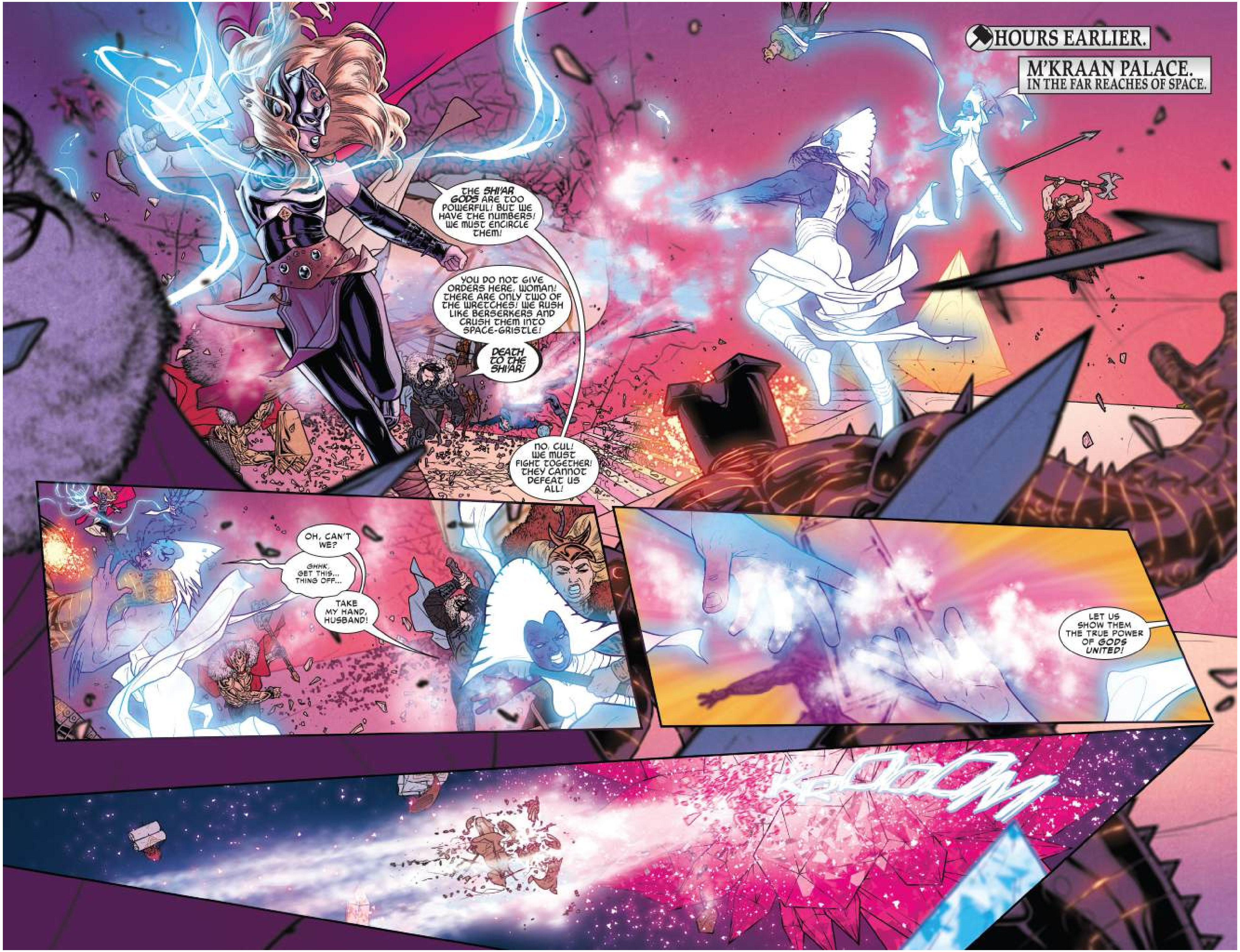
The Asgard/Shi'Ar War — Part 4: The Omega Kiss

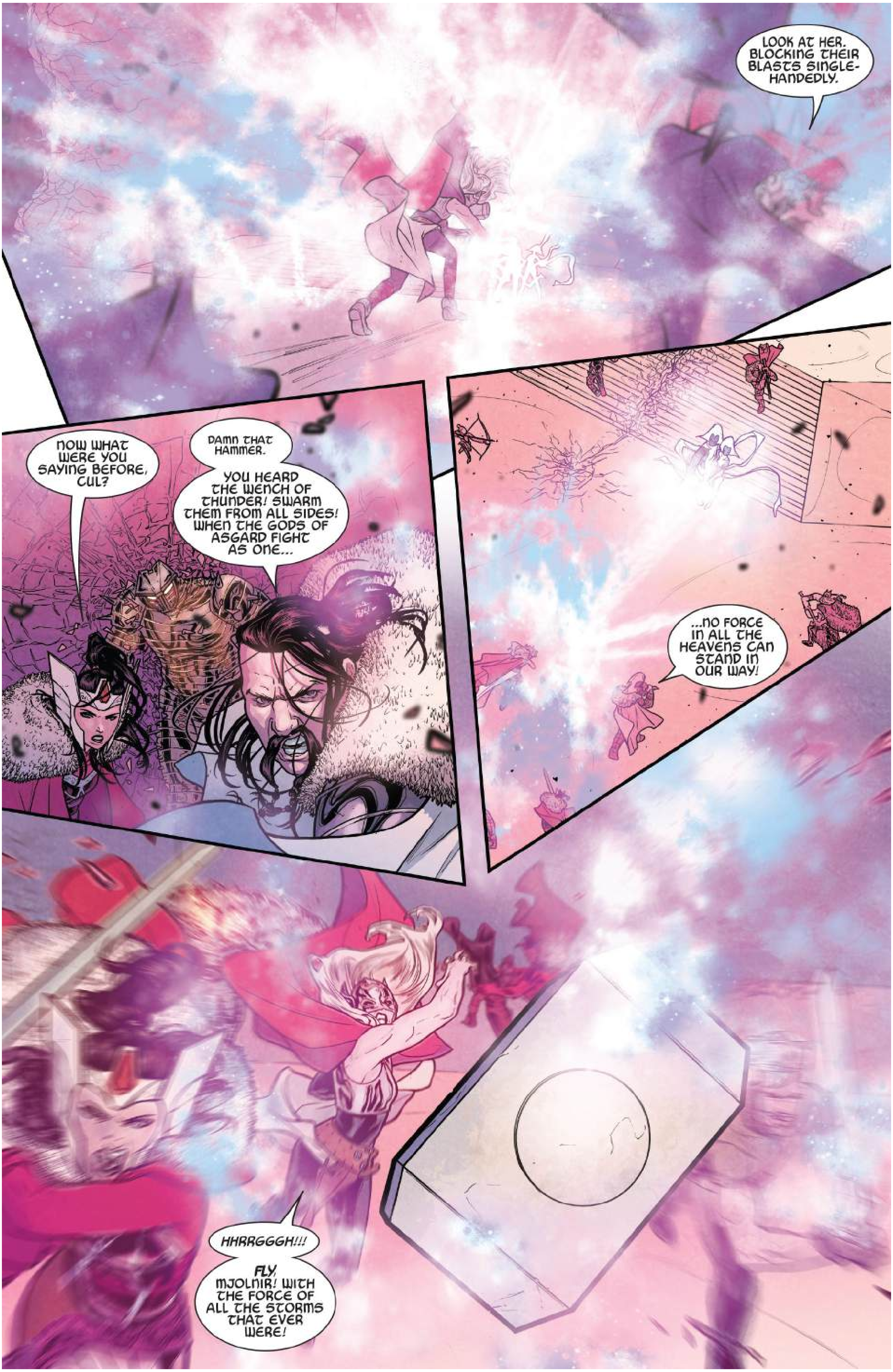

EARTH. SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.
THIS MAY COME AS A BIT OF A SHOCK TO YOU...
...BUT THE PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET ARE UNMITIGATED *IDIOTS*.
RRRUUUUMMMBBLLLe
COMPLETE AND UTTER MENTAL DISASTERS. EVERY LAST PUCKER-FACED, SELFIE-POSTING, BEARD-GROOMING ONE OF THEM.
RELAX. I SAID *PEOPLE*. YOU DON'T COUNT. TAKE IT AS A COMPLIMENT.
AND THEY *KNOW* IT, DON'T THEY? THAT'S THE MOST CRINGE-INDUCING PART. KNOW HOW YOU CAN TELL?
ASK THEM WHAT THEY'D BRING ALONG IF THEY WERE STRANDED ON A DESERT ISLAND.
THEY'LL NAME AN ALBUM THEY THINK MAKES THEM LOOK COOL. SOME BOOK THEY PRETENDED TO READ. A PRETTY CELEBRITY WHO'S EVEN DUMBER THAN THEY ARE.
KNOW WHAT *I* BROUGHT TO MY DESERT ISLAND?
THE ONLY THING IN ALL THE UNIVERSE I NEED TO SURVIVE.

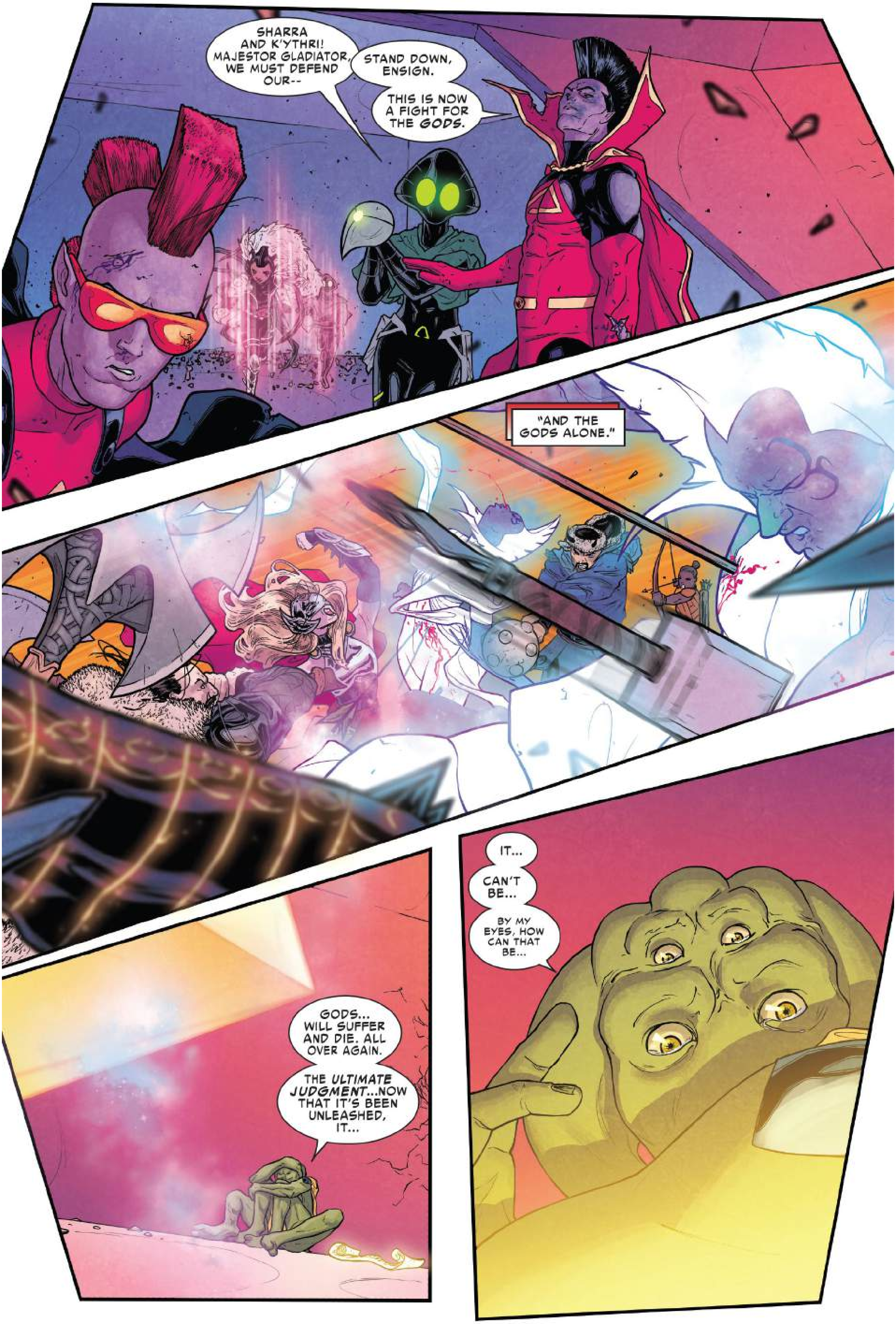

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BRAIN IN EXISTENCE.
IT WAS EASY TO CARRY. SINCE IT'S ALREADY INSIDE MY SKULL.
I JUST WISH I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE PUTTING A BULLET IN IT RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
QUENTIN QUIRE. OMEGA-LEVEL TELEPATH. RELUCTANT X-MAN.
ASK ME ABOUT MY MUTANT AGENDA
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, KRAKOA. LITERALLY, I DO. BUT NO, I'M NOT REALLY GONNA KILL MYSELF. THAT'D BE THE GREATEST CRIME EVER INFLICTED ON MUTANTDOM. AND YES, I AM INCLUDING GENOCIDE.
I'M JUST BORED IS ALL. NO, I DON'T WANNA GO BACK TO CIVILIZATION. HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING? I'M NOT BORED WITH MYSELF. I'M BORED WITH EVERYONE ELSE!
SIGH
WHERE'S A REAL CHALLENGE WHEN A SUPER-GENIUS NEEDS ONE?
KRAKOA. SENTIENT ISLAND. ALSO AN X-MAN. X-MEN ARE WEIRD.

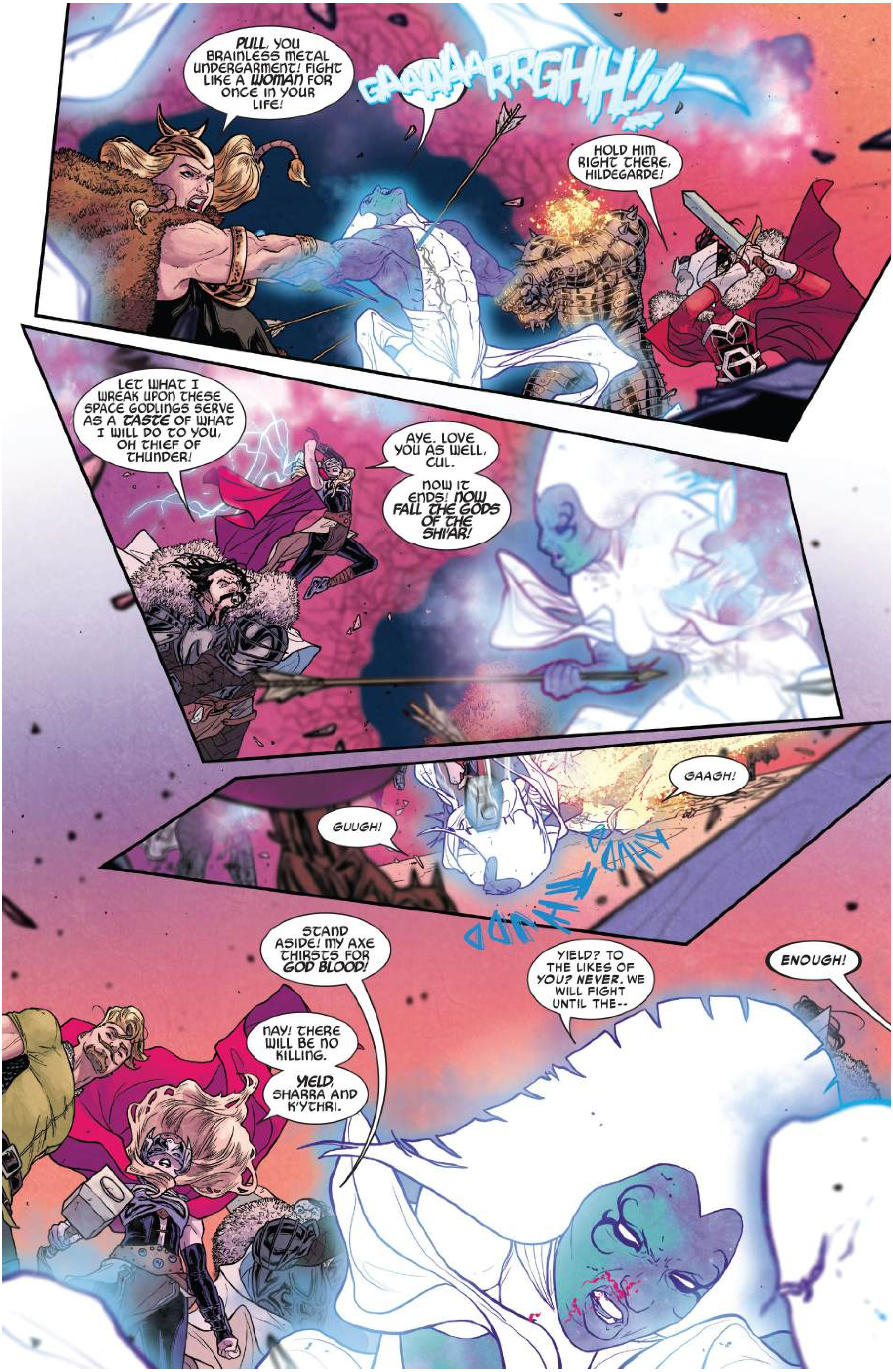

QUENTIN QUIRE. THE UNIVERSE NEEDS YOUR HELP.
I KNOW, I'M AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE.
KID GLADIATOR. IF THIS IS SOME JEAN GREY SCHOOL REUNION, I SURE WISH I COULD MAKE IT, BUT I'M A BIT BUSY BEING COMPLETELY UNINTERESTED.
THIS IS NO JOKE, QUIRE. UNLESS YOU COME WITH US, THE SPACEWAYS WILL BURN. ENTIRE WORLDS WILL BE OBLITERATED.
SOUNDS LIKE A FUN PARTY, WARBIRD, BUT STILL NOT INTERESTED. GET OFF MY KRAKOA.
GX
THIS IS THE SAVIOR YOU SPOKE OF? IS HIS MUTANT POWER THAT OF SURLINESS?
WE ARE WASTING TIME HERE. WE MUST RETURN TO THE FIGHT.

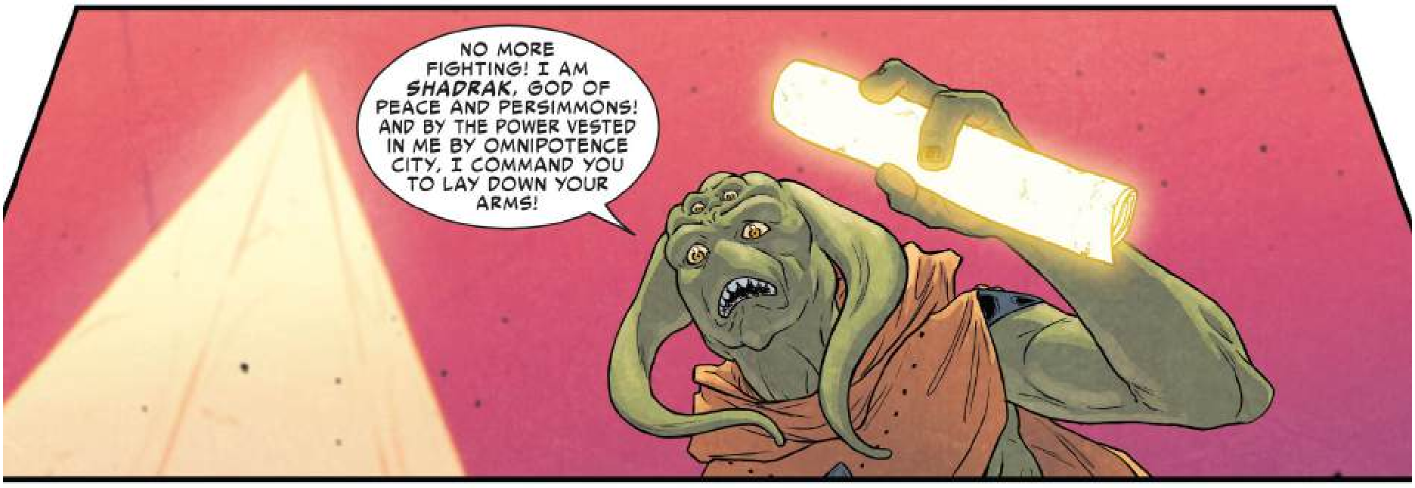

WHO'S THE NEW *BODYGUARD*, KUBARK? MIGHT WANNA TELL HER TO LET THE *HAMMER* DO THE TALKING OR SHE'S LIABLE TO SEE SOME SURLINESS ALL RIGHT.
WITH A CAPITAL $#*@.
BELIEVE ME, CHILD, YOU WOULD NOT WANT TO HEAR WHAT THE HAMMER HAS TO SAY.
WOW. GRADE-A *SUPER-POSTURING*. ALL AROUND. REALLY. AND I APPRECIATE YOU PEOPLE MAKING THIS VERY SPECIAL CAMEO APPEARANCE IN MY ONGOING SOLO ADVENTURE, BUT...
WAIT, HOW DID YOU LOSERS EVEN *FIND* ME OUT HERE?
HE IS CALLED *HEIMDALL*. HE SEES ALL.
WELL THAT'S TOTALLY NOT CREEPY.
SO WHY DON'T YOU HAVE OLD HEIMIE OR KUBARK'S DADDY MOHAWKS GO SAVE THE SPACEWAYS? AND LEAVE ME TO TALK TO MYSELF IN PEACE.
WE CANNOT TARRY ANY LONGER. WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME WITH THIS PETULANT CHILD, WHEN THE PHOENIX COULD BE DESTROYING THE--
WAIT A SECOND.
DID YOU SAY THE *PHOENIX*?

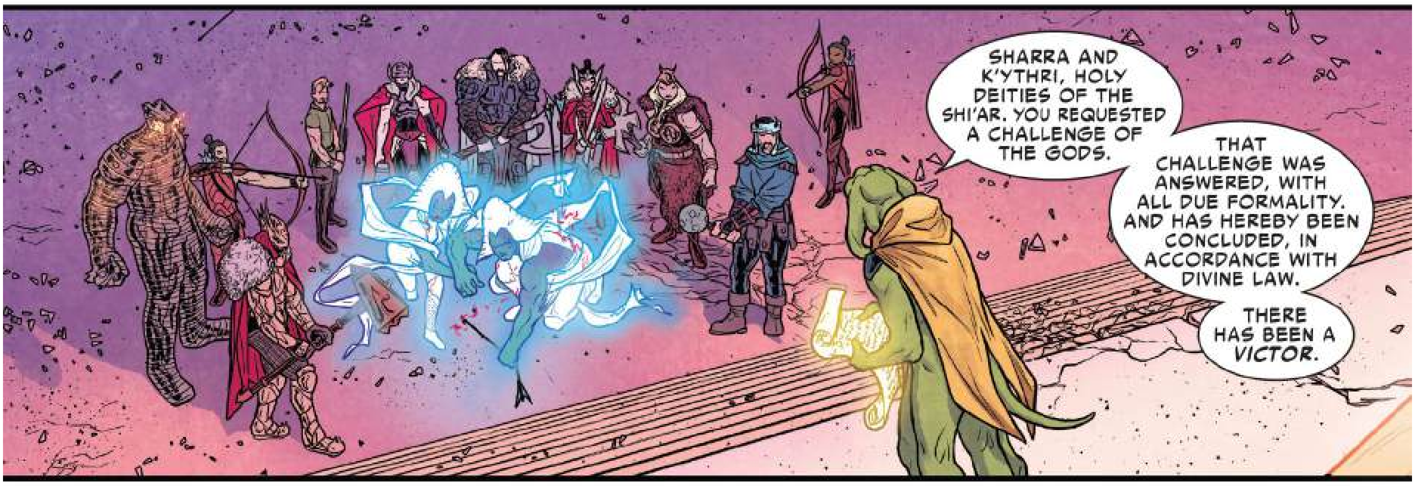

HOURS EARLIER.
M'KRAAN PALACE. IN THE FAR REACHES OF SPACE.
THE SHI'AR GODS ARE TOO POWERFUL! BUT WE HAVE THE NUMBERS! WE MUST ENCIRCLE THEM!
YOU DO NOT GIVE ORDERS HERE, WOMAN! THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF THE WRETCHES! WE RUSH LIKE BERSERKERS AND CRUSH THEM INTO SPACE-GRISTLE!
DEATH TO THE SHI'AR!
NO, CUL! WE MUST FIGHT TOGETHER! THEY CANNOT DEFEAT US ALL!
OH, CAN'T WE?
GHHK, GET THIS... THING OFF...
TAKE MY HAND, HUSBAND!
LET US SHOW THEM THE TRUE POWER OF GODS UNITED!
KROOOM

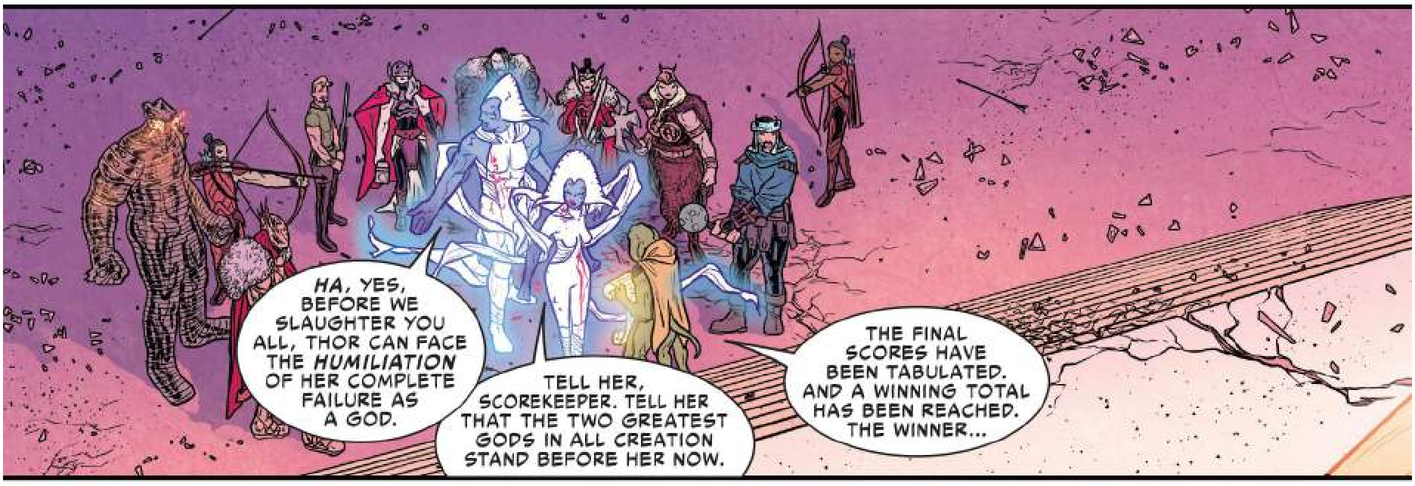

LOOK AT HER. BLOCKING THEIR BLASTS SINGLE-HANDEDLY.
NOW WHAT WERE YOU SAYING BEFORE, CUL?
DAMN THAT HAMMER.
YOU HEARD THE WENCH OF THUNDER! SWARM THEM FROM ALL SIDES! WHEN THE GODS OF ASGARD FIGHT AS ONE...
...NO FORCE IN ALL THE HEAVENS CAN STAND IN OUR WAY!
HHRRGGGH!!!
FLY, MJOLNIR! WITH THE FORCE OF ALL THE STORMS THAT EVER WERE!

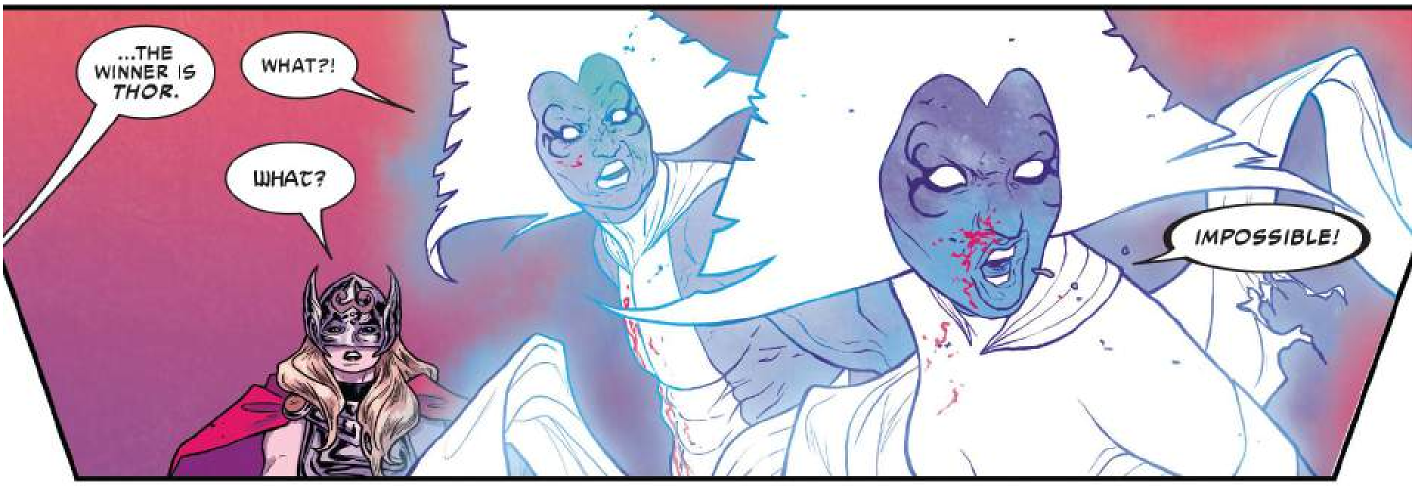

SHARRA AND K'YTHRI! MAJESTOR GLADIATOR, WE MUST DEFEND OUR--
STAND DOWN, ENSIGN.
THIS IS NOW A FIGHT FOR THE *GODS*.
"AND THE GODS ALONE."
GODS... WILL SUFFER AND DIE. ALL OVER AGAIN.
THE *ULTIMATE JUDGMENT*...NOW THAT IT'S BEEN UNLEASHED, IT...
IT...
CAN'T BE...
BY MY EYES, HOW CAN THAT BE...

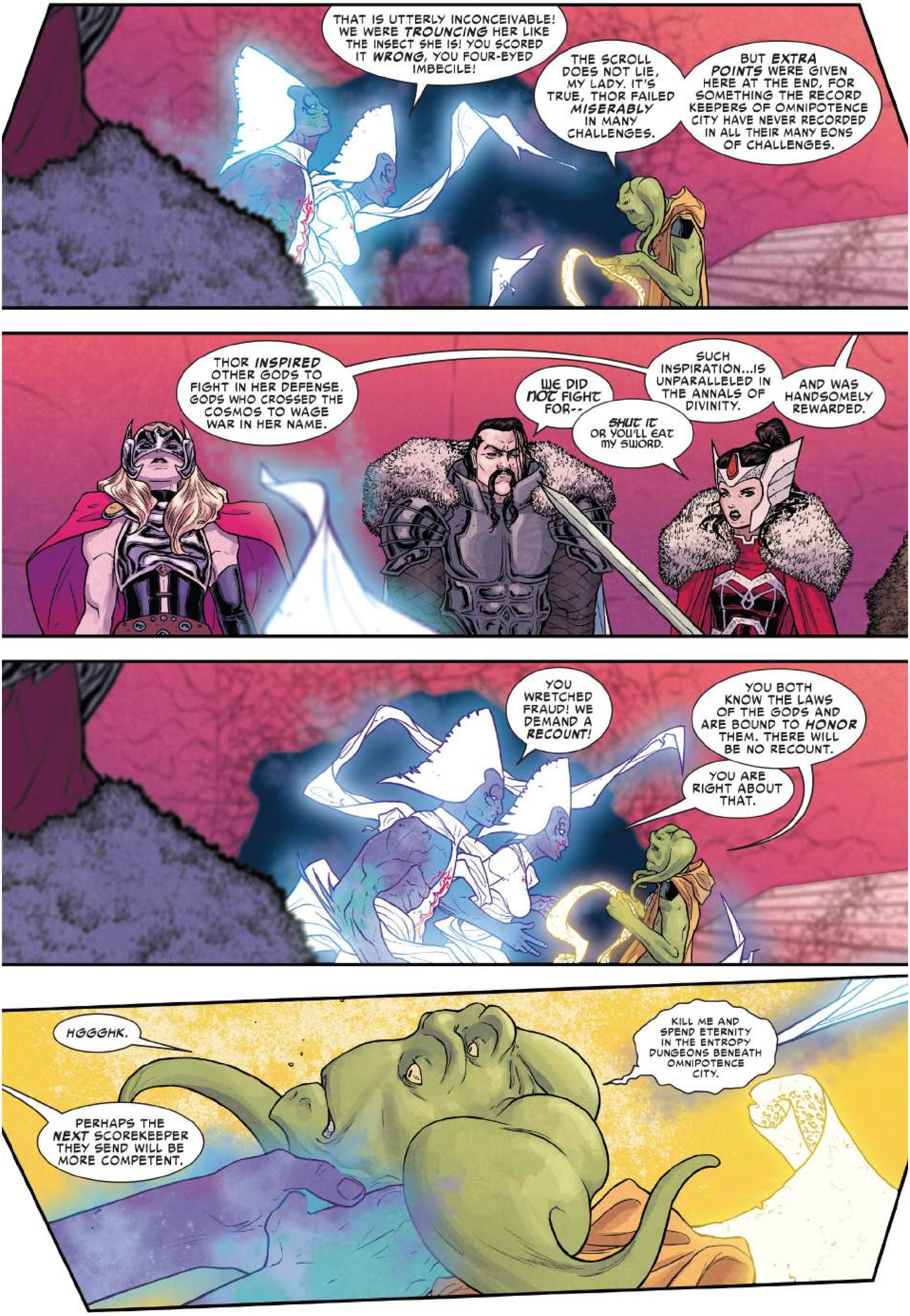

PULL, YOU BRAINLESS METAL UNDERGARMENT! FIGHT LIKE A WOMAN FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE!
GAAAAARRGHH!!!
HOLD HIM RIGHT THERE, HILDEGARDE!
LET WHAT I WREAK UPON THESE SPACE GODLINGS SERVE AS A TASTE OF WHAT I WILL DO TO YOU, OH THIEF OF THUNDER!
AYE. LOVE YOU AS WELL, CUL.
NOW IT ENDS! NOW FALL THE GODS OF THE SHI'AR!
GAAGH!
GUUGH!
KHADD KHADD
STAND ASIDE! MY AXE THIRSTS FOR GOD BLOOD!
YIELD? TO THE LIKES OF YOU? NEVER. WE WILL FIGHT UNTIL THE--
ENOUGH!
NAY! THERE WILL BE NO KILLING.
YIELD, SHARRA AND K'YTHRI.

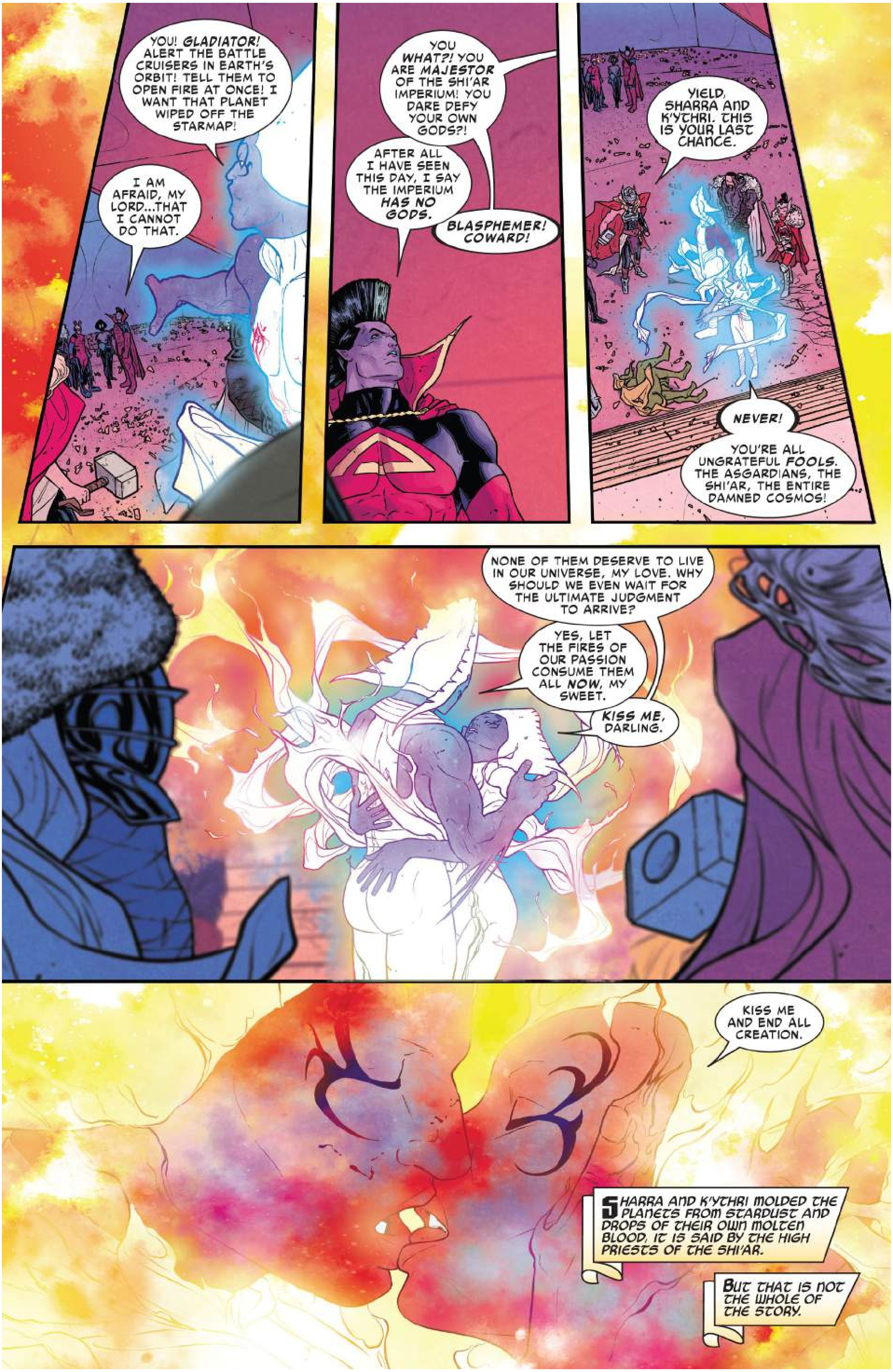

NO MORE FIGHTING! I AM **SHADRAK**, GOD OF PEACE AND PERSIMMONS! AND BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME BY OMNIPOTENCE CITY, I COMMAND YOU TO LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS!

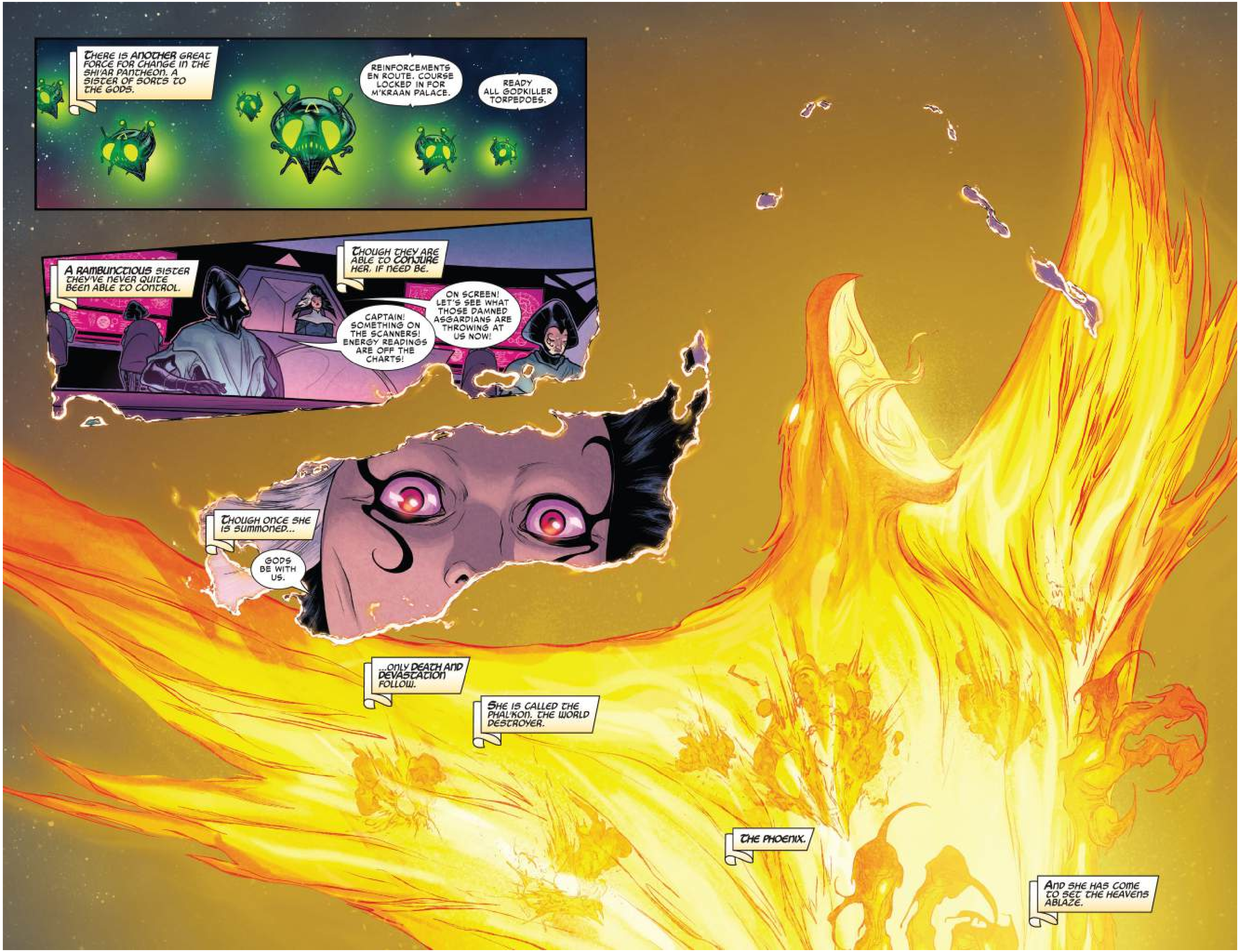

SHARRA AND K'YTHRI, HOLY DEITIES OF THE SHI'AR. YOU REQUESTED A CHALLENGE OF THE GODS.
THAT CHALLENGE WAS ANSWERED, WITH ALL DUE FORMALITY. AND HAS HEREBY BEEN CONCLUDED, IN ACCORDANCE WITH DIVINE LAW.
THERE HAS BEEN A *VICTOR*.

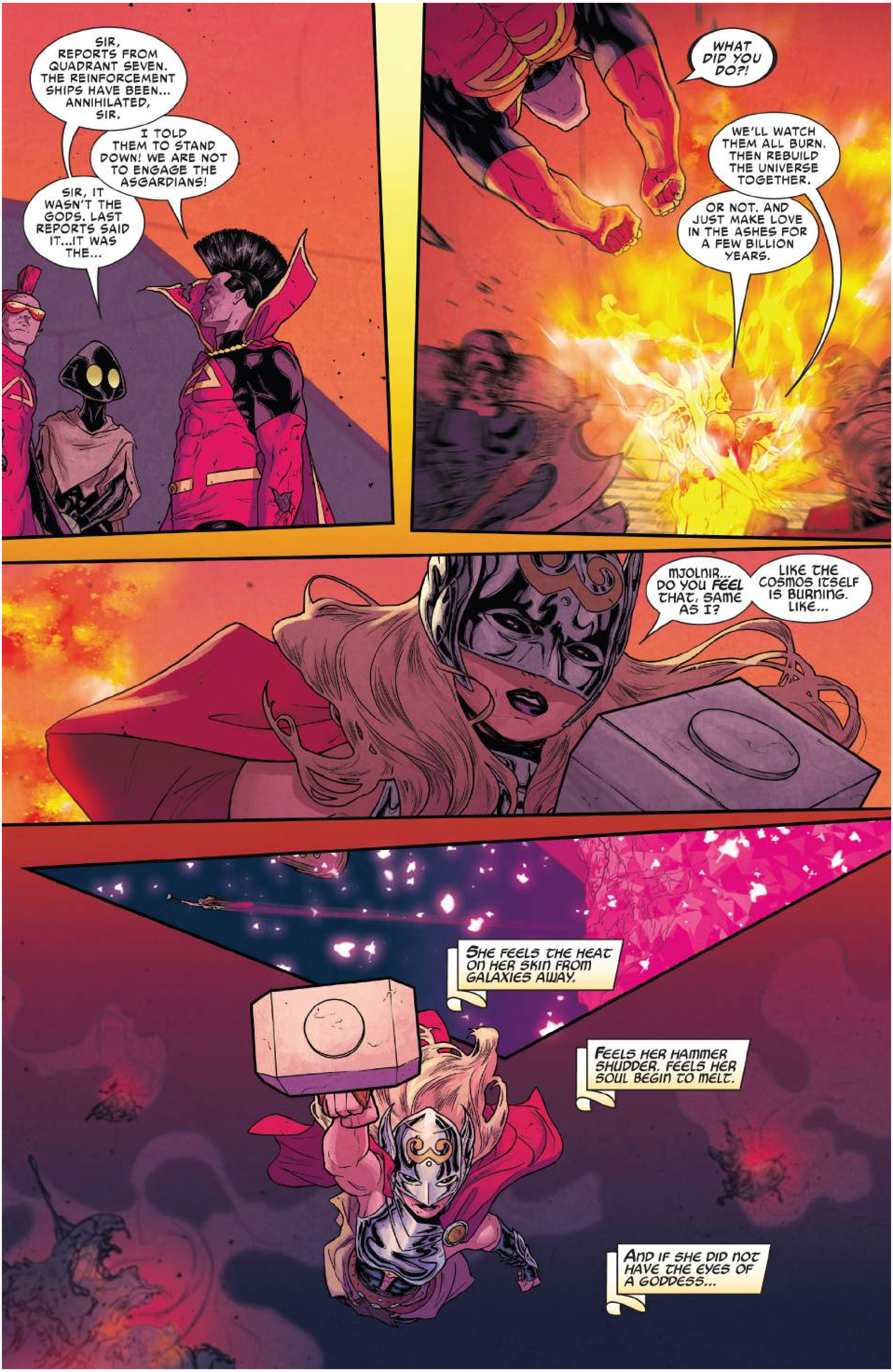

HA, YES, BEFORE WE SLAUGHTER YOU ALL, THOR CAN FACE THE *HUMILIATION* OF HER COMPLETE FAILURE AS A GOD.
TELL HER, SCOREKEEPER. TELL HER THAT THE TWO GREATEST GODS IN ALL CREATION STAND BEFORE HER NOW.
THE FINAL SCORES HAVE BEEN TABULATED. AND A WINNING TOTAL HAS BEEN REACHED. THE WINNER...

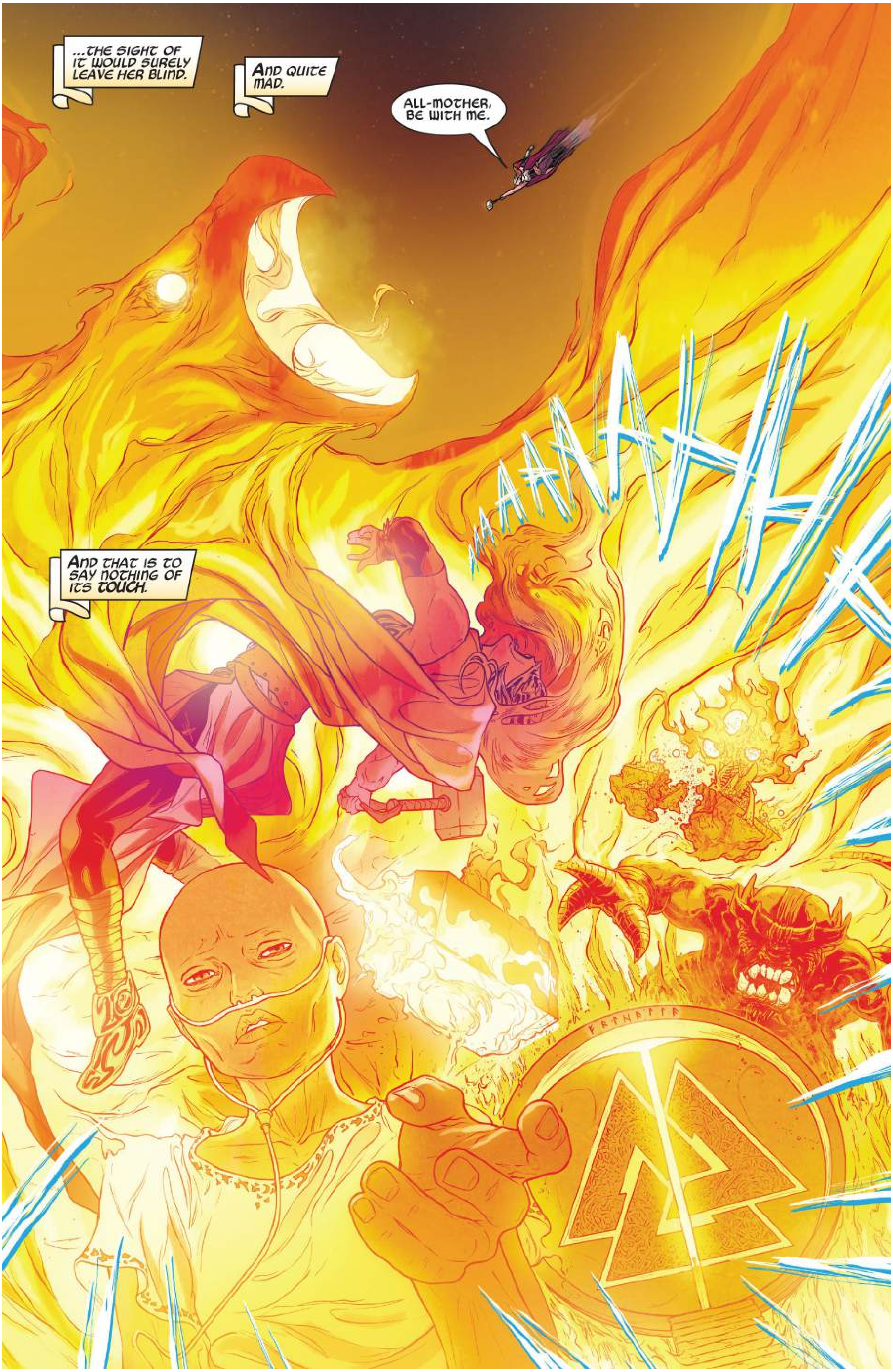

...THE WINNER IS *THOR*.
WHAT?!
WHAT?
IMPOSSIBLE!

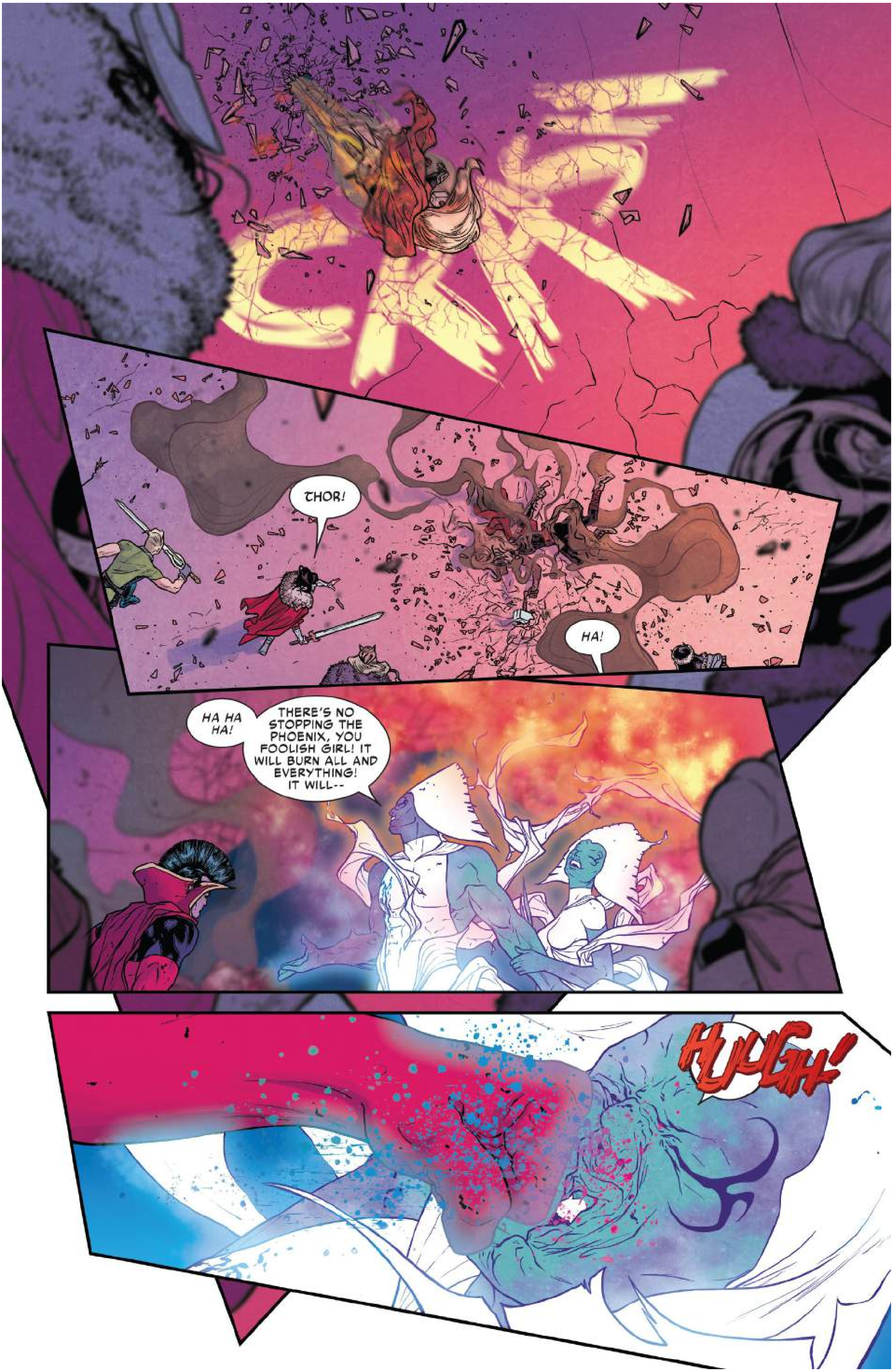

THAT IS UTTERLY INCONCEIVABLE! WE WERE *TROUNCING* HER LIKE THE INSECT SHE IS! YOU SCORED IT *WRONG*, YOU FOUR-EYED IMBECILE!
THE SCROLL DOES NOT LIE, MY LADY. IT'S TRUE, THOR FAILED *MISERABLY* IN MANY CHALLENGES.
BUT *EXTRA POINTS* WERE GIVEN HERE AT THE END, FOR SOMETHING THE RECORD KEEPERS OF OMNIPOTENCE CITY HAVE NEVER RECORDED IN ALL THEIR MANY EONS OF CHALLENGES.
THOR *INSPIRED* OTHER GODS TO FIGHT IN HER DEFENSE. GODS WHO CROSSED THE COSMOS TO WAGE WAR IN HER NAME.
SUCH INSPIRATION...IS UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF DIVINITY.
AND WAS HANDSOMELY REWARDED.
WE DID *NOT* FIGHT FOR--
SHUT IT OR YOU'LL EAT MY SWORD.
YOU WRETCHED FRAUD! WE DEMAND A *RECOUNT!*
YOU BOTH KNOW THE LAWS OF THE GODS AND ARE BOUND TO *HONOR* THEM. THERE WILL BE NO RECOUNT.
YOU ARE RIGHT ABOUT THAT.
HGGGHK.
PERHAPS THE *NEXT* SCOREKEEPER THEY SEND WILL BE MORE COMPETENT.
KILL ME AND SPEND ETERNITY IN THE ENTROPY DUNGEONS BENEATH OMNIPOTENCE CITY.

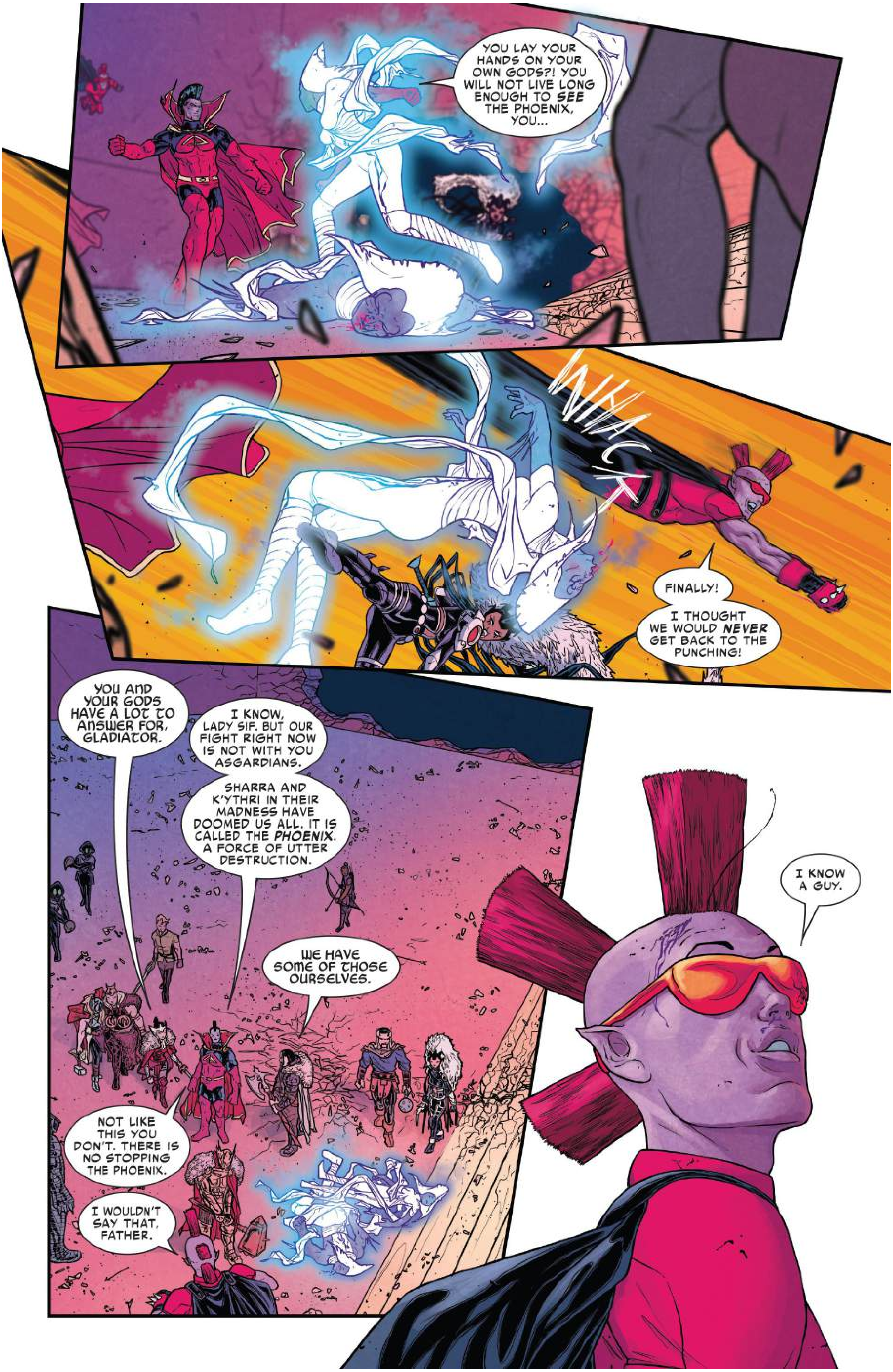

YOU! GLADIATOR! ALERT THE BATTLE CRUISERS IN EARTH'S ORBIT! TELL THEM TO OPEN FIRE AT ONCE! I WANT THAT PLANET WIPED OFF THE STARMAP!
I AM AFRAID, MY LORD...THAT I CANNOT DO THAT.
YOU WHAT?! YOU ARE MAJESTOR OF THE SHI'AR IMPERIUM! YOU DARE DEFY YOUR OWN GODS?!
AFTER ALL I HAVE SEEN THIS DAY, I SAY THE IMPERIUM HAS NO GODS.
BLASPHEMER! COWARD!
YIELD, SHARRA AND K'YTHRI. THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE.
NEVER!
YOU'RE ALL UNGRATEFUL FOOLS. THE ASGARDIANS, THE SHI'AR, THE ENTIRE DAMNED COSMOS!
NONE OF THEM DESERVE TO LIVE IN OUR UNIVERSE, MY LOVE. WHY SHOULD WE EVEN WAIT FOR THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT TO ARRIVE?
YES, LET THE FIRES OF OUR PASSION CONSUME THEM ALL NOW, MY SWEET.
KISS ME, DARLING.
KISS ME AND END ALL CREATION.
SHARRA AND K'YTHRI MOLDED THE PLANETS FROM STARDUST AND DROPS OF THEIR OWN MOLTEN BLOOD, IT IS SAID BY THE HIGH PRIESTS OF THE SHI'AR.
BUT THAT IS NOT THE WHOLE OF THE STORY.

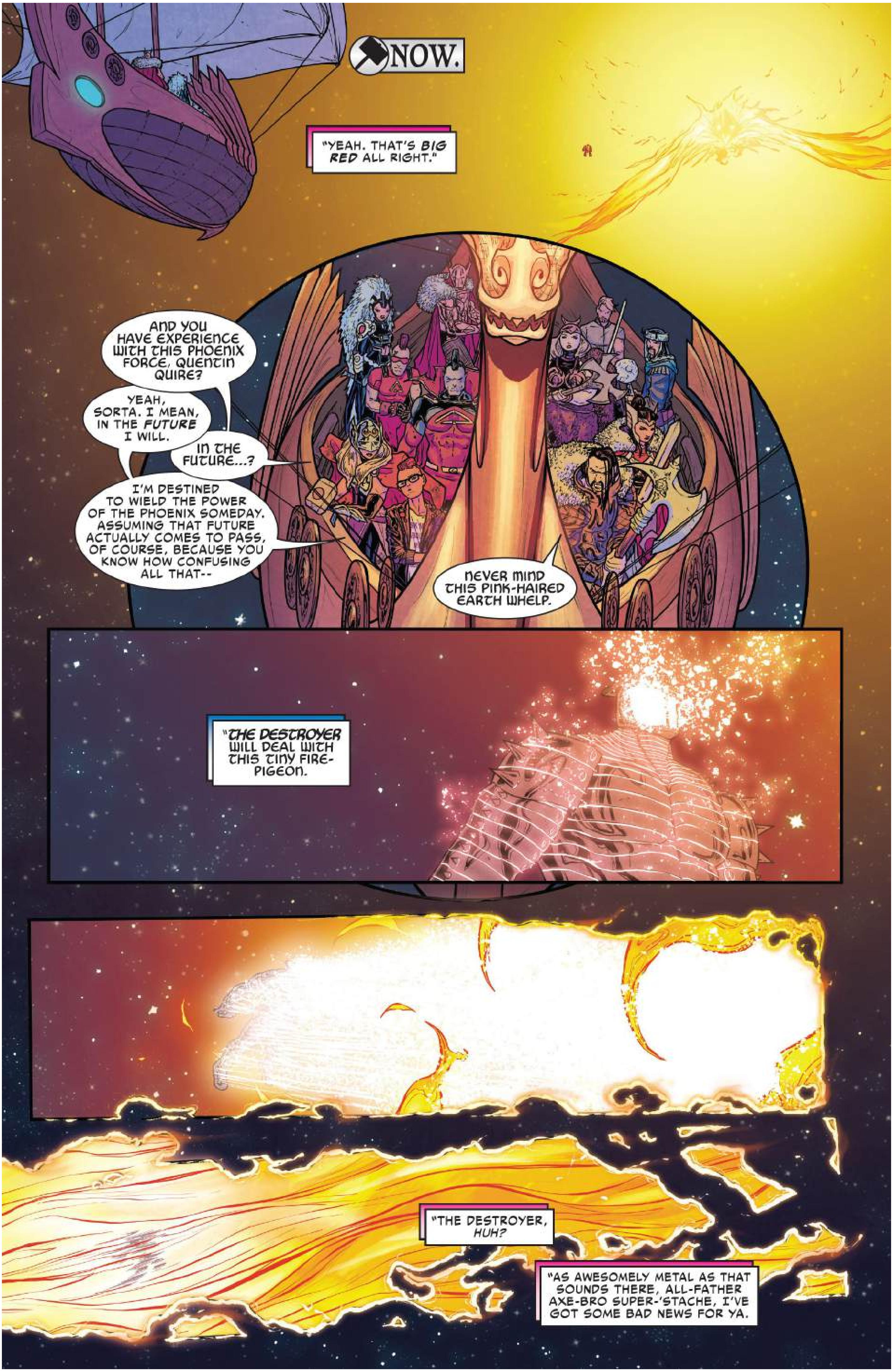

There is ANOTHER great force for change in the Shi'ar pantheon. A sister of sorts to the gods.
REINFORCEMENTS EN ROUTE. COURSE LOCKED IN FOR M'KRAAN PALACE.
READY ALL GODKILLER TORPEDOES.
A RAMBUNCTIOUS sister they've never quite been able to control.
Though they are able to CONJURE her, if need be.
CAPTAIN! SOMETHING ON THE SCANNERS! ENERGY READINGS ARE OFF THE CHARTS!
ON SCREEN! LET'S SEE WHAT THOSE DAMNED ASGARDIANS ARE THROWING AT US NOW!
Though once she is summoned...
GODS BE WITH US.
...only DEATH AND DEVASTATION follow.
She is called the Phal'kon. The world destroyer.
The Phoenix.
And she has come to set the heavens ablaze.

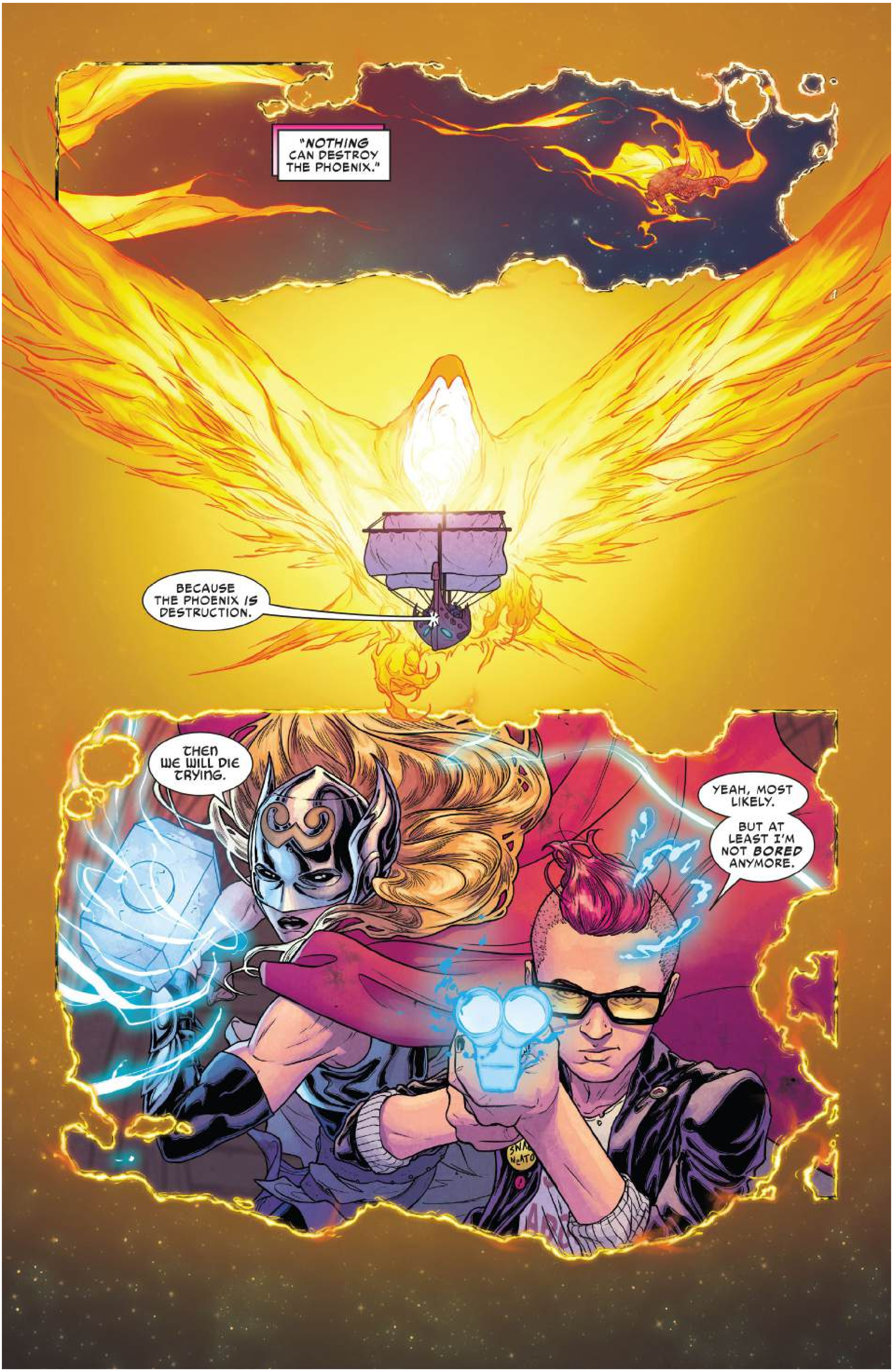

SIR, REPORTS FROM QUADRANT SEVEN. THE REINFORCEMENT SHIPS HAVE BEEN... ANNIHILATED, SIR.
I TOLD THEM TO STAND DOWN! WE ARE NOT TO ENGAGE THE ASGARDIANS!
SIR, IT WASN'T THE GODS. LAST REPORTS SAID IT...IT WAS THE...
WHAT DID YOU DO?!
WE'LL WATCH THEM ALL BURN. THEN REBUILD THE UNIVERSE TOGETHER.
OR NOT. AND JUST MAKE LOVE IN THE ASHES FOR A FEW BILLION YEARS.
MJOLNIR... DO YOU **FEEL** THAT, SAME AS I?
LIKE THE COSMOS ITSELF IS BURNING. LIKE...
SHE FEELS THE HEAT ON HER SKIN FROM GALAXIES AWAY.
FEELS HER HAMMER SHUDDER. FEELS HER SOUL BEGIN TO MELT.
AND IF SHE DID NOT HAVE THE EYES OF A GODDESS...

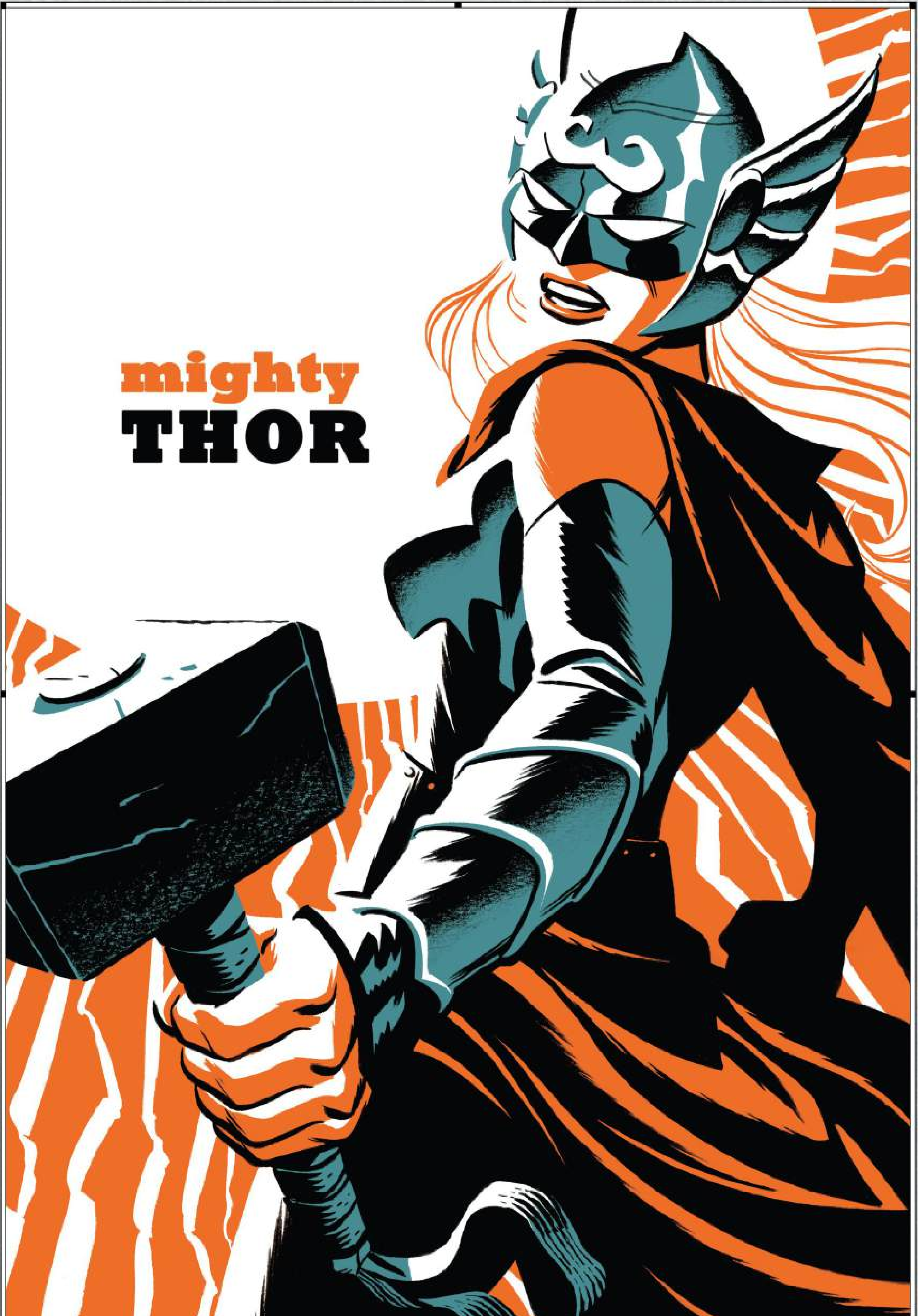

...THE SIGHT OF IT WOULD SURELY LEAVE HER BLIND.
AND QUITE MAD.
ALL-MOTHER, BE WITH ME.
AAAAAAAHHHHH
AND THAT IS TO SAY NOTHING OF ITS TOUCH.


THOR!
HA!
HA HA HA!
THERE'S NO STOPPING THE PHOENIX, YOU FOOLISH GIRL! IT WILL BURN ALL AND EVERYTHING! IT WILL--
HUUGH!

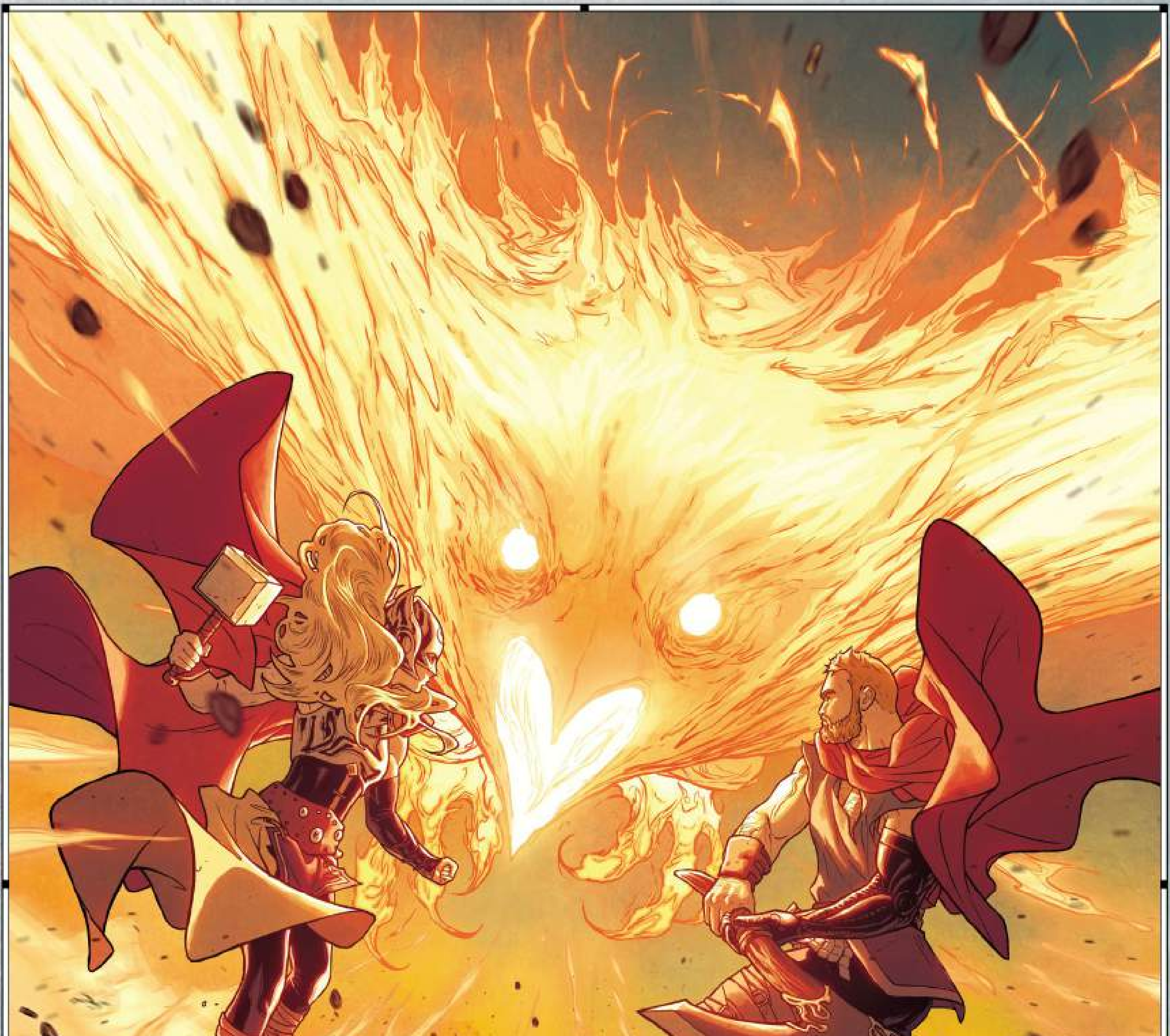

YOU LAY YOUR HANDS ON YOUR OWN GODS?! YOU WILL NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO *SEE* THE PHOENIX, YOU...
WHACK
FINALLY!
I THOUGHT WE WOULD ***NEVER*** GET BACK TO THE PUNCHING!
YOU AND YOUR GODS HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR, GLADIATOR.
I KNOW, LADY SIF. BUT OUR FIGHT RIGHT NOW IS NOT WITH YOU ASGARDIANS.
SHARRA AND K'YTHRI IN THEIR MADNESS HAVE DOOMED US ALL. IT IS CALLED THE *PHOENIX*. A FORCE OF UTTER DESTRUCTION.
WE HAVE SOME OF THOSE OURSELVES.
NOT LIKE THIS YOU DON'T. THERE IS NO STOPPING THE PHOENIX.
I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, FATHER.
I KNOW A GUY.


NOW.
"YEAH. THAT'S *BIG RED* ALL RIGHT."
AND YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH THIS PHOENIX FORCE, QUENTIN QUIRE?
YEAH, SORTA. I MEAN, IN THE *FUTURE* I WILL.
IN THE FUTURE...?
I'M DESTINED TO WIELD THE POWER OF THE PHOENIX SOMEDAY. ASSUMING THAT FUTURE ACTUALLY COMES TO PASS, OF COURSE, BECAUSE YOU KNOW HOW CONFUSING ALL THAT--
NEVER MIND THIS PINK-HAIRED EARTH WHELP.
"*THE DESTROYER* WILL DEAL WITH THIS TINY FIRE-PIGEON.
"THE DESTROYER, *HUH?*
"AS AWESOMELY METAL AS THAT SOUNDS THERE, ALL-FATHER AXE-BRO SUPER-'STACHE, I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YA.


"*NOTHING* CAN DESTROY THE PHOENIX."
BECAUSE THE PHOENIX *IS* DESTRUCTION.
THEN WE WILL DIE TRYING.
YEAH, MOST LIKELY.
BUT AT LEAST I'M NOT *BORED* ANYMORE.


mighty
THOR

MIGHTY THOR #4 VARIANT BY Michael Cho



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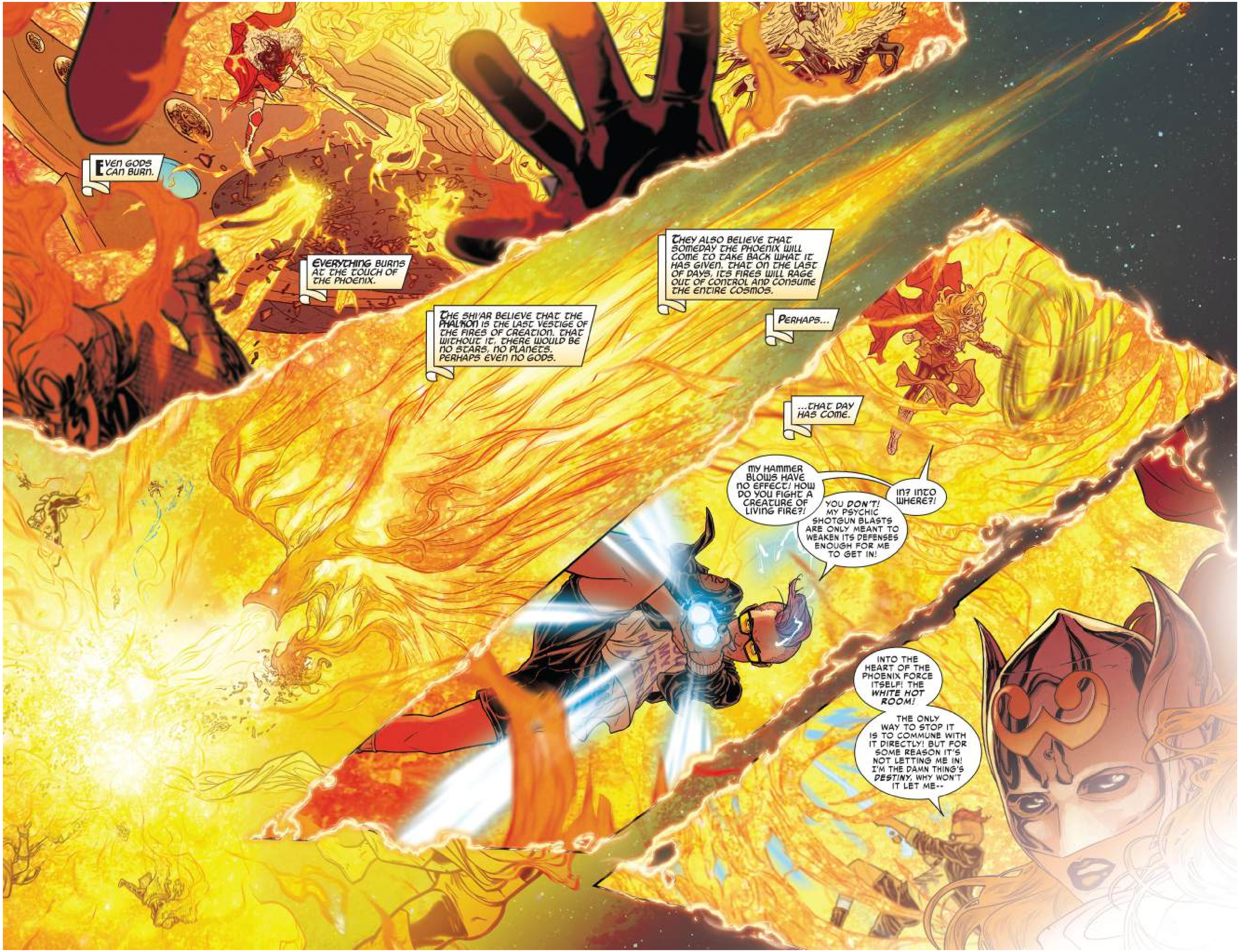
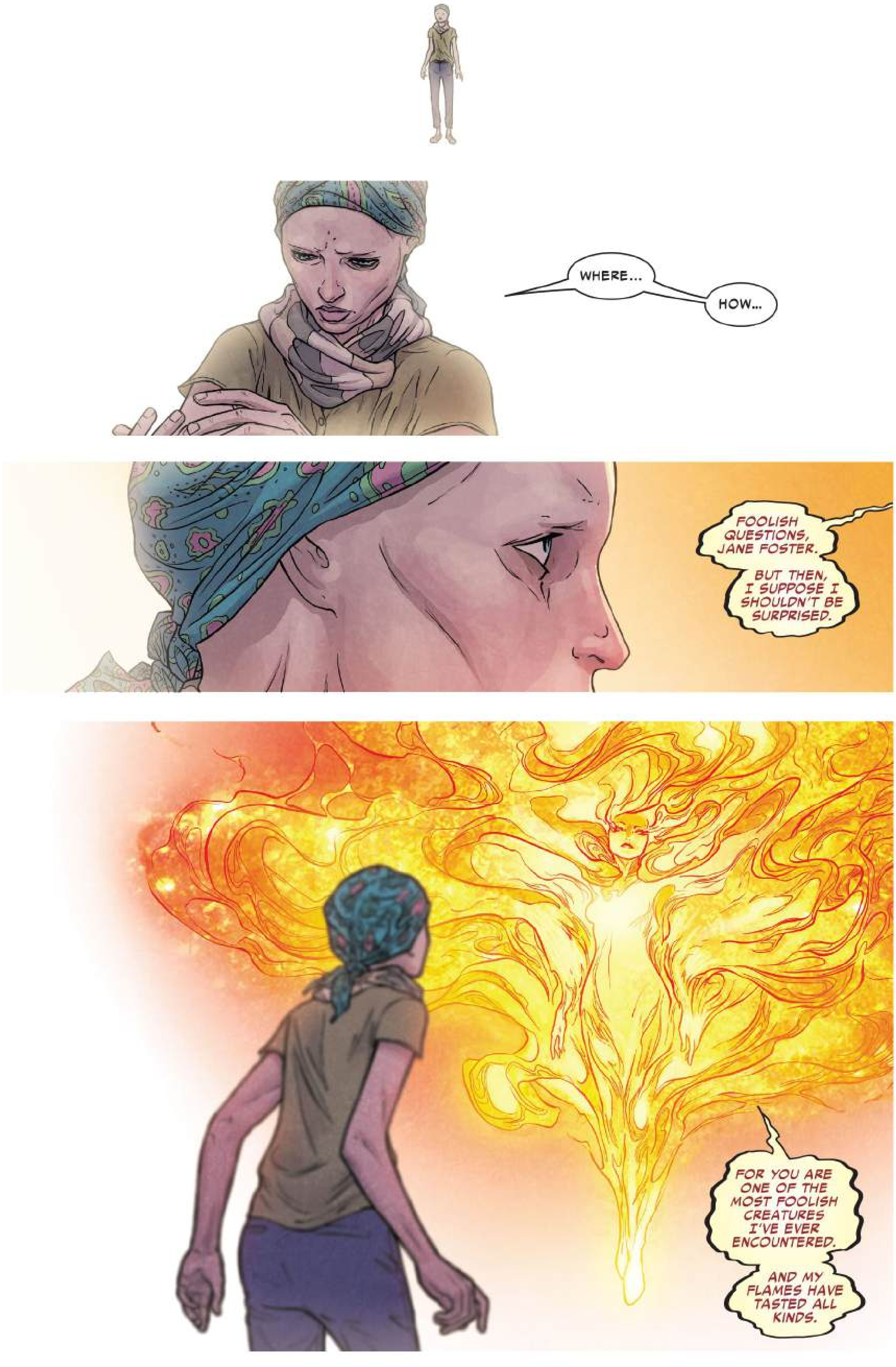
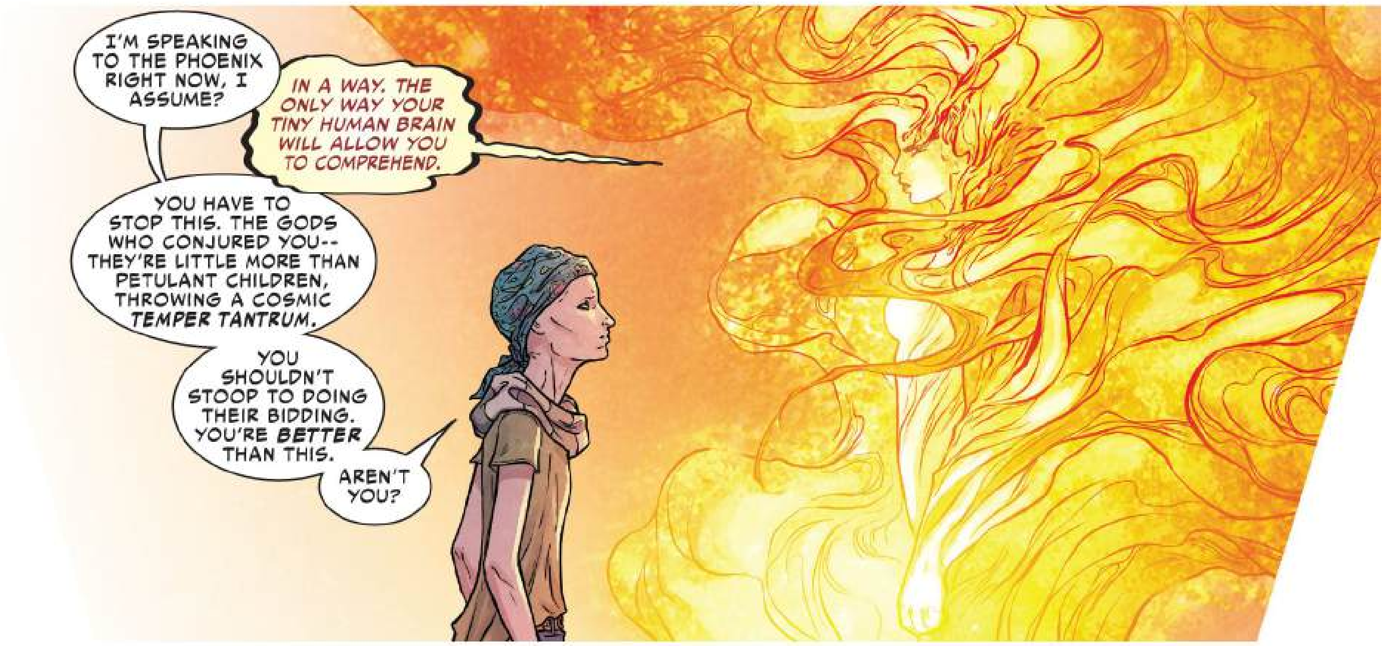
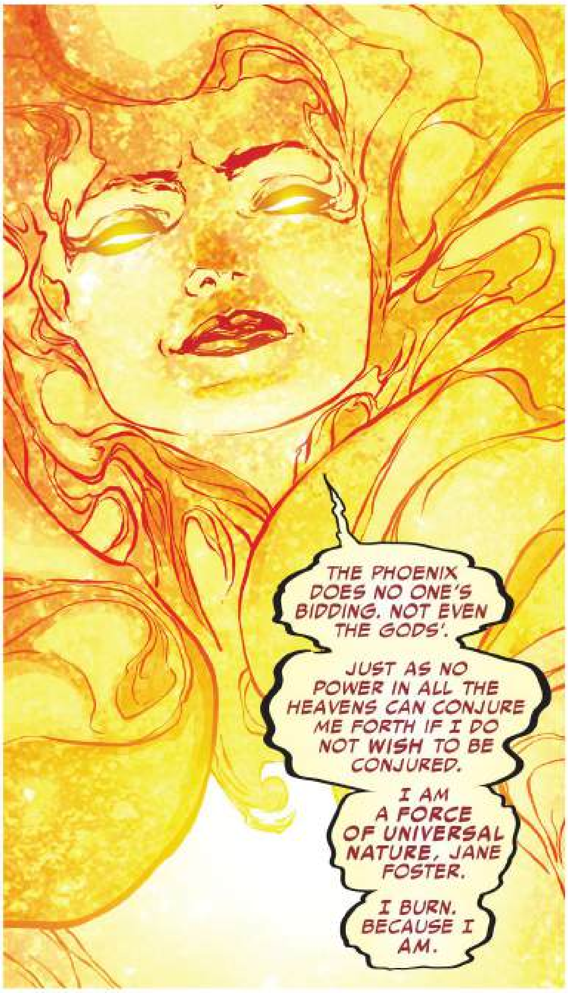
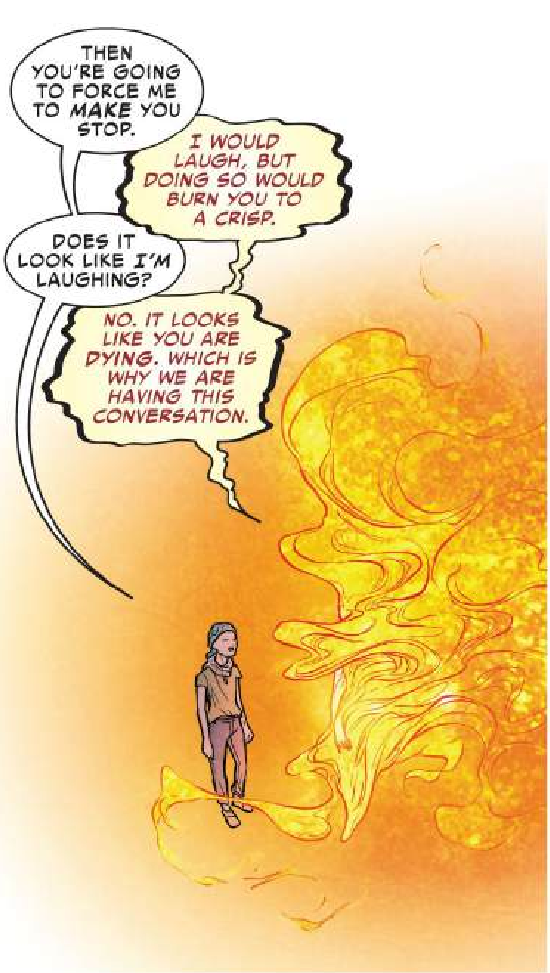
The Asgard/Shi’Ar War — Part 5: To Face the Phoenix

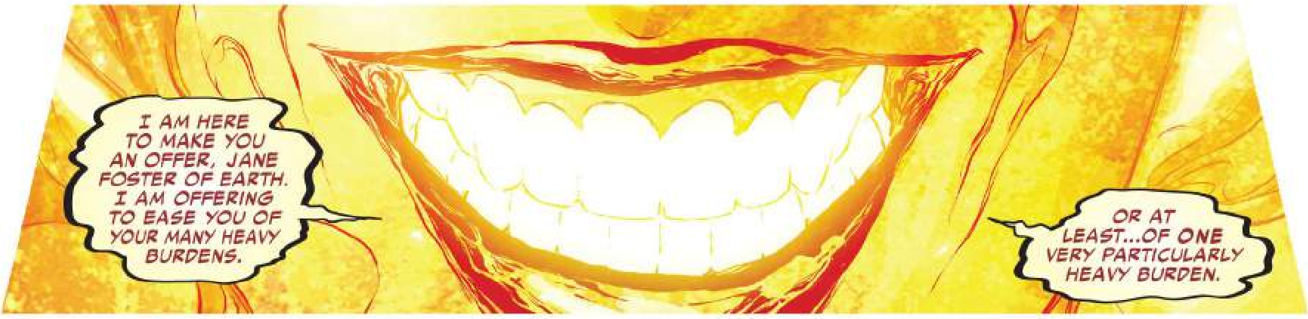

EVEN GODS CAN BURN.
EVERYTHING BURNS AT THE TOUCH OF THE PHOENIX.
THE SHI'AR BELIEVE THAT THE **PHAL'KON** IS THE LAST VESTIGE OF THE FIRES OF CREATION. THAT WITHOUT IT, THERE WOULD BE NO STARS, NO PLANETS. PERHAPS EVEN NO GODS.
THEY ALSO BELIEVE THAT SOMEDAY THE PHOENIX WILL COME TO TAKE BACK WHAT IT HAS GIVEN. THAT ON THE LAST OF DAYS, ITS FIRES WILL RAGE OUT OF CONTROL AND CONSUME THE ENTIRE COSMOS.
PERHAPS...
...THAT DAY HAS COME.
MY HAMMER BLOWS HAVE NO EFFECT! HOW DO YOU FIGHT A CREATURE OF LIVING FIRE?!
YOU ***DON'T!*** MY PSYCHIC SHOTGUN BLASTS ARE ONLY MEANT TO WEAKEN ITS DEFENSES ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET IN!
IN? INTO WHERE?!
INTO THE HEART OF THE PHOENIX FORCE ITSELF! THE ***WHITE HOT ROOM!***
THE ONLY WAY TO STOP IT IS TO COMMUNE WITH IT DIRECTLY! BUT FOR SOME REASON IT'S NOT LETTING ME IN! I'M THE DAMN THING'S ***DESTINY***, WHY WON'T IT LET ME--

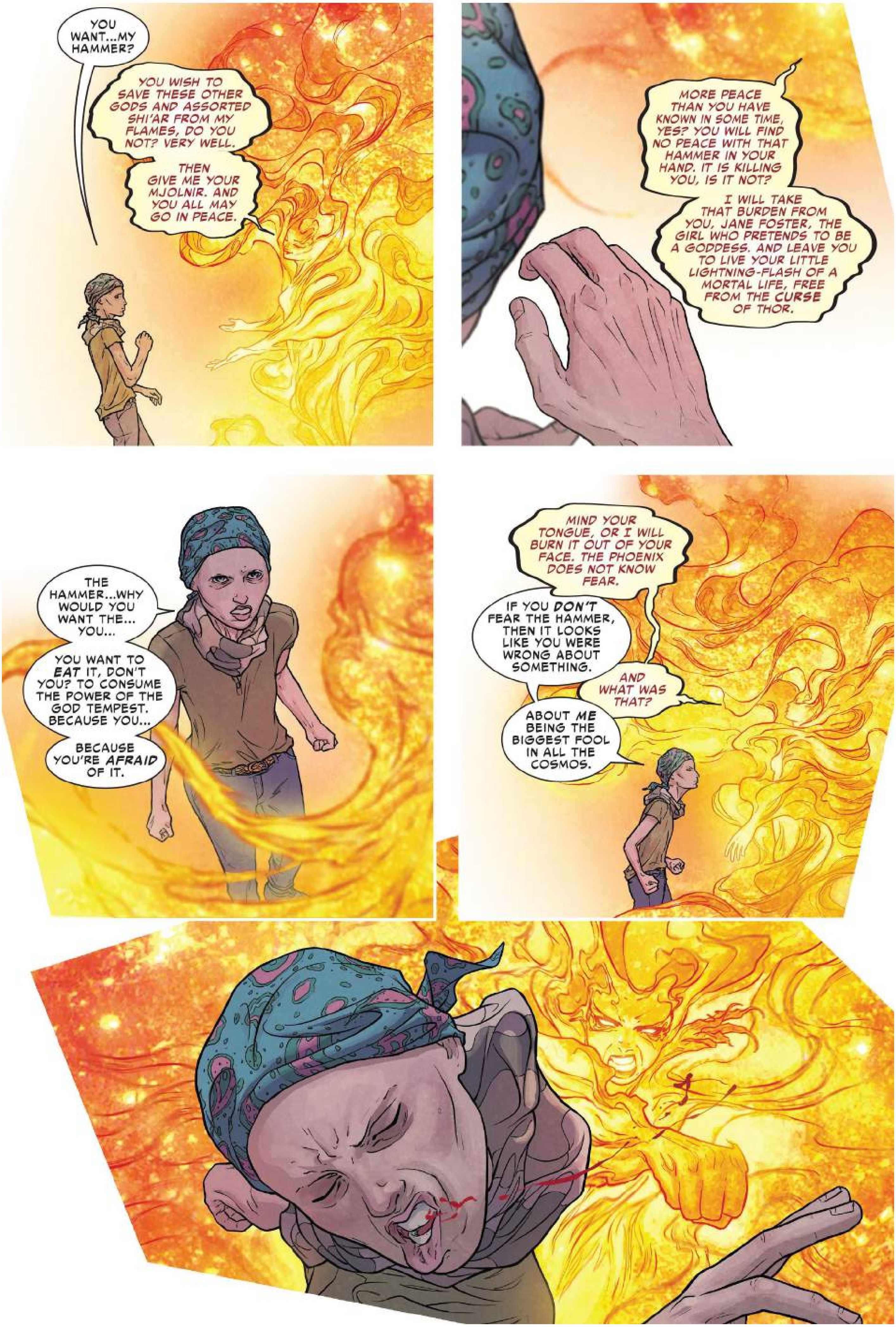

WHERE...
HOW...
FOOLISH QUESTIONS, JANE FOSTER.
BUT THEN, I SUPPOSE I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED.
FOR YOU ARE ONE OF THE MOST FOOLISH CREATURES I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED.
AND MY FLAMES HAVE TASTED ALL KINDS.

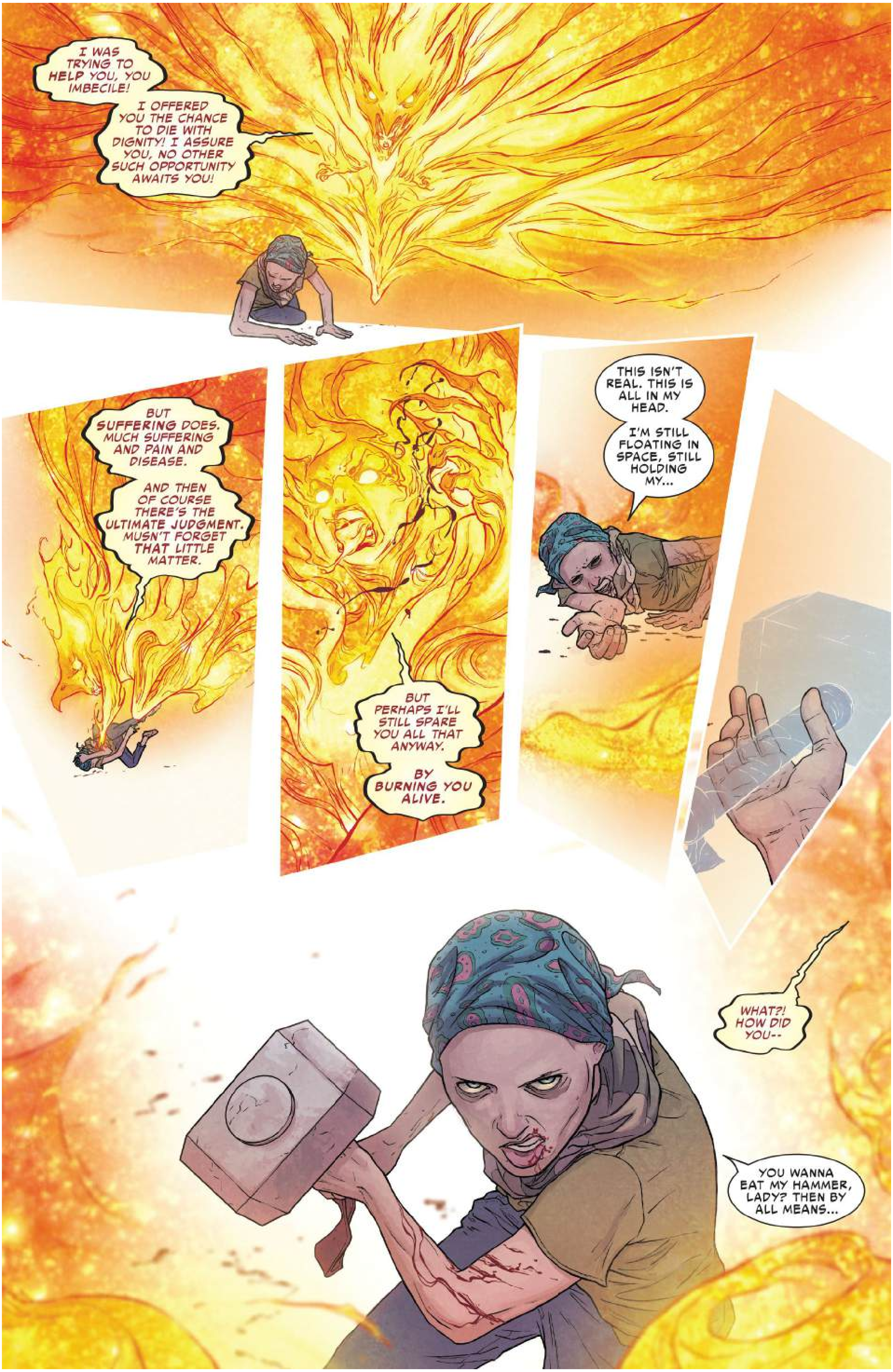

I'M SPEAKING TO THE PHOENIX RIGHT NOW, I ASSUME?
IN A WAY. THE ONLY WAY YOUR TINY HUMAN BRAIN WILL ALLOW YOU TO COMPREHEND.
YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS. THE GODS WHO CONJURED YOU-- THEY'RE LITTLE MORE THAN PETULANT CHILDREN, THROWING A COSMIC TEMPER TANTRUM.
YOU SHOULDN'T STOOP TO DOING THEIR BIDDING. YOU'RE BETTER THAN THIS.
AREN'T YOU?

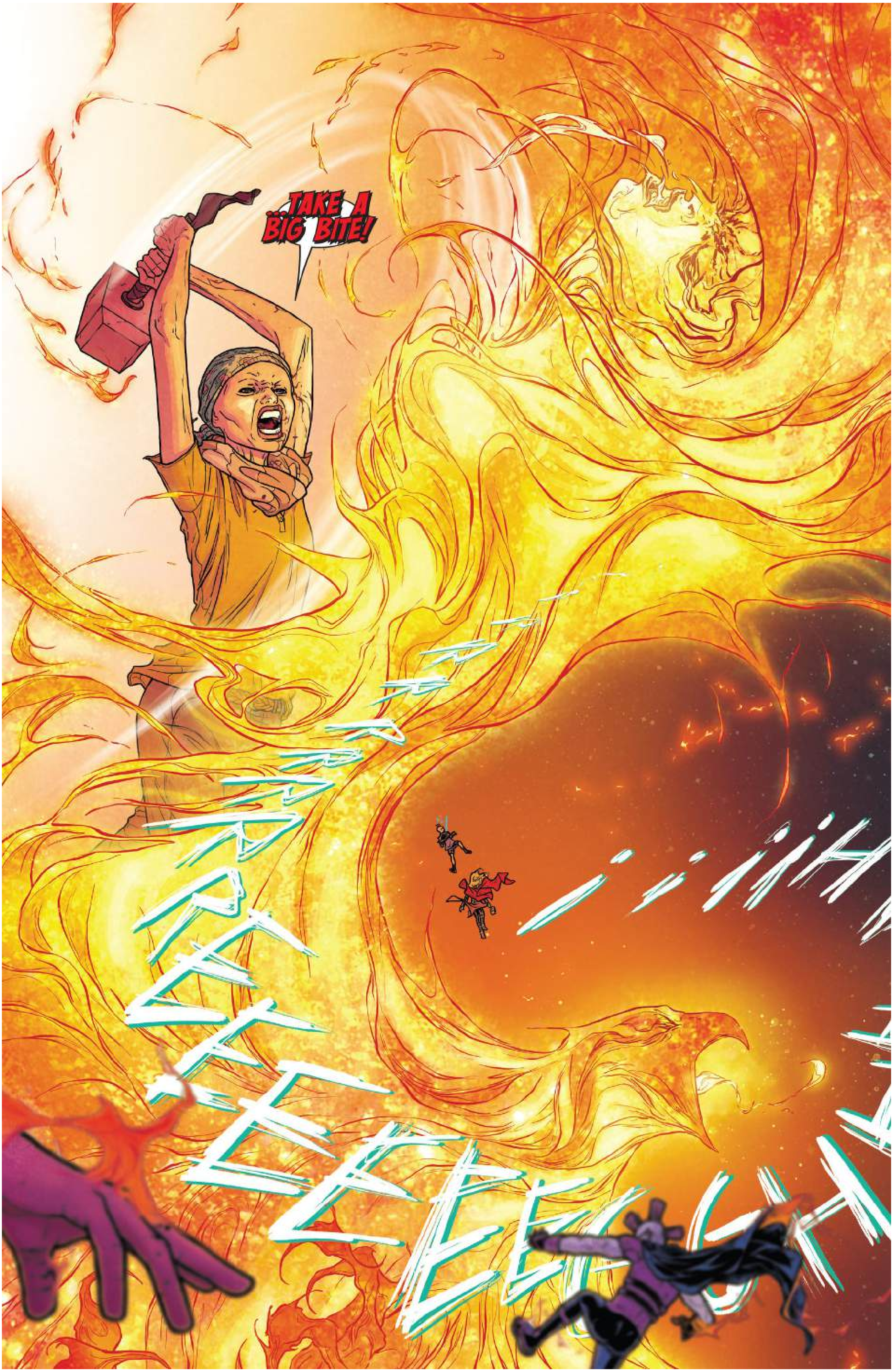

THE PHOENIX DOES NO ONE'S BIDDING. NOT EVEN THE GODS'.
JUST AS NO POWER IN ALL THE HEAVENS CAN CONJURE ME FORTH IF I DO NOT WISH TO BE CONJURED.
I AM A FORCE OF UNIVERSAL NATURE, JANE FOSTER.
I BURN. BECAUSE I AM.

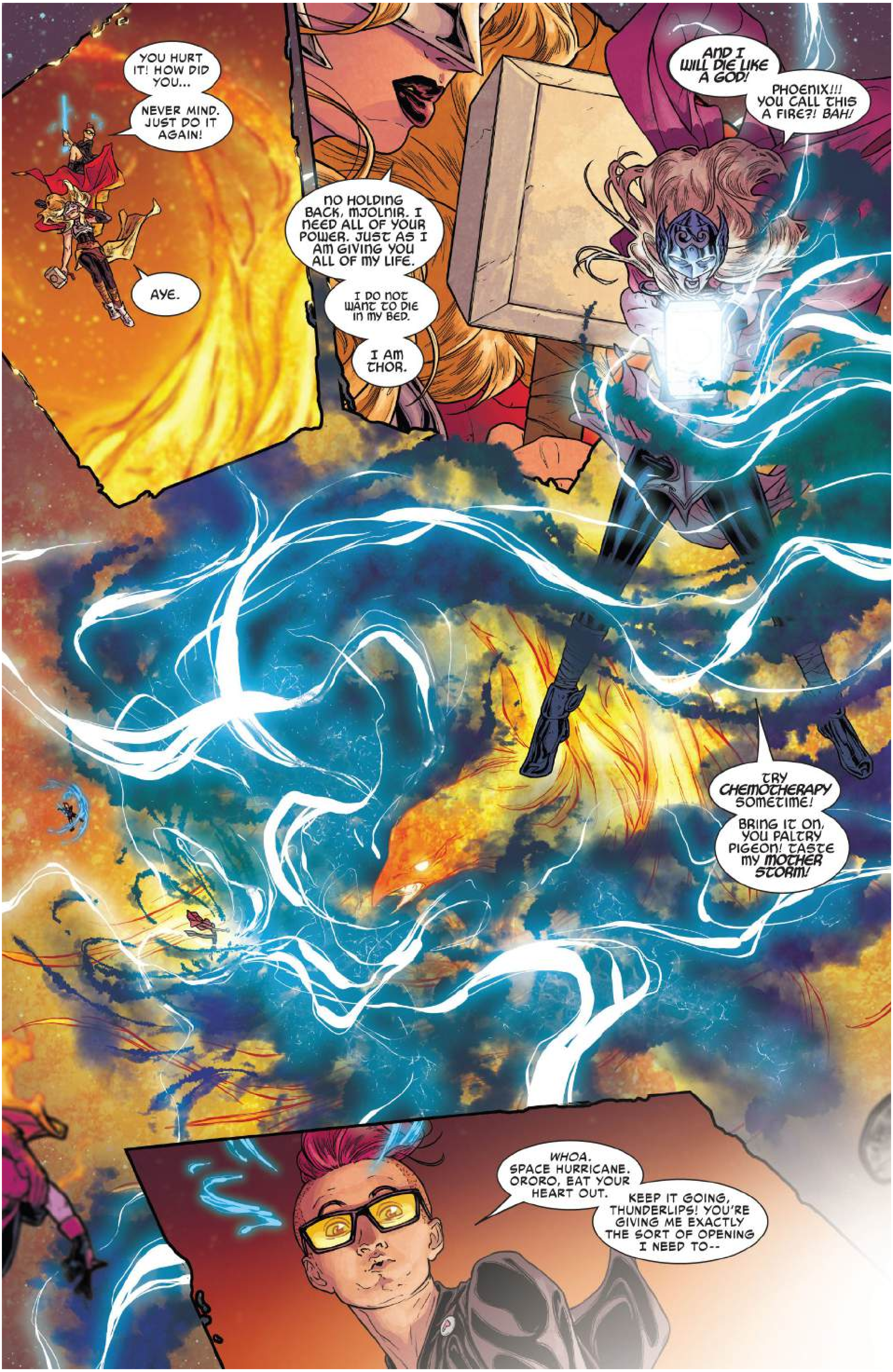

THEN YOU'RE GOING TO FORCE ME TO MAKE YOU STOP.
I WOULD LAUGH, BUT DOING SO WOULD BURN YOU TO A CRISP.
DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M LAUGHING?
NO. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU ARE DYING. WHICH IS WHY WE ARE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION.

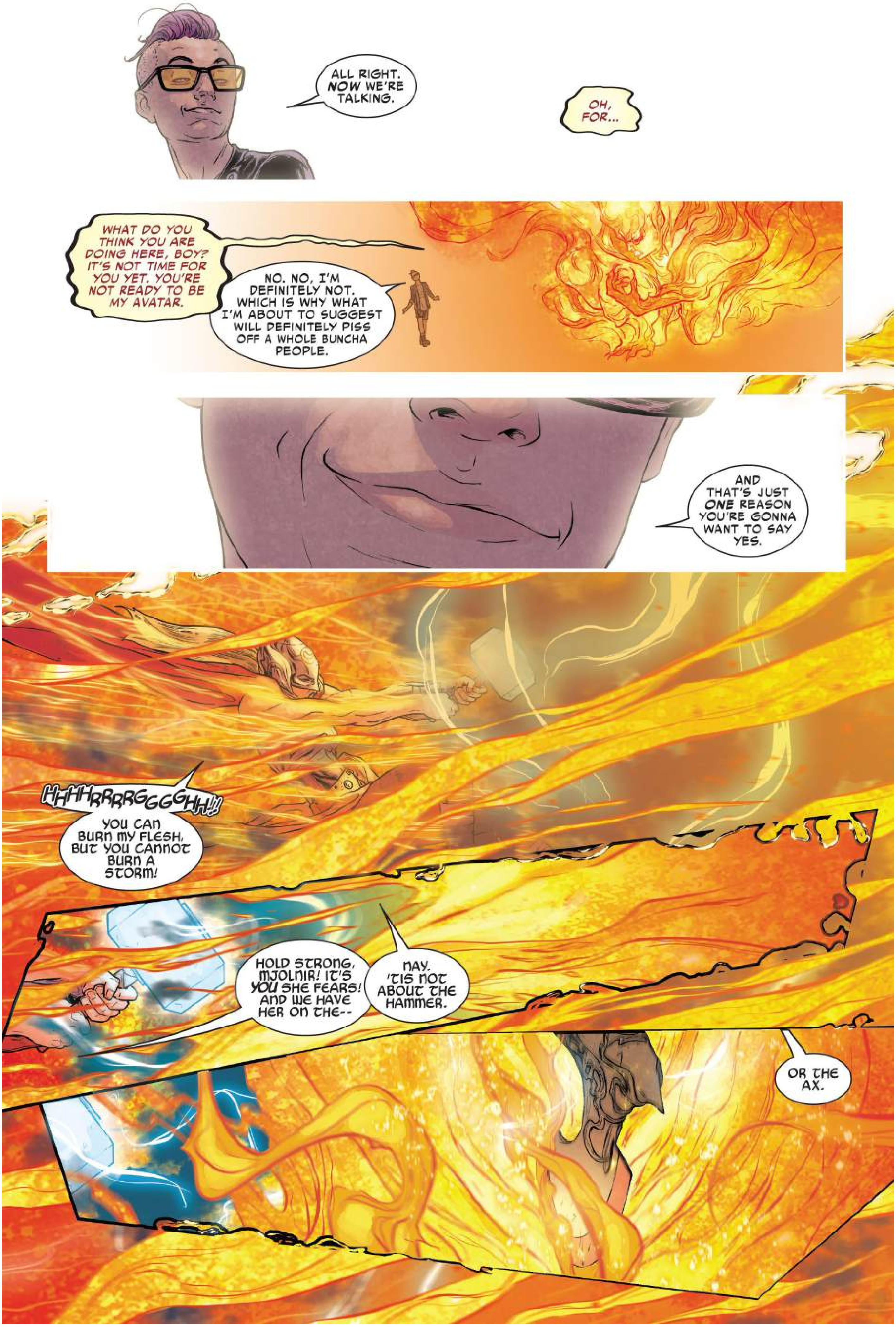

I AM HERE TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER, JANE FOSTER OF EARTH. I AM OFFERING TO EASE YOU OF YOUR MANY HEAVY BURDENS.
OR AT LEAST...OF ONE VERY PARTICULARLY HEAVY BURDEN.

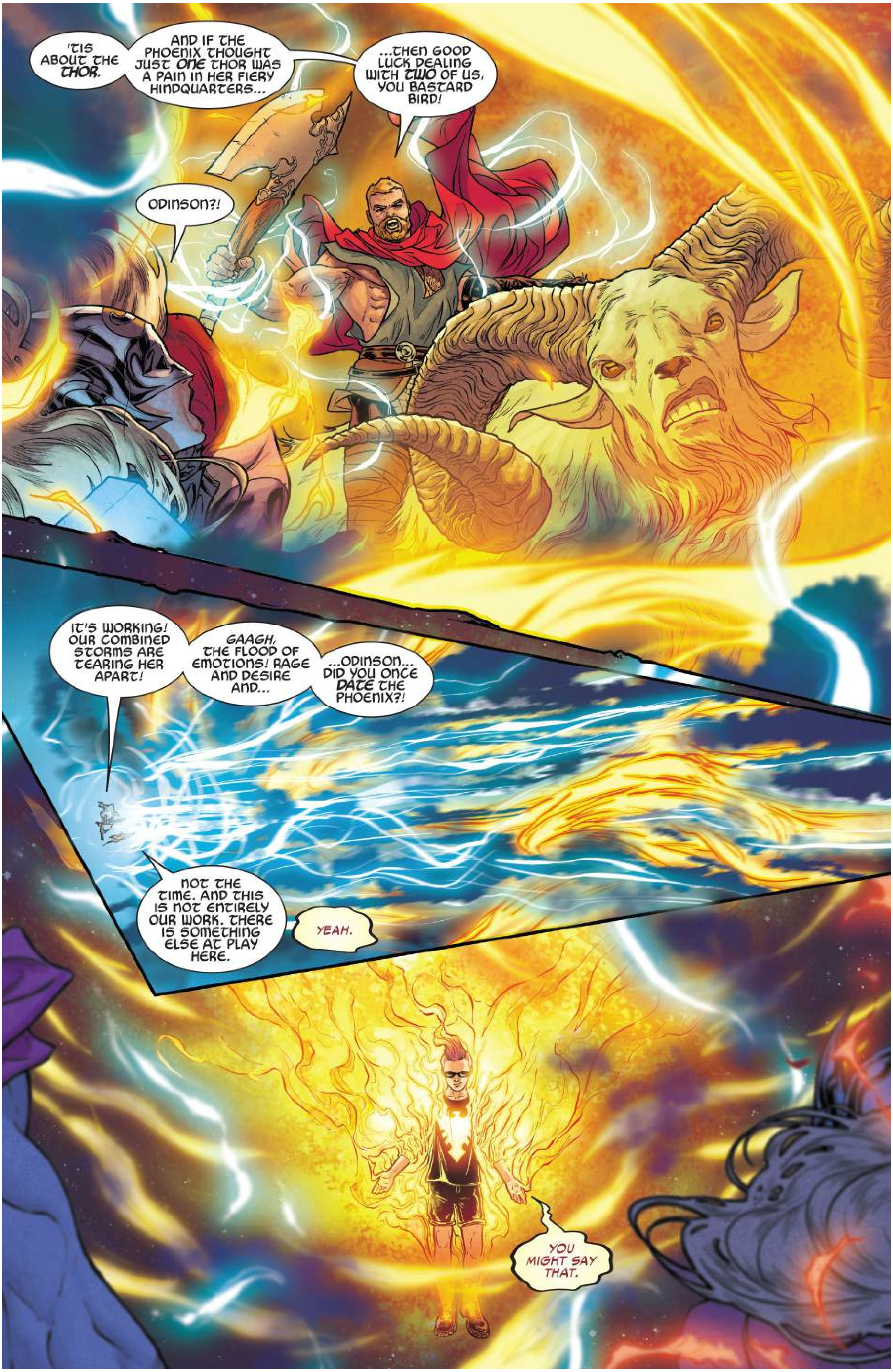

YOU WANT...MY HAMMER?
YOU WISH TO SAVE THESE OTHER GODS AND ASSORTED SHI'AR FROM MY FLAMES, DO YOU NOT? VERY WELL.
THEN GIVE ME YOUR MJOLNIR. AND YOU ALL MAY GO IN PEACE.
MORE PEACE THAN YOU HAVE KNOWN IN SOME TIME, YES? YOU WILL FIND NO PEACE WITH THAT HAMMER IN YOUR HAND. IT IS KILLING YOU, IS IT NOT?
I WILL TAKE THAT BURDEN FROM YOU, JANE FOSTER, THE GIRL WHO PRETENDS TO BE A GODDESS. AND LEAVE YOU TO LIVE YOUR LITTLE LIGHTNING-FLASH OF A MORTAL LIFE, FREE FROM THE **CURSE** OF THOR.
THE HAMMER...WHY WOULD YOU WANT THE... YOU...
YOU WANT TO ***EAT*** IT, DON'T YOU? TO CONSUME THE POWER OF THE GOD TEMPEST. BECAUSE YOU...
BECAUSE YOU'RE ***AFRAID*** OF IT.
MIND YOUR TONGUE, OR I WILL BURN IT OUT OF YOUR FACE. THE PHOENIX DOES NOT KNOW FEAR.
IF YOU ***DON'T*** FEAR THE HAMMER, THEN IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE WRONG ABOUT SOMETHING.
AND WHAT WAS THAT?
ABOUT ***ME*** BEING THE BIGGEST FOOL IN ALL THE COSMOS.

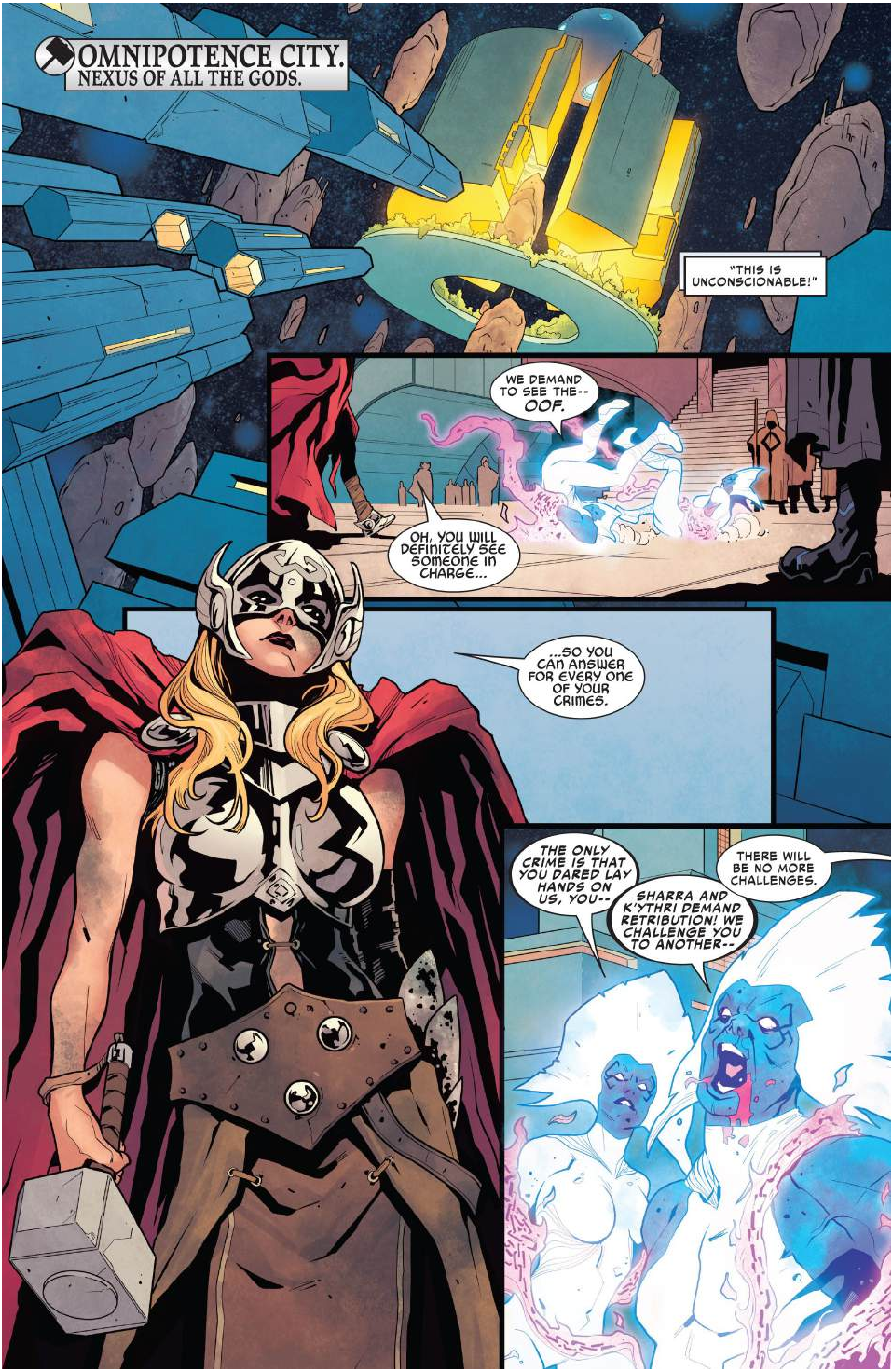

I WAS TRYING TO HELP YOU, YOU IMBECILE!
I OFFERED YOU THE CHANCE TO DIE WITH DIGNITY! I ASSURE YOU, NO OTHER SUCH OPPORTUNITY AWAITS YOU!
BUT SUFFERING DOES. MUCH SUFFERING AND PAIN AND DISEASE.
AND THEN OF COURSE THERE'S THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT. MUSN'T FORGET THAT LITTLE MATTER.
BUT PERHAPS I'LL STILL SPARE YOU ALL THAT ANYWAY.
BY BURNING YOU ALIVE.
THIS ISN'T REAL. THIS IS ALL IN MY HEAD.
I'M STILL FLOATING IN SPACE, STILL HOLDING MY...
WHAT?! HOW DID YOU--
YOU WANNA EAT MY HAMMER, LADY? THEN BY ALL MEANS...

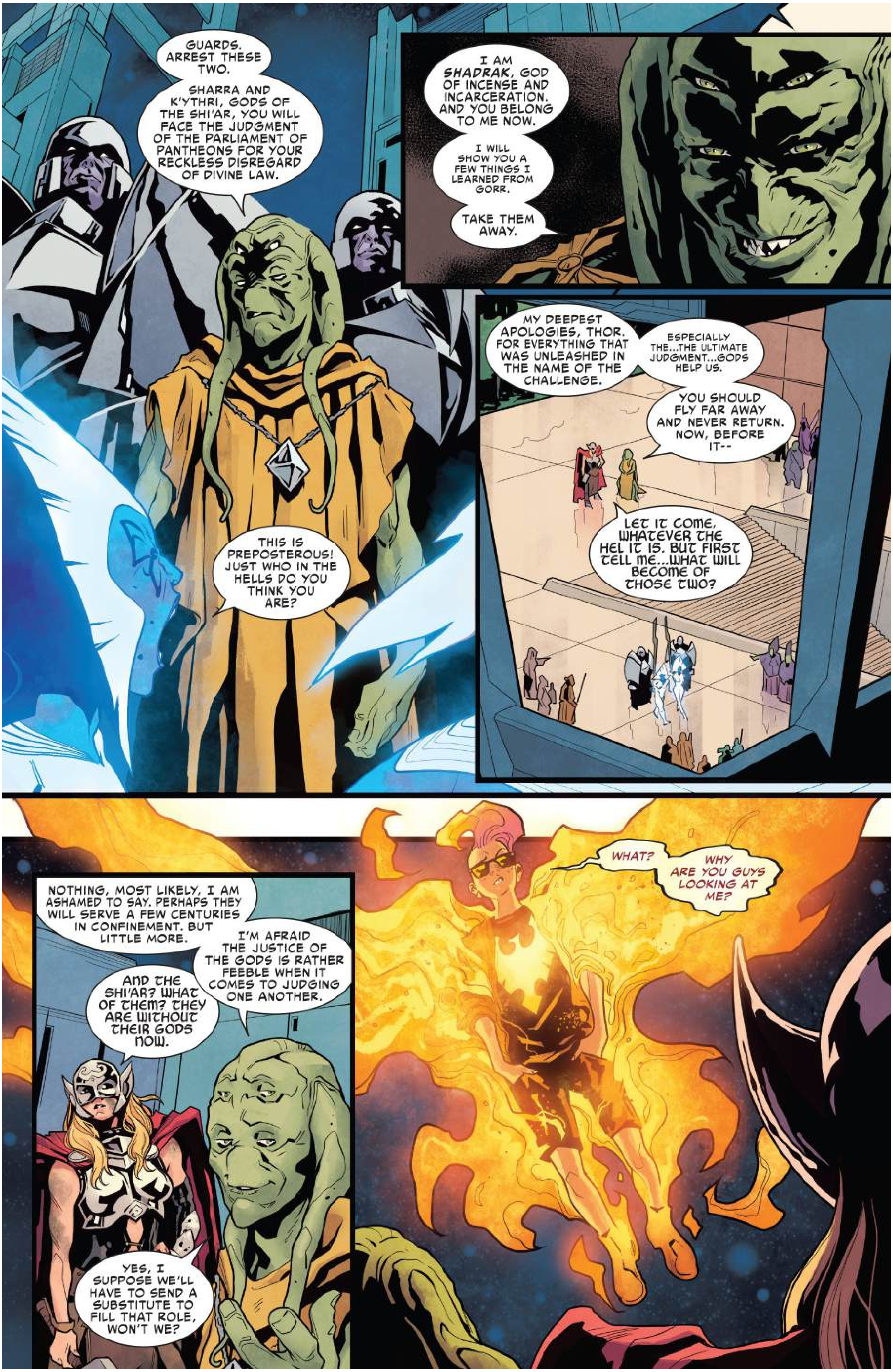

...TAKE A BIG BITE!
RRRRAAAAEEEEEEEEEUGHH!!!

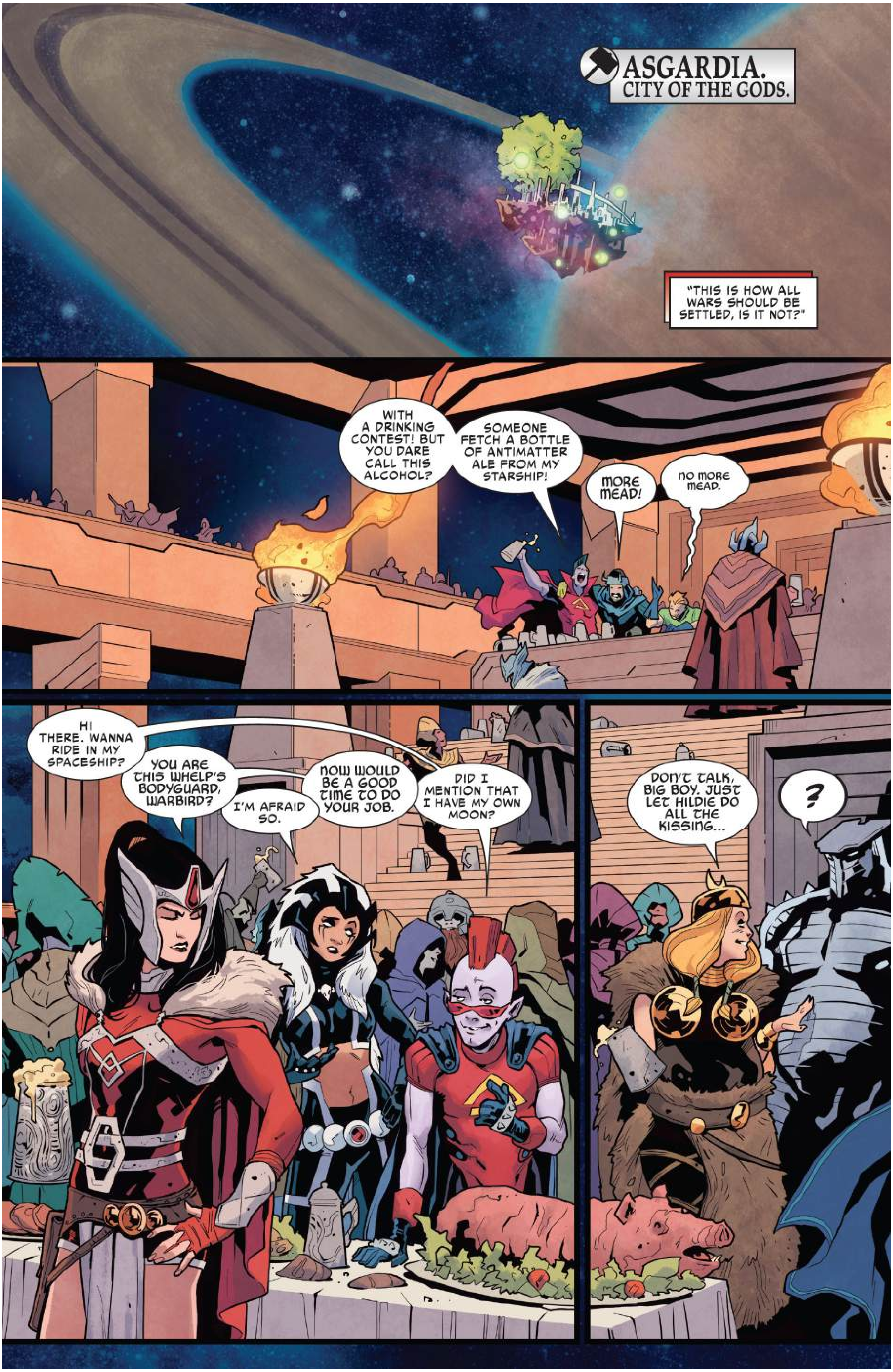

YOU HURT IT! HOW DID YOU...
NEVER MIND. JUST DO IT AGAIN!
AYE.
NO HOLDING BACK, MJOLNIR. I NEED ALL OF YOUR POWER. JUST AS I AM GIVING YOU ALL OF MY LIFE.
I DO NOT WANT TO DIE IN MY BED.
I AM THOR.
AND I WILL DIE LIKE A GOD!
PHOENIX!!! YOU CALL THIS A FIRE?! BAH!
TRY CHEMOTHERAPY SOMETIME!
BRING IT ON, YOU PALTRY PIGEON! TASTE MY MOTHER STORM!
WHOA. SPACE HURRICANE. ORORO, EAT YOUR HEART OUT.
KEEP IT GOING, THUNDERLIPS! YOU'RE GIVING ME EXACTLY THE SORT OF OPENING I NEED TO--

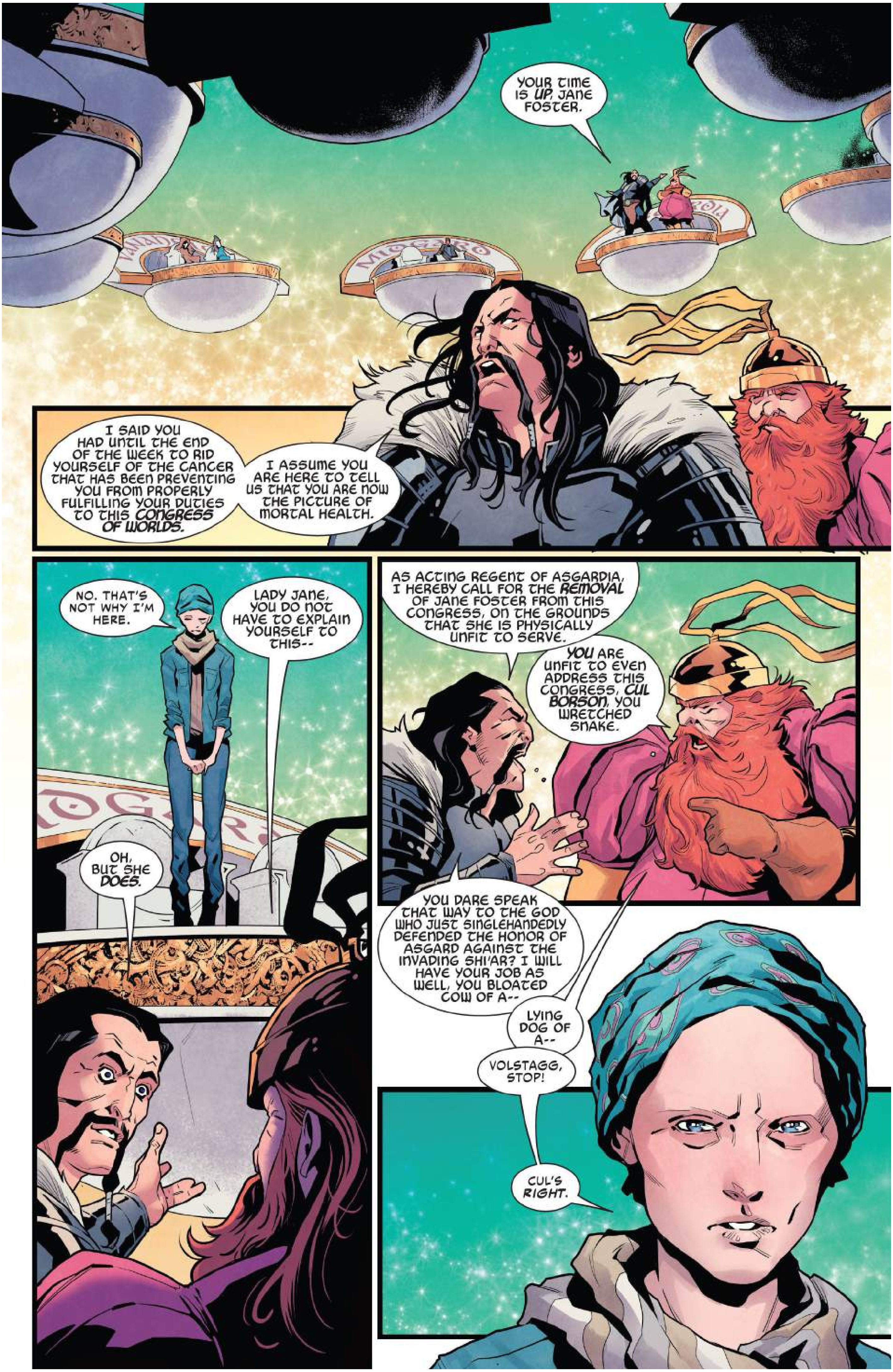

ALL RIGHT. *NOW* WE'RE TALKING.
OH, FOR...
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING HERE, BOY? IT'S NOT TIME FOR YOU YET. YOU'RE NOT READY TO BE MY AVATAR.
NO. NO, I'M DEFINITELY NOT. WHICH IS WHY WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SUGGEST WILL DEFINITELY PISS OFF A WHOLE BUNCHA PEOPLE.
AND THAT'S JUST *ONE* REASON YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO SAY YES.
HHHHRRRRGGGHH!!
YOU CAN BURN MY FLESH, BUT YOU CANNOT BURN A STORM!
HOLD STRONG, MJOLNIR! IT'S *YOU* SHE FEARS! AND WE HAVE HER ON THE--
NAY. 'TIS NOT ABOUT THE HAMMER.
OR THE AX.

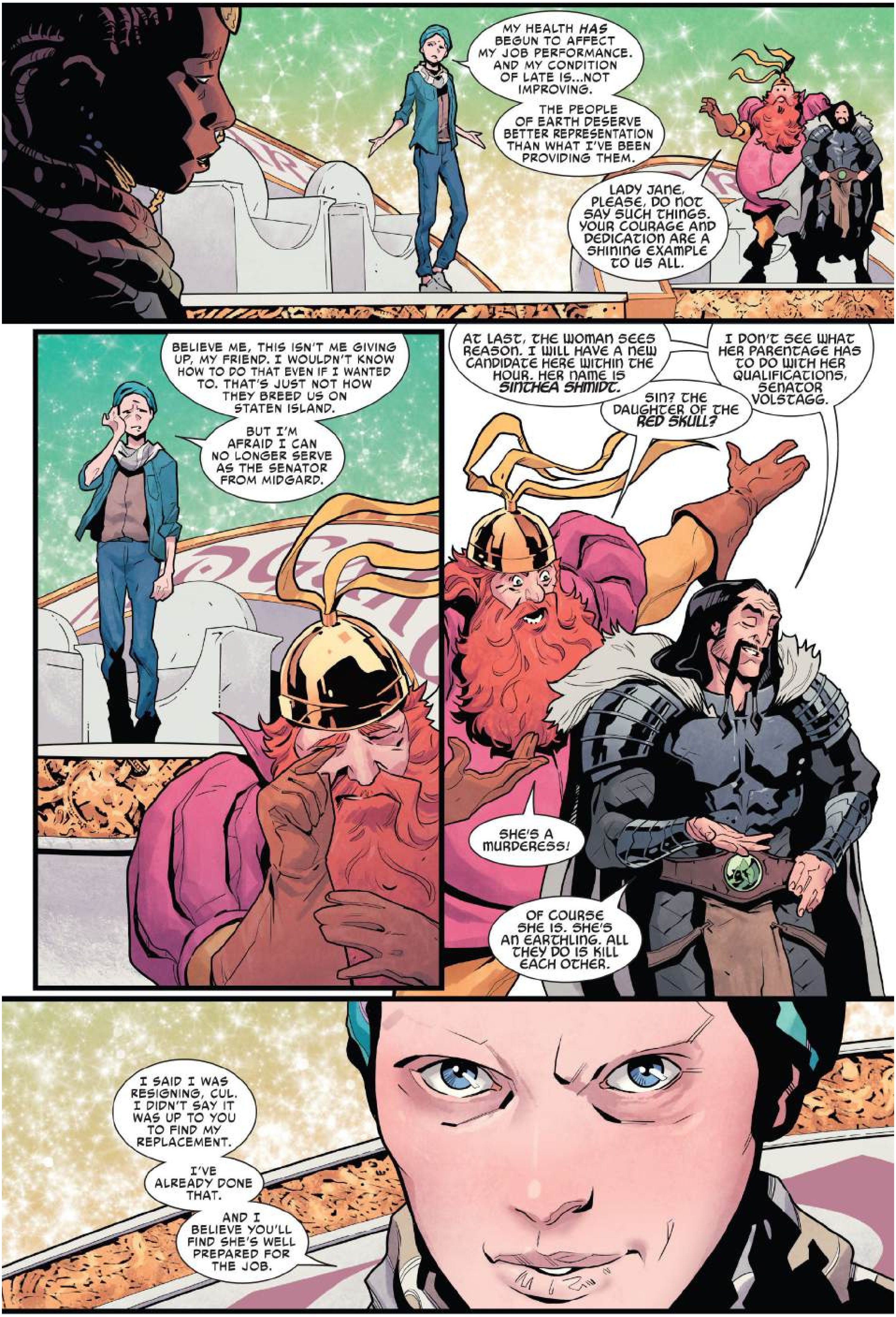

'TIS ABOUT THE *THOR*.
AND IF THE PHOENIX THOUGHT JUST *ONE* THOR WAS A PAIN IN HER FIERY HINDQUARTERS...
...THEN GOOD LUCK DEALING WITH *TWO* OF US, YOU BASTARD BIRD!
ODINSON?!
IT'S WORKING! OUR COMBINED STORMS ARE TEARING HER APART!
GAAGH, THE FLOOD OF EMOTIONS! RAGE AND DESIRE AND...
...ODINSON... DID YOU ONCE *DATE* THE PHOENIX?!
NOT THE TIME. AND THIS IS NOT ENTIRELY OUR WORK. THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE AT PLAY HERE.
YEAH.
YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.

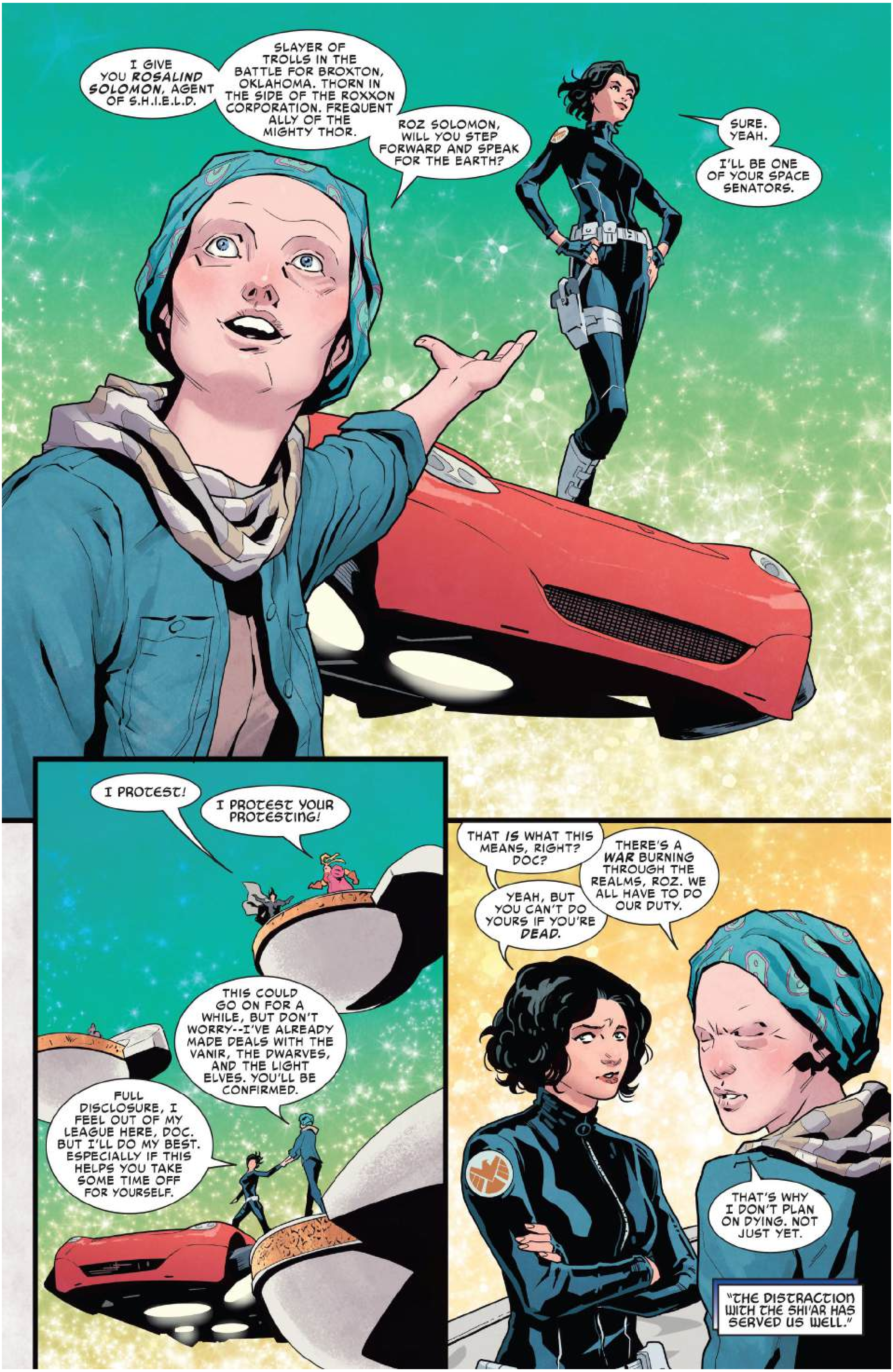

OMNIPOTENCE CITY.
NEXUS OF ALL THE GODS.
"THIS IS UNCONSCIONABLE!"
WE DEMAND TO SEE THE-- OOF.
OH, YOU WILL DEFINITELY SEE SOMEONE IN CHARGE...
...SO YOU CAN ANSWER FOR EVERY ONE OF YOUR CRIMES.
THE ONLY CRIME IS THAT YOU DARED LAY HANDS ON US, YOU--
SHARRA AND K'YTHRI DEMAND RETRIBUTION! WE CHALLENGE YOU TO ANOTHER--
THERE WILL BE NO MORE CHALLENGES.

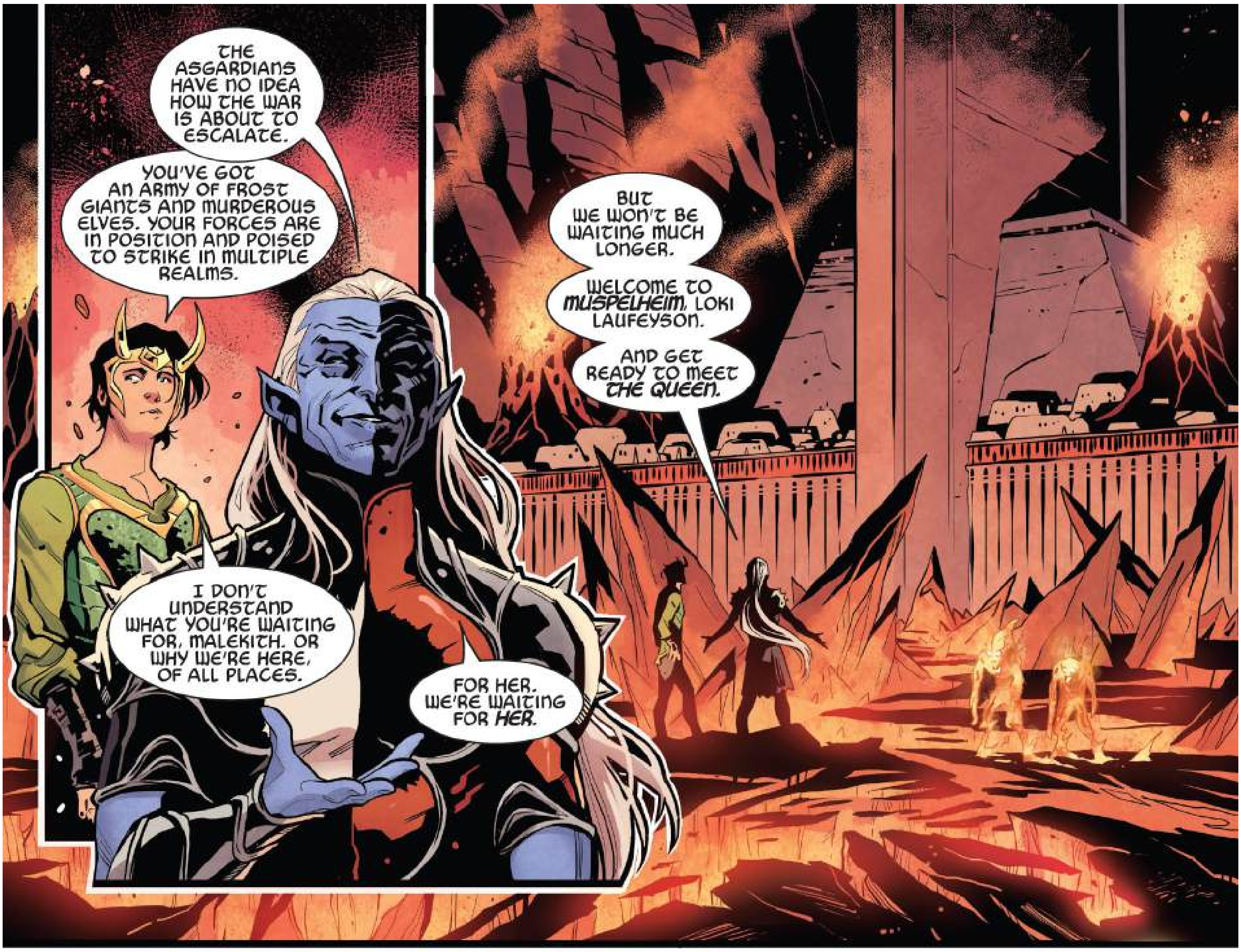

GUARDS. ARREST THESE TWO.
SHARRA AND K'YTHRI, GODS OF THE SHI'AR, YOU WILL FACE THE JUDGMENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PANTHEONS FOR YOUR RECKLESS DISREGARD OF DIVINE LAW.
THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! JUST WHO IN THE HELLS DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
I AM SHADRAK, GOD OF INCENSE AND INCARCERATION. AND YOU BELONG TO ME NOW.
I WILL SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS I LEARNED FROM GORR.
TAKE THEM AWAY.
MY DEEPEST APOLOGIES, THOR. FOR EVERYTHING THAT WAS UNLEASHED IN THE NAME OF THE CHALLENGE.
ESPECIALLY THE...THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT...GODS HELP US.
YOU SHOULD FLY FAR AWAY AND NEVER RETURN. NOW, BEFORE IT--
LET IT COME, WHATEVER THE HEL IT IS. BUT FIRST TELL ME...WHAT WILL BECOME OF THOSE TWO?
NOTHING, MOST LIKELY, I AM ASHAMED TO SAY. PERHAPS THEY WILL SERVE A FEW CENTURIES IN CONFINEMENT. BUT LITTLE MORE.
I'M AFRAID THE JUSTICE OF THE GODS IS RATHER FEEBLE WHEN IT COMES TO JUDGING ONE ANOTHER.
AND THE SHI'AR? WHAT OF THEM? THEY ARE WITHOUT THEIR GODS NOW.
YES, I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO SEND A SUBSTITUTE TO FILL THAT ROLE, WON'T WE?
WHAT?
WHY ARE YOU GUYS LOOKING AT ME?

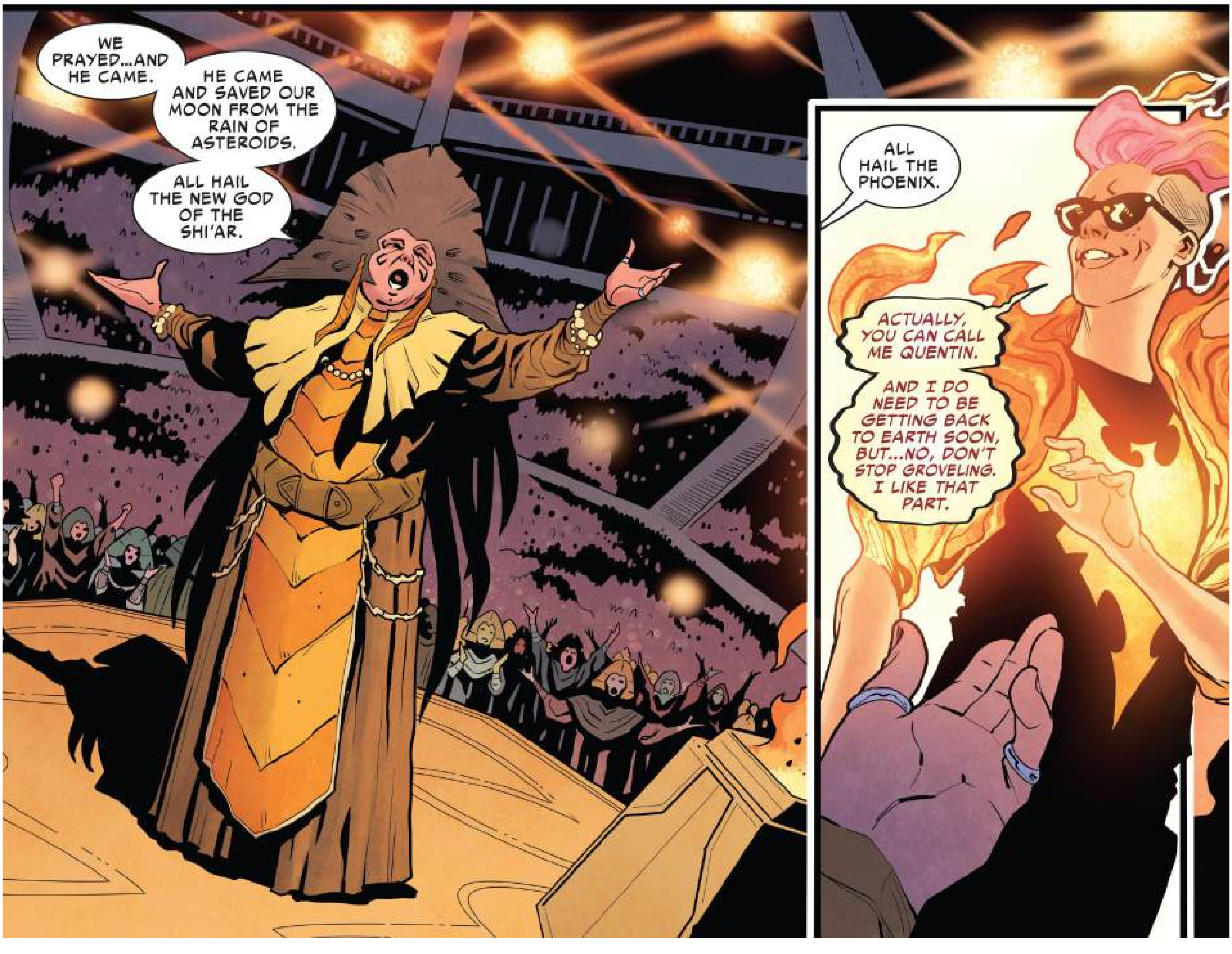

ASGARDIA. CITY OF THE GODS.
"THIS IS HOW ALL WARS SHOULD BE SETTLED, IS IT NOT?"
WITH A DRINKING CONTEST! BUT YOU DARE CALL THIS ALCOHOL?
SOMEONE FETCH A BOTTLE OF ANTIMATTER ALE FROM MY STARSHIP!
MORE MEAD!
NO MORE MEAD.
HI THERE. WANNA RIDE IN MY SPACESHIP?
YOU ARE THIS WHELP'S BODYGUARD, WARBIRD?
I'M AFRAID SO.
NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO DO YOUR JOB.
DID I MENTION THAT I HAVE MY OWN MOON?
DON'T TALK, BIG BOY. JUST LET HILDIE DO ALL THE KISSING...
?

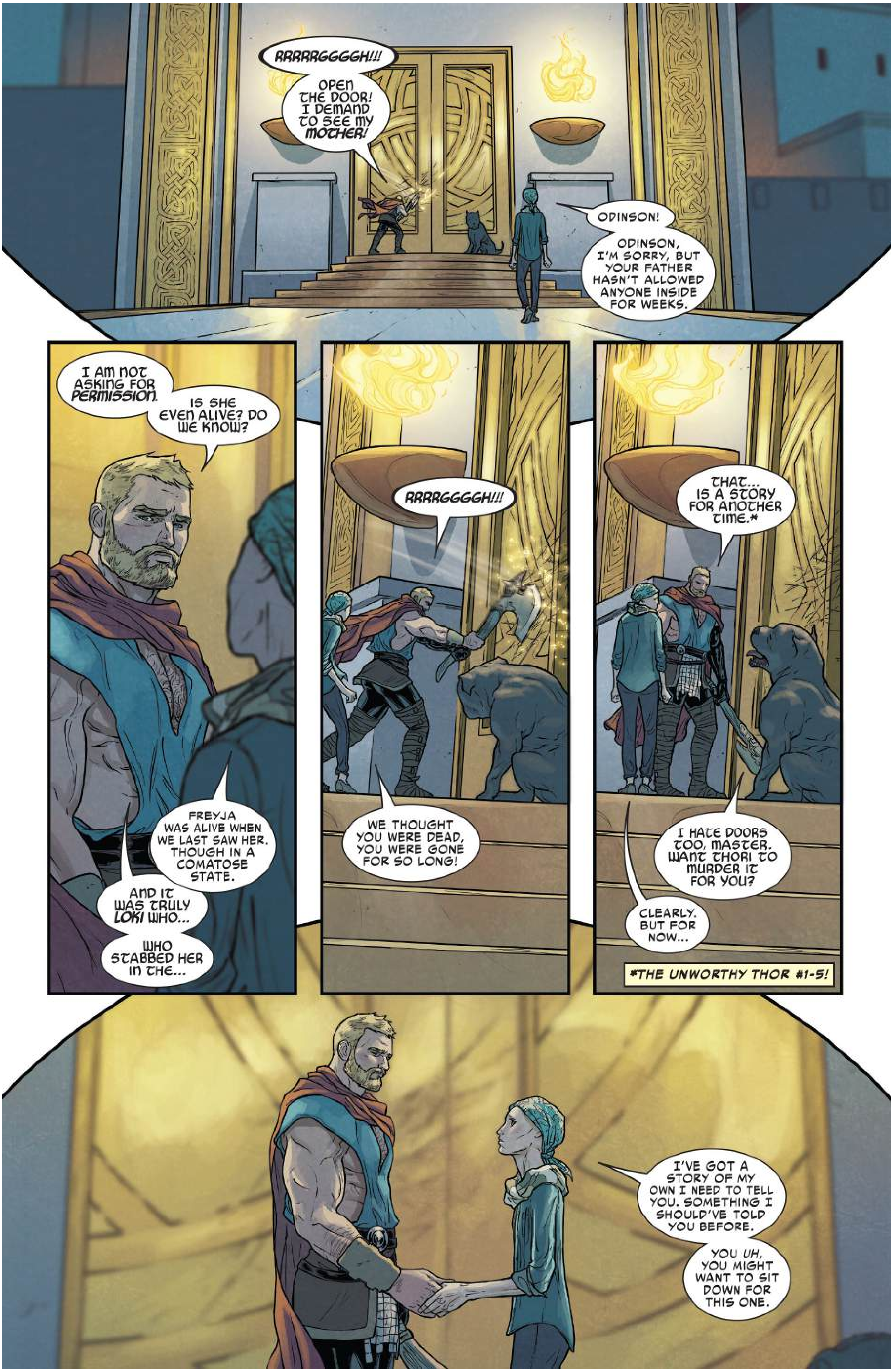

YOUR TIME IS *UP*, JANE FOSTER.
MIDGARD
I SAID YOU HAD UNTIL THE END OF THE WEEK TO RID YOURSELF OF THE CANCER THAT HAS BEEN PREVENTING YOU FROM PROPERLY FULFILLING YOUR DUTIES TO THIS *CONGRESS OF WORLDS.*
I ASSUME YOU ARE HERE TO TELL US THAT YOU ARE NOW THE PICTURE OF MORTAL HEALTH.
NO. THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.
LADY JANE, YOU DO NOT HAVE TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF TO THIS--
OH, BUT SHE *DOES*.
AS ACTING REGENT OF ASGARDIA, I HEREBY CALL FOR THE *REMOVAL* OF JANE FOSTER FROM THIS CONGRESS, ON THE GROUNDS THAT SHE IS PHYSICALLY UNFIT TO SERVE.
YOU ARE UNFIT TO EVEN ADDRESS THIS CONGRESS, *CUL BORSON*, YOU WRETCHED SNAKE.
YOU DARE SPEAK THAT WAY TO THE GOD WHO JUST SINGLEHANDEDLY DEFENDED THE HONOR OF ASGARD AGAINST THE INVADING SHI'AR? I WILL HAVE YOUR JOB AS WELL, YOU BLOATED COW OF A--
LYING DOG OF A--
VOLSTAGG, STOP!
CUL'S *RIGHT*.

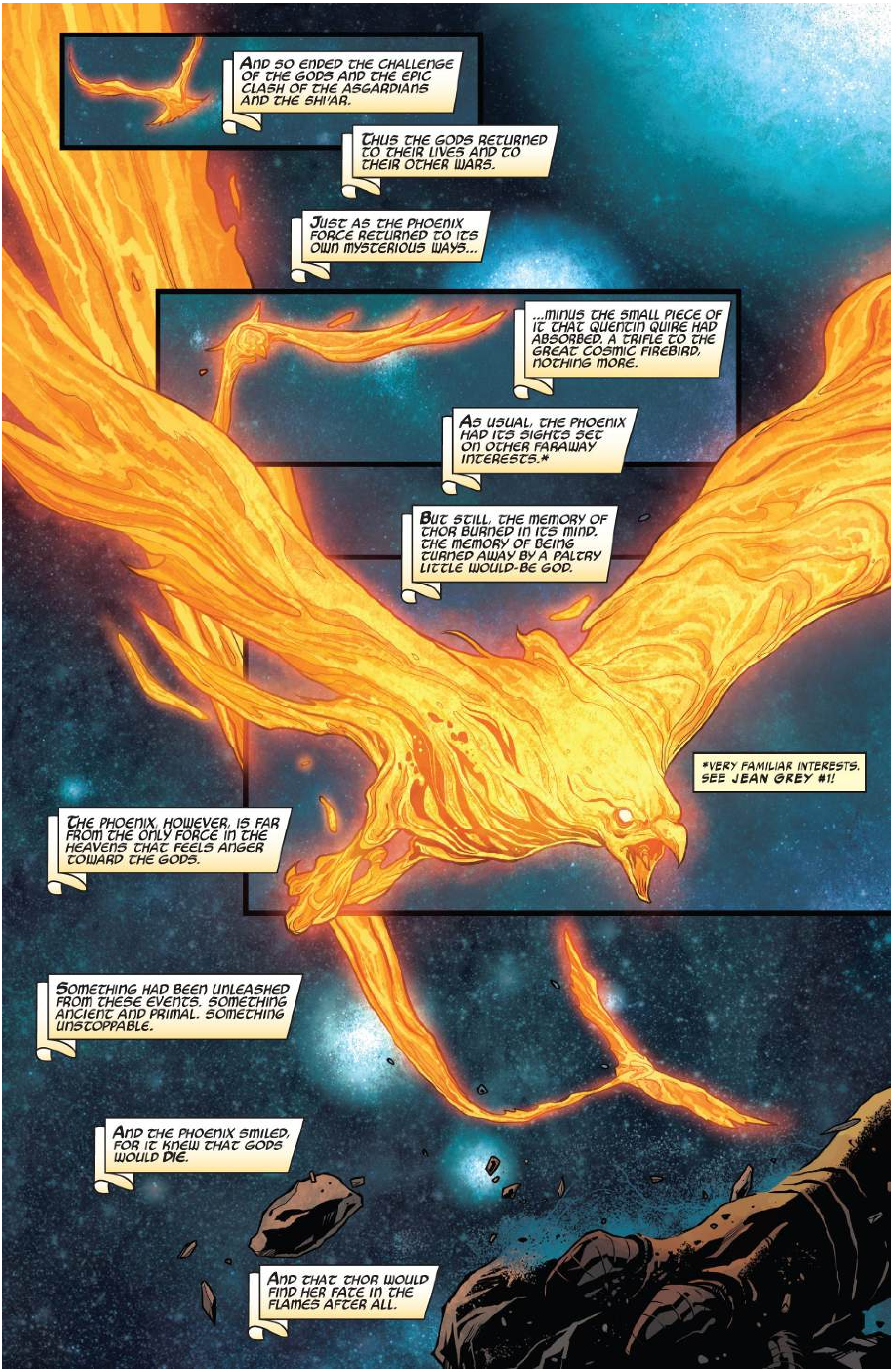

MY HEALTH *HAS* BEGUN TO AFFECT MY JOB PERFORMANCE. AND MY CONDITION OF LATE IS...NOT IMPROVING.
THE PEOPLE OF EARTH DESERVE BETTER REPRESENTATION THAN WHAT I'VE BEEN PROVIDING THEM.
LADY JANE, PLEASE, DO NOT SAY SUCH THINGS. YOUR COURAGE AND DEDICATION ARE A SHINING EXAMPLE TO US ALL.
BELIEVE ME, THIS ISN'T ME GIVING UP, MY FRIEND. I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO DO THAT EVEN IF I WANTED TO. THAT'S JUST NOT HOW THEY BREED US ON STATEN ISLAND.
BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN NO LONGER SERVE AS THE SENATOR FROM MIDGARD.
AT LAST, THE WOMAN SEES REASON. I WILL HAVE A NEW CANDIDATE HERE WITHIN THE HOUR. HER NAME IS *SINTHEA SHMIDT.*
SIN? THE DAUGHTER OF THE *RED SKULL?*
I DON'T SEE WHAT HER PARENTAGE HAS TO DO WITH HER QUALIFICATIONS, SENATOR VOLSTAGG.
SHE'S A MURDERESS!
OF COURSE SHE IS. SHE'S AN EARTHLING. ALL THEY DO IS KILL EACH OTHER.
I SAID I WAS RESIGNING, CUL. I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS UP TO YOU TO FIND MY REPLACEMENT.
I'VE ALREADY DONE THAT.
AND I BELIEVE YOU'LL FIND SHE'S WELL PREPARED FOR THE JOB.

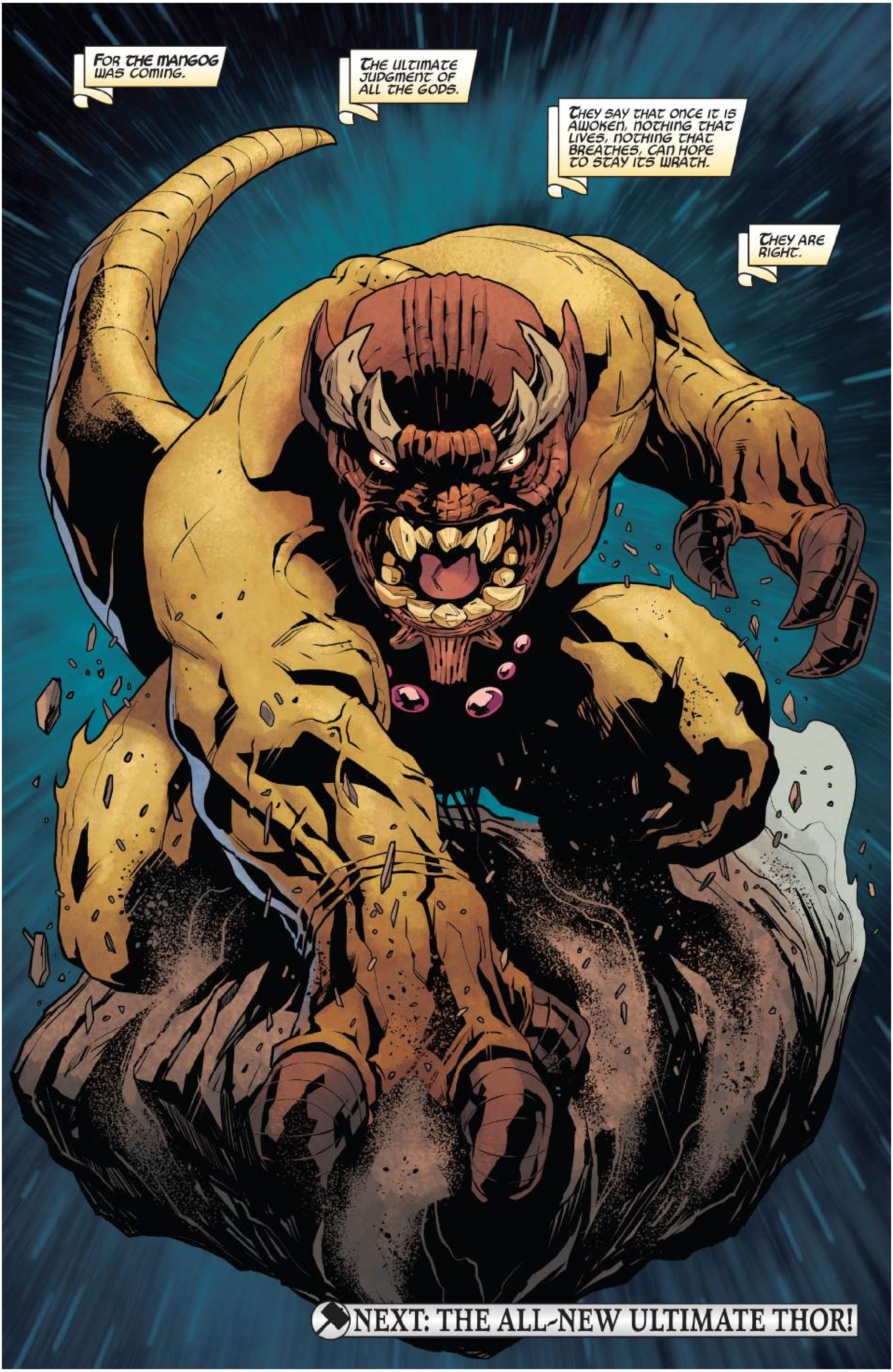

I GIVE YOU *ROSALIND SOLOMON*, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
SLAYER OF TROLLS IN THE BATTLE FOR BROXTON, OKLAHOMA. THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE ROXXON CORPORATION. FREQUENT ALLY OF THE MIGHTY THOR.
ROZ SOLOMON, WILL YOU STEP FORWARD AND SPEAK FOR THE EARTH?
SURE. YEAH.
I'LL BE ONE OF YOUR SPACE SENATORS.
I PROTEST!
I PROTEST YOUR PROTESTING!
THIS COULD GO ON FOR A WHILE, BUT DON'T WORRY--I'VE ALREADY MADE DEALS WITH THE VANIR, THE DWARVES, AND THE LIGHT ELVES. YOU'LL BE CONFIRMED.
FULL DISCLOSURE, I FEEL OUT OF MY LEAGUE HERE, DOC. BUT I'LL DO MY BEST. ESPECIALLY IF THIS HELPS YOU TAKE SOME TIME OFF FOR YOURSELF.
THAT *IS* WHAT THIS MEANS, RIGHT? DOC?
THERE'S A *WAR* BURNING THROUGH THE REALMS, ROZ. WE ALL HAVE TO DO OUR DUTY.
YEAH, BUT YOU CAN'T DO YOURS IF YOU'RE *DEAD.*
THAT'S WHY I DON'T PLAN ON DYING. NOT JUST YET.
"THE DISTRACTION WITH THE SHI'AR HAS SERVED US WELL."

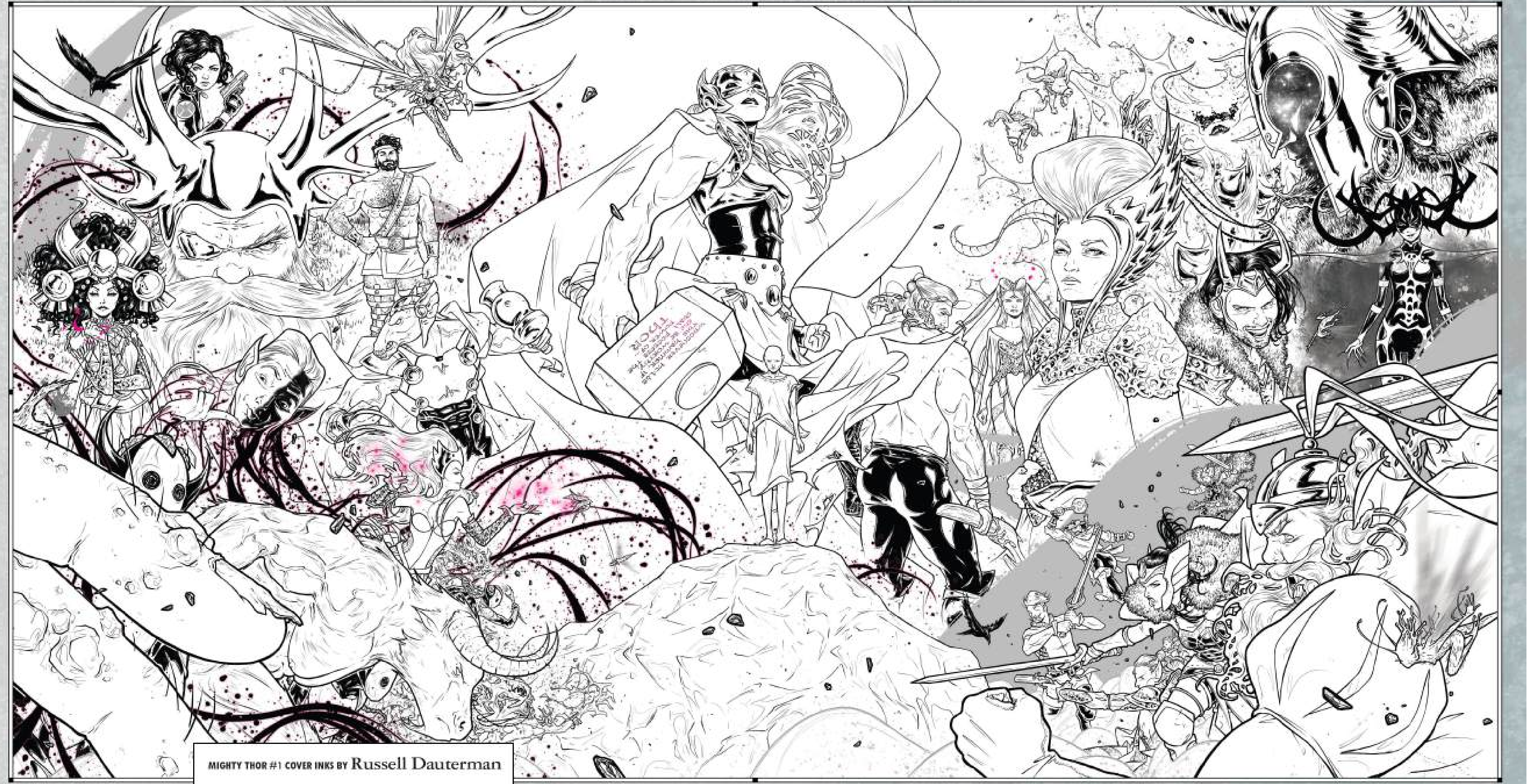

THE ASGARDIANS HAVE NO IDEA HOW THE WAR IS ABOUT TO ESCALATE.
YOU'VE GOT AN ARMY OF FROST GIANTS AND MURDEROUS ELVES. YOUR FORCES ARE IN POSITION AND POISED TO STRIKE IN MULTIPLE REALMS.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE WAITING FOR, MALEKITH. OR WHY WE'RE HERE, OF ALL PLACES.
FOR HER. WE'RE WAITING FOR *HER*.
BUT WE WON'T BE WAITING MUCH LONGER.
WELCOME TO *MUSPELHEIM*, LOKI LAUFEYSON.
AND GET READY TO MEET *THE QUEEN*.


WE PRAYED...AND HE CAME.
HE CAME AND SAVED OUR MOON FROM THE RAIN OF ASTEROIDS.
ALL HAIL THE NEW GOD OF THE SHI'AR.
ALL HAIL THE PHOENIX.
ACTUALLY, YOU CAN CALL ME QUENTIN.
AND I DO NEED TO BE GETTING BACK TO EARTH SOON, BUT...NO, DON'T STOP GROVELING. I LIKE THAT PART.

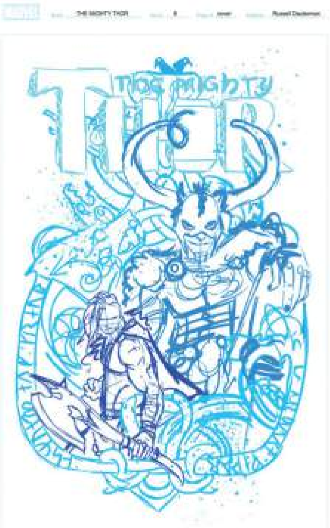

RRRRRGGGGH!!!
OPEN THE DOOR! I DEMAND TO SEE MY *MOTHER!*
ODINSON!
ODINSON, I'M SORRY, BUT YOUR FATHER HASN'T ALLOWED ANYONE INSIDE FOR WEEKS.
I AM NOT ASKING FOR *PERMISSION*.
IS SHE EVEN ALIVE? DO WE KNOW?
FREYJA WAS ALIVE WHEN WE LAST SAW HER. THOUGH IN A COMATOSE STATE.
AND IT WAS TRULY **LOKI** WHO...
WHO STABBED HER IN THE...
RRRRGGGGH!!!
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD, YOU WERE GONE FOR SO LONG!
THAT... IS A STORY FOR ANOTHER TIME.*
I HATE DOORS TOO, MASTER. WANT THORI TO MURDER IT FOR YOU?
CLEARLY. BUT FOR NOW...
*THE UNWORTHY THOR #1-5!
I'VE GOT A STORY OF MY OWN I NEED TO TELL YOU. SOMETHING I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE.
YOU *UH*, YOU MIGHT WANT TO SIT DOWN FOR THIS ONE.

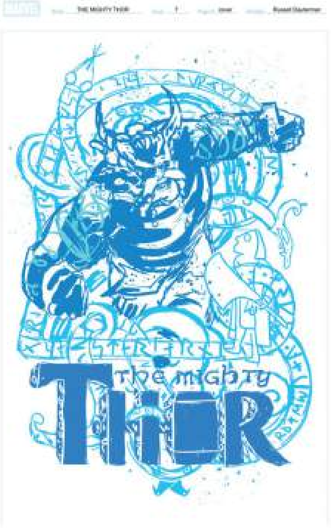

And so ended the challenge of the gods and the epic clash of the Asgardians and the Shi'ar.
Thus the gods returned to their lives and to their other wars.
Just as the Phoenix Force returned to its own mysterious ways...
...minus the small piece of it that Quentin Quire had absorbed. A trifle to the great cosmic firebird, nothing more.
As usual, the Phoenix had its sights set on other faraway interests.*
But still, the memory of Thor burned in its mind. The memory of being turned away by a paltry little would-be god.
*VERY FAMILIAR INTERESTS. SEE JEAN GREY #1!
The Phoenix, however, is far from the only force in the heavens that feels anger toward the gods.
Something had been unleashed from these events. Something ancient and primal. Something unstoppable.
And the Phoenix smiled, for it knew that gods would DIE.
And that Thor would find her fate in the flames after all.


FOR THE MANGOG WAS COMING.
THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT OF ALL THE GODS.
THEY SAY THAT ONCE IT IS AWOKEN, NOTHING THAT LIVES, NOTHING THAT BREATHES, CAN HOPE TO STAY ITS WRATH.
THEY ARE RIGHT.
NEXT: THE ALL-NEW ULTIMATE THOR!

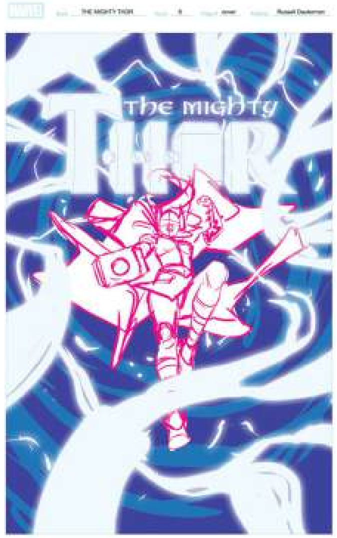


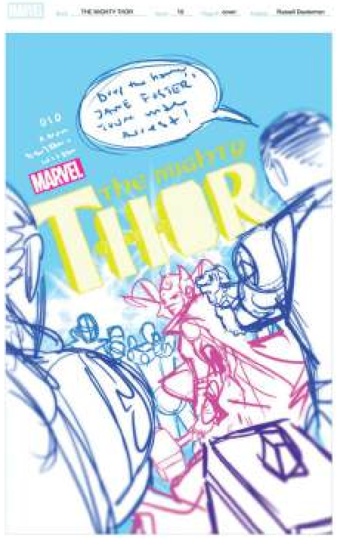
MIGHTY THOR #1 COVER INKS BY Russell Dauterman


THE MIGHTY THOR
6
cover
Russell Dauterman
The Mighty
THOR

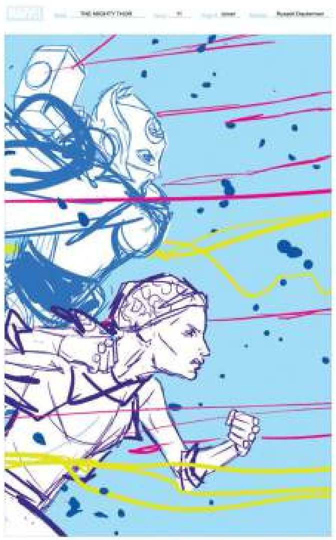

THE MIGHTY THOR
7
cover
Russell Dauterman
The Mighty
THOR

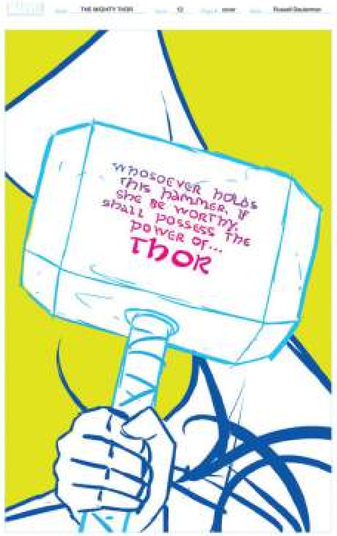
MIGHTY THOR #6-8 & #10 COVER SKETCHES BY Russell Dauterman


THE MIGHTY THOR
8
cover
Russell Dauterman
The Mighty
THOR

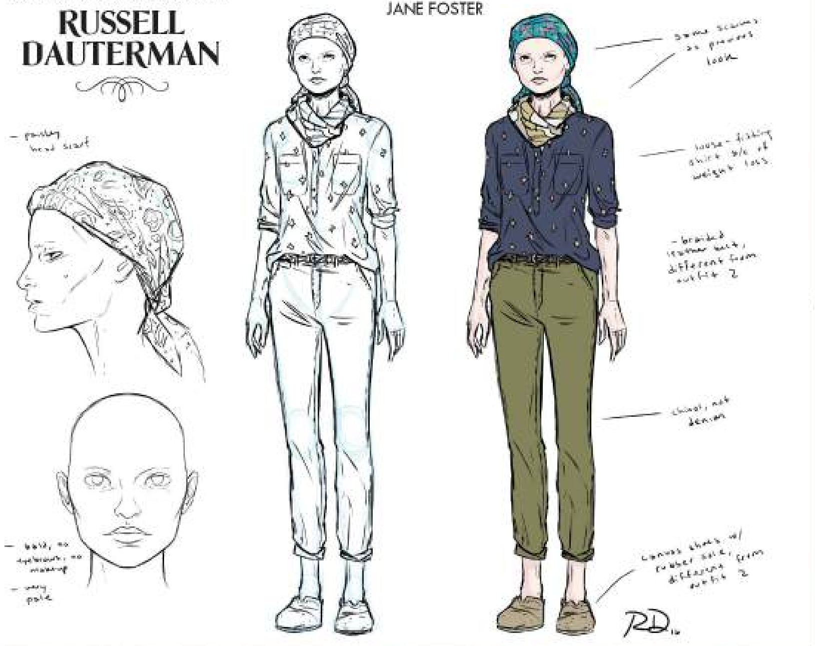

THE MIGHTY THOR
10
cover
Russell Dauterman
Drop the hammer, JANE FOSTER! You're under arrest!
010
MARVEL
The Mighty
THOR

MIGHTY THOR #11-12 COVER SKETCHES BY Russell Dauterman

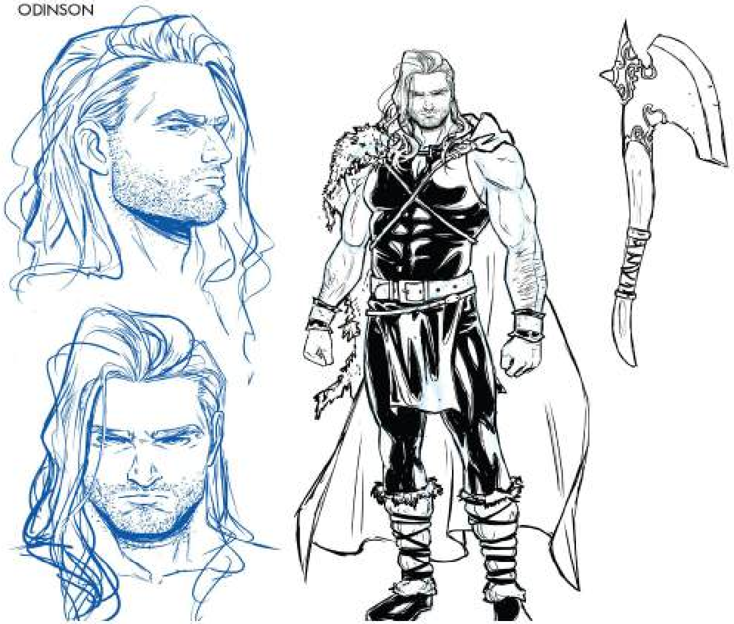

THE MIGHTY THOR
11
cover
Russell Dauterman


THE MIGHTY THOR
12
cover
Russell Dauterman
Whosoever holds this hammer, if she be worthy, shall possess the power of...
THOR

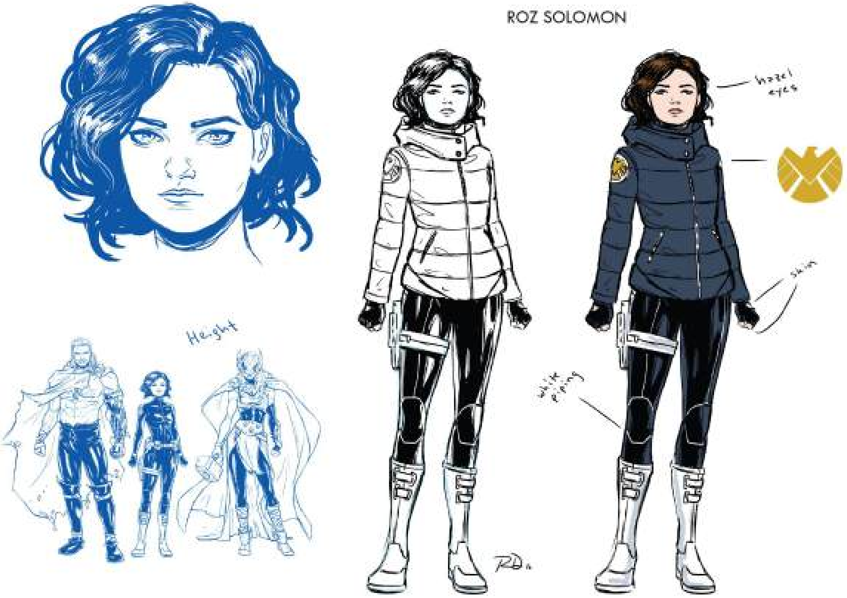
CHARACTER DESIGNS BY
RUSSELL DAUTERMAN


JANE FOSTER
– paisley head scarf
– bald, no eyebrows, no makeup
– very pale
same scarves as previous look
loose-fitting shirt b/c of weight loss
– braided leather belt, different from outfit 2
chinos, not denim
canvas shoes w/ rubber sole, different from outfit 2
RD. 16

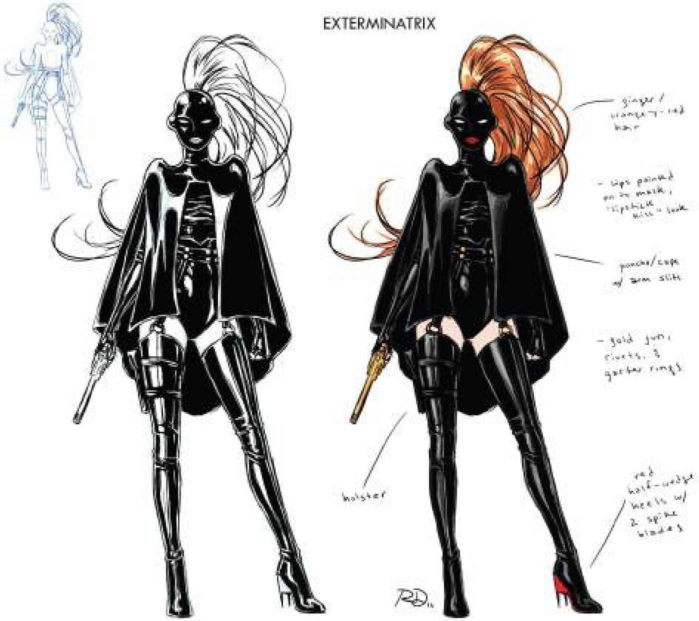
ODINSON



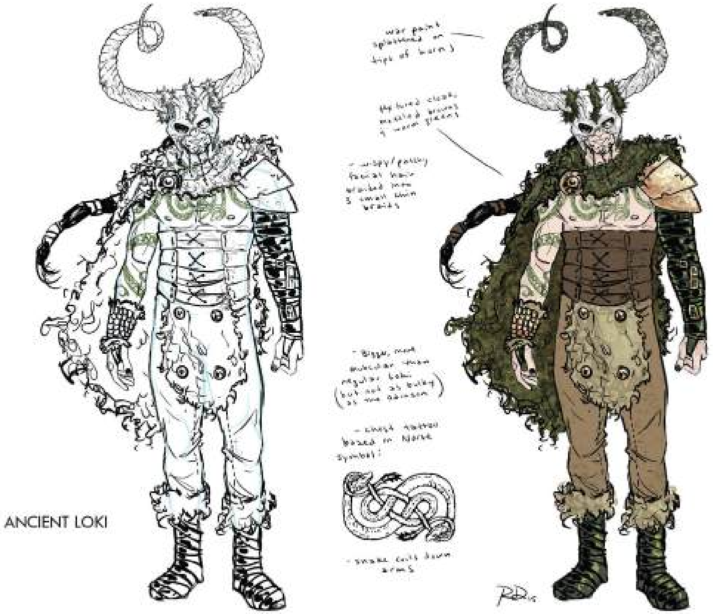
ROZ SOLOMON


hazel eyes
skin
white piping
Height

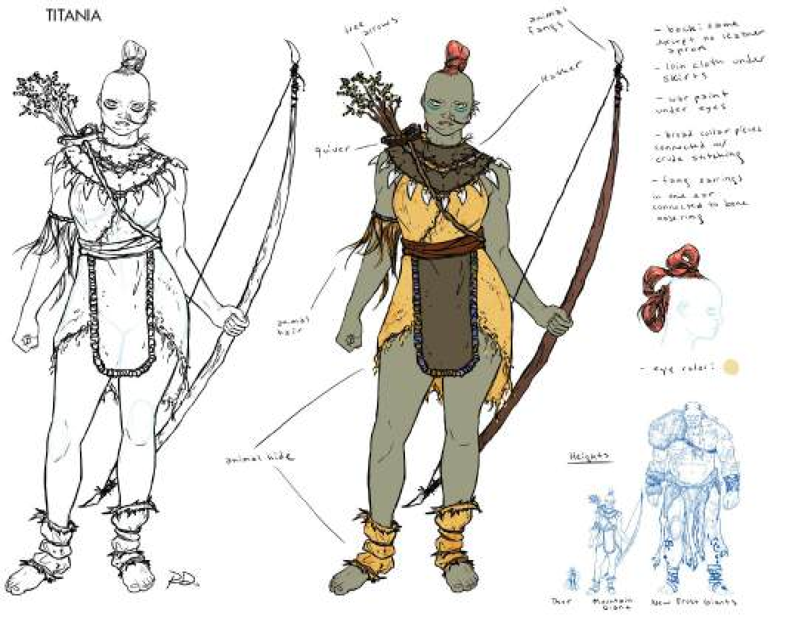
EXTERMINATRIX


ginger/orangey-red hair
- lips painted on to mask, lipstick kiss look
poncho/cape w/ arm slits
- gold gun, rivets, & garter rings
holster
red half-wedge heels w/ 2 spike blades

ANCIENT LOKI


war paint splattered on tips of horns
tattered cloak, mottled browns & warm greens
- wispy/patchy facial hair braided into 3 small thin braids
- Bigger, more muscular than regular Loki (but not as bulky as the Odinson)
- chest tattoo based on Norse symbol:
- snake coils down arms

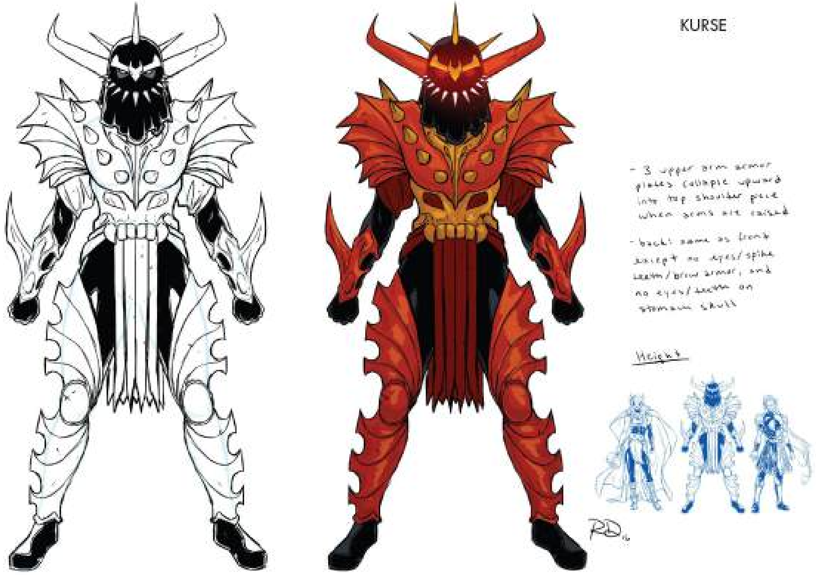
TITANIA


tree arrows
animal fangs
quiver
leather
animal hair
animal hide
Heights
Thor
Mountain Giant
New Frost Giants
RD.

- back: same except no leather apron
- loin cloth under skirts
- war paint under eyes
- broad collar piece connected w/ crude stitching
- fang earrings in one ear connected to bone nosering

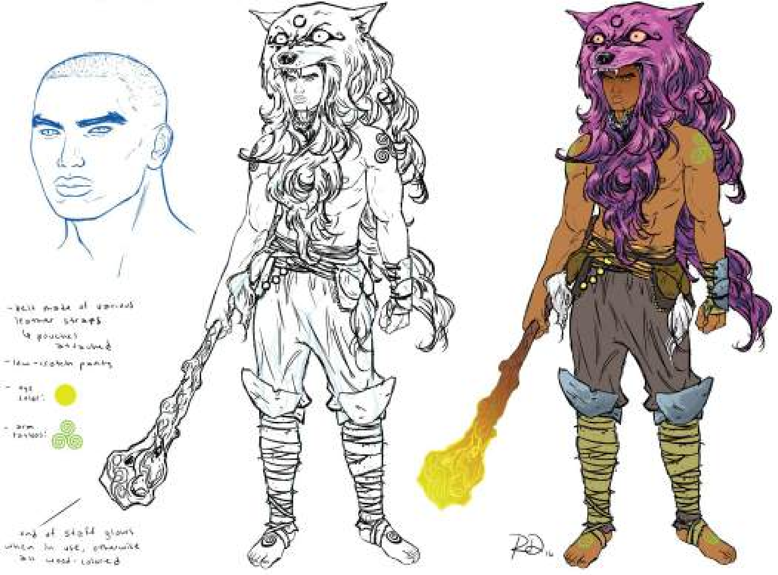
- eye color:

KURSE



- 3 upper arm armor plates collapse upward into top shoulder piece when arms are raised
- back: same as front except no eyes/spike teeth/brow armor, and no eyes/teeth on stomach skull

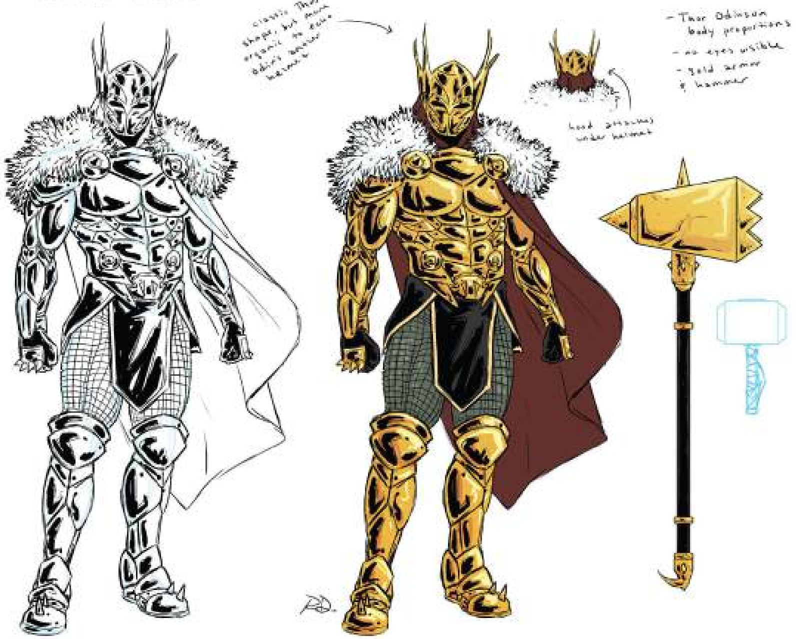
BLOODROOT



- belt made of various leather straps & pouches attached
- low-crotch pants
- eye color:
- arm tattoos:

end of staff glows when in use, otherwise all wood-colored

ARMORED WARRIOR

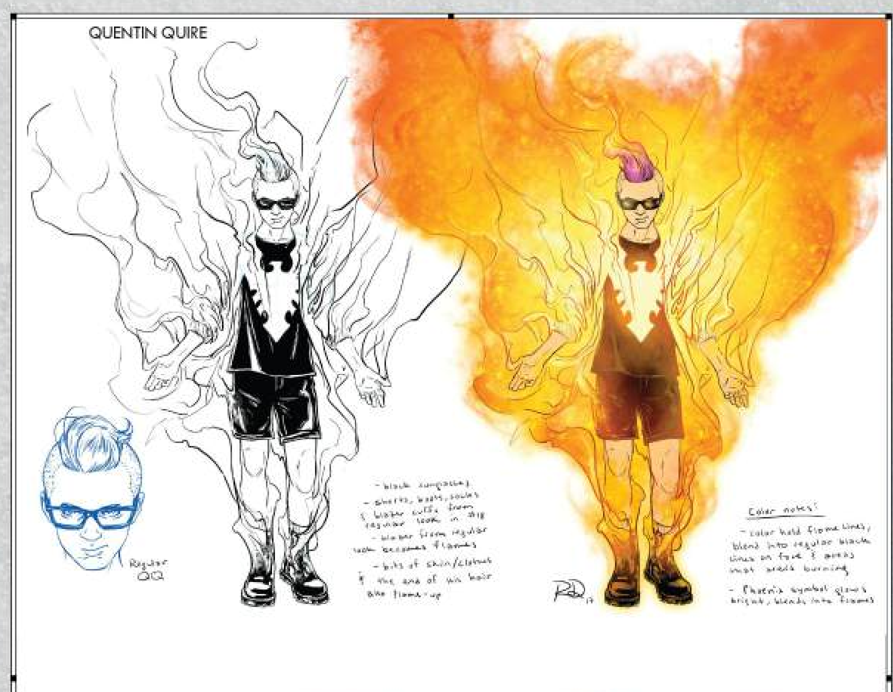


classic Thor shape, but more organic to echo Odin's armor helmet

- Thor Odinson body proportions
- no eyes visible
- gold armor & hammer

hood attaches under helmet

QUENTIN QUIRE

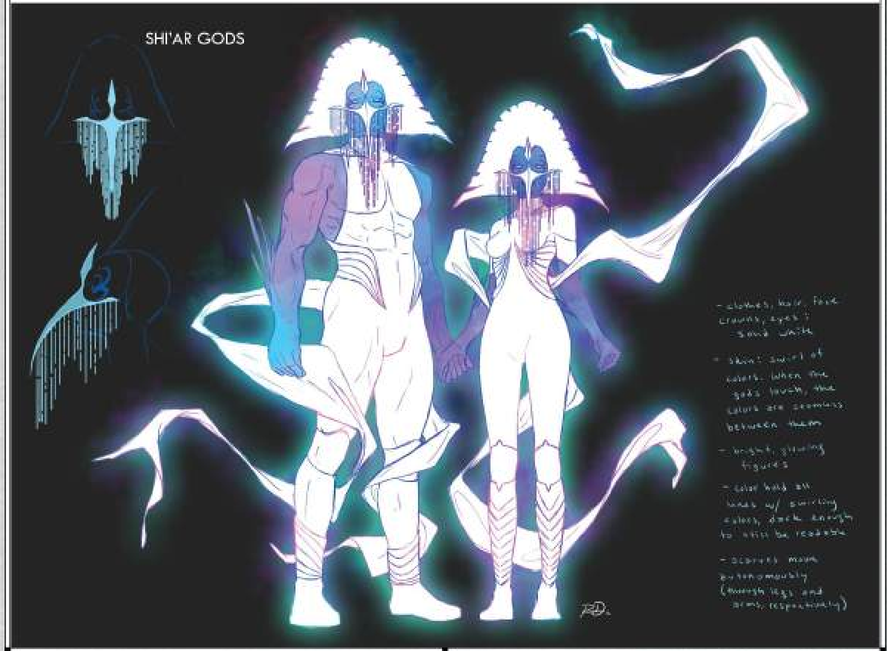


- black sunglasses
- shorts, boots, socks & blazer cuffs from regular look in #18
- blazer from regular look becomes flames
- bits of skin/clothes & the end of his hair also flame-up

Color notes:

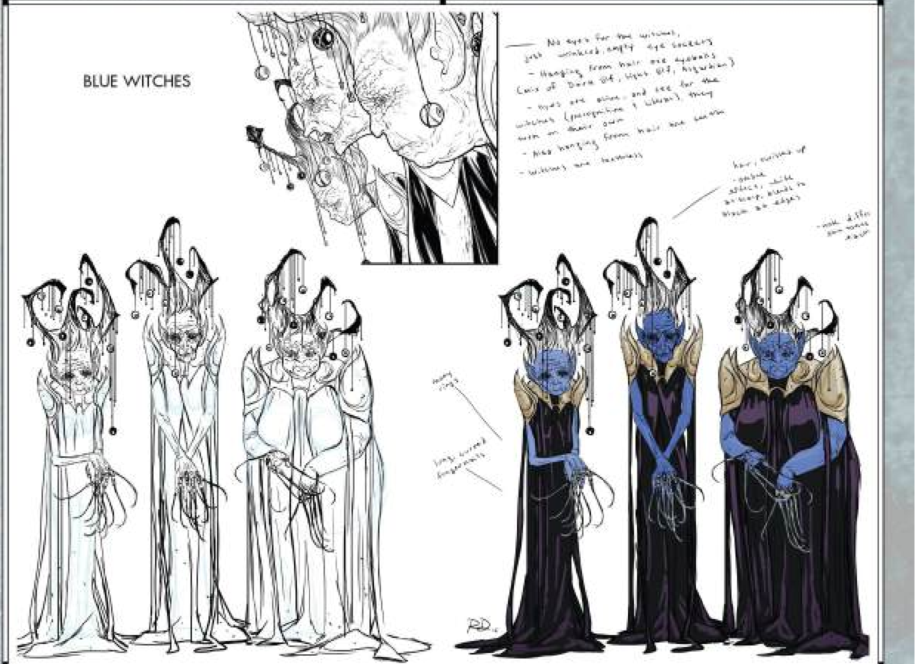
- color hold flame lines, blend into regular black lines on face & areas [illegible] burning
- Phoenix symbol glows bright, blends into flames

SHI'AR GODS



- clothes, hair, face crowns, eyes: solid white
- skin: swirl of colors. When the gods touch, the colors are seamless between them
- bright, glowing figures
- color hold all lines w/ swirling colors, dark enough to still be readable
- scarves move autonomously (through legs and arms, respectively)

BLUE WITCHES

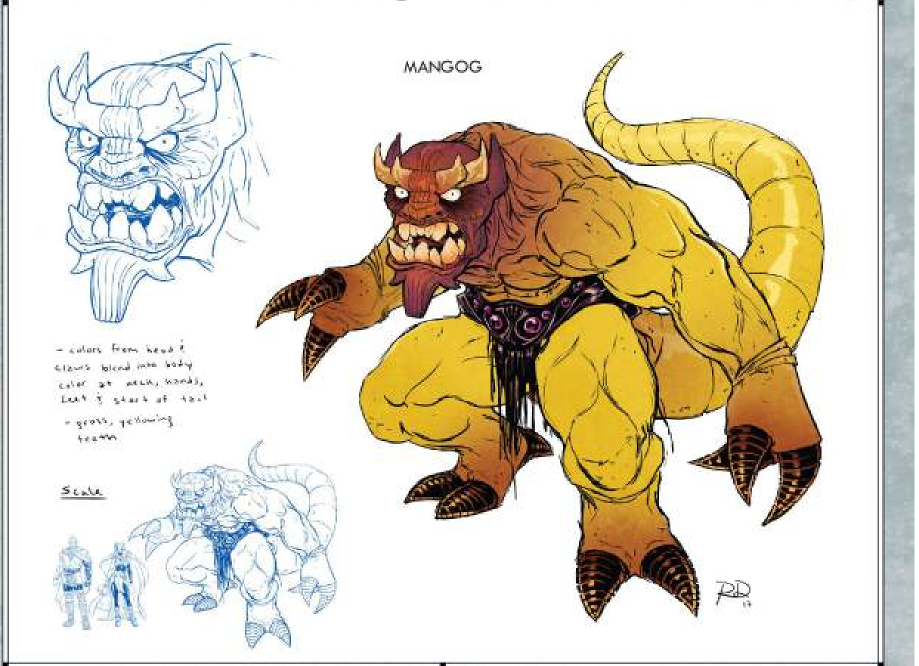


- No eyes for the witches, just wrinkled, empty eye sockets
- Hanging from hair are eyeballs (mix of Dark Elf, Light Elf, Asgardian)
- Eyes are alive and see for the witches (peripheral [illegible]) they turn on their own
- Also hanging from hair are teeth
- Witches are toothless

hair: outlines of - [illegible] effect, white outlines, blends to black at edges

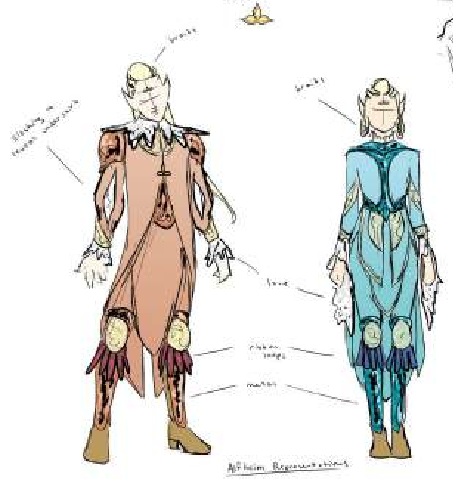
- note diff. skin tones [illegible]

MANGOG



- colors from head & claws blend into body color at neck, hands, feet & start of tail
- gross, yellowing teeth

Scale


- symbol of the kingdom worn on forehead

braids

flashing in fever undertone

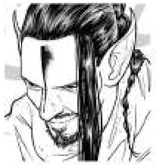
braids

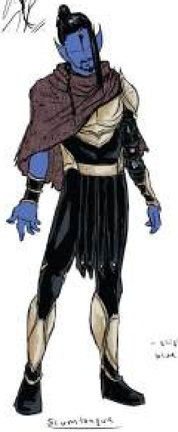
lace

ribbon loops

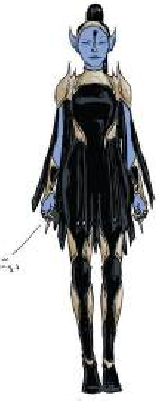
metal

Alfheim Representatives


Malekith's mark on forehead/nose
- smudged to the elf's left on the forehead
- mark reversed only for Malekith's [illegible]

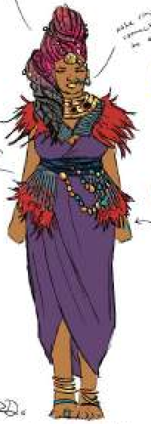

- slight variations in blue skintone

Slumlangue


claw rings

Dark Elf Rep

Niflheim ghost


ombre effect on hair

nose ring connected to earring

● eye color

● lip color

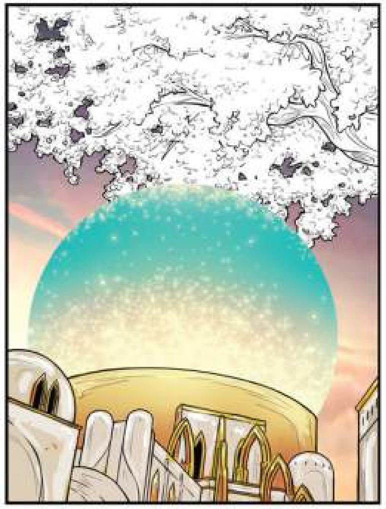
coarse braided material ending in feathers

tattoo on back of hand

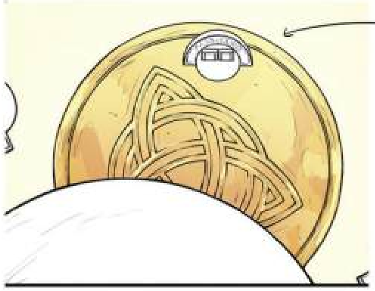
Vanaheim goddess

Congress of Worlds

- calming, celestial

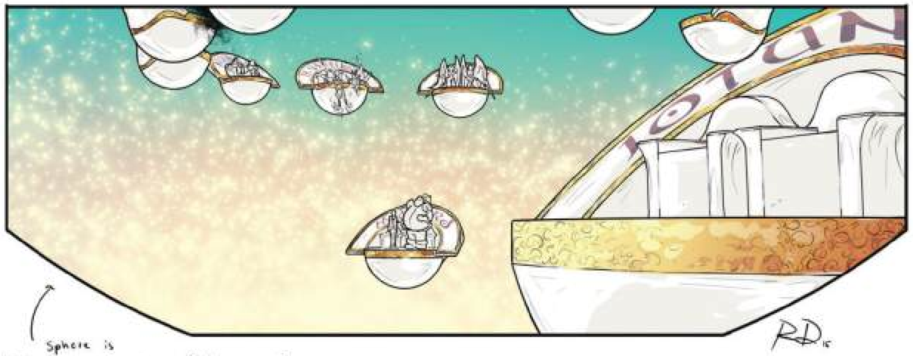


gold platform at the bottom of the sphere


Floating platforms sit at the bottom when not in use

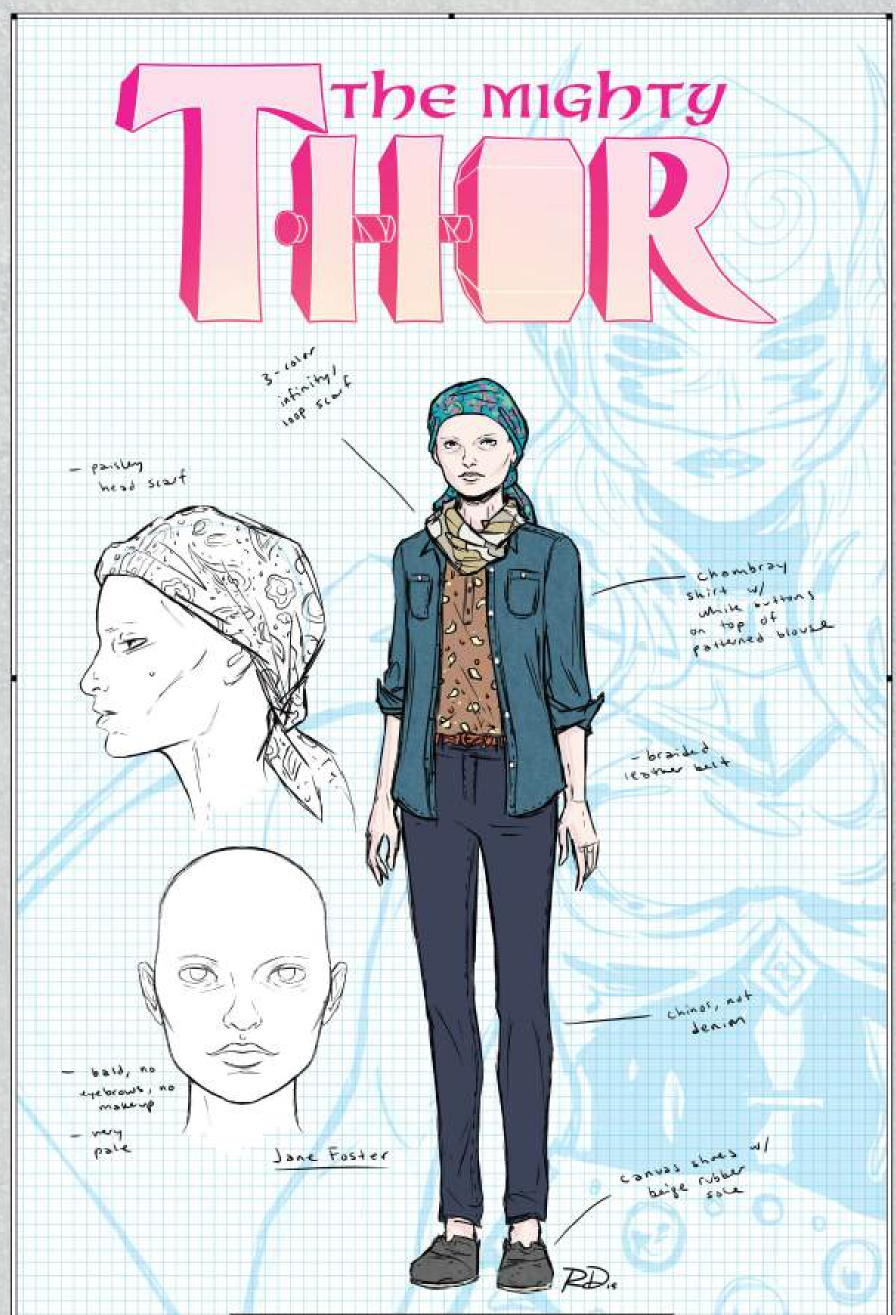
- One platform for each realm
- 2 reps each
- Float in a circle, facing each other

white platforms w/ gold trim & mauve lettering

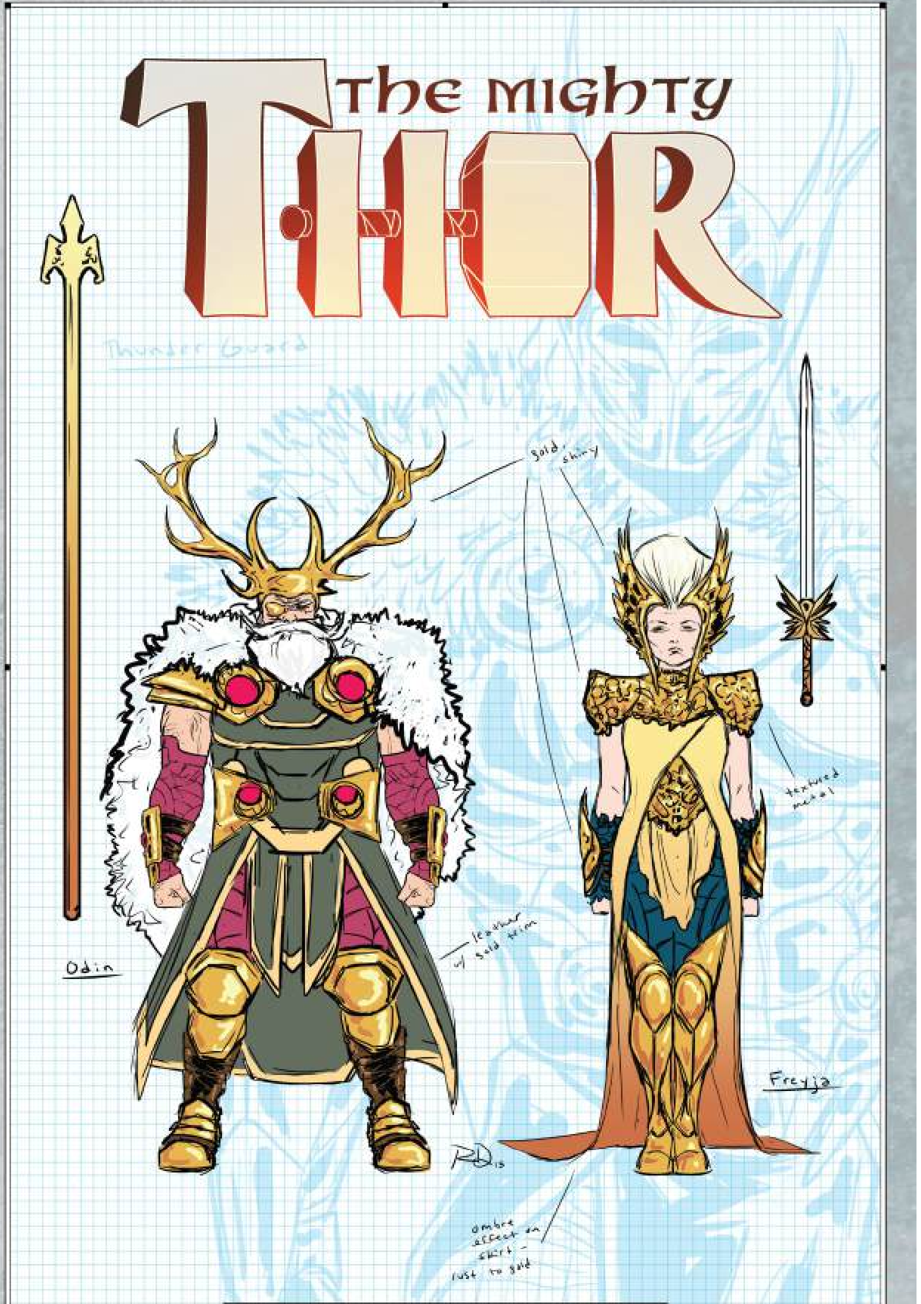

Sphere is teal w/ yellow tones fading up from the bottom & down from the top w/ yellow sparkle-stars

* hints of orange & lavender in the fade

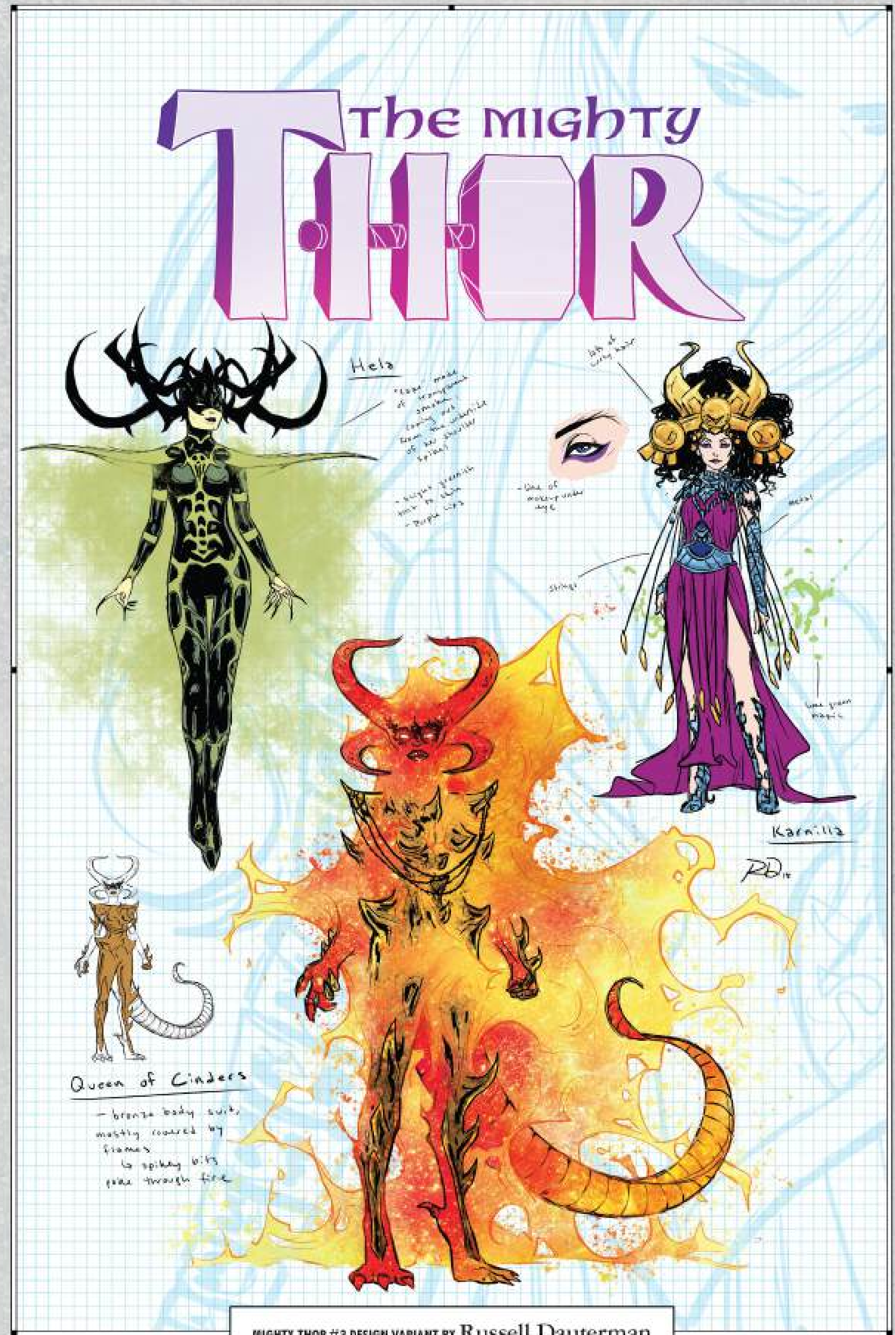
COUNCIL OF WORLDS


THE MIGHTY THOR
3-color infinity/loop scarf
- paisley head scarf
chambray shirt w/ white buttons on top of patterned blouse
- braided leather belt
chinos, not denim
- bald, no eyebrows, no makeup
- very pale
Jane Foster
canvas shoes w/ beige rubber sole
RD

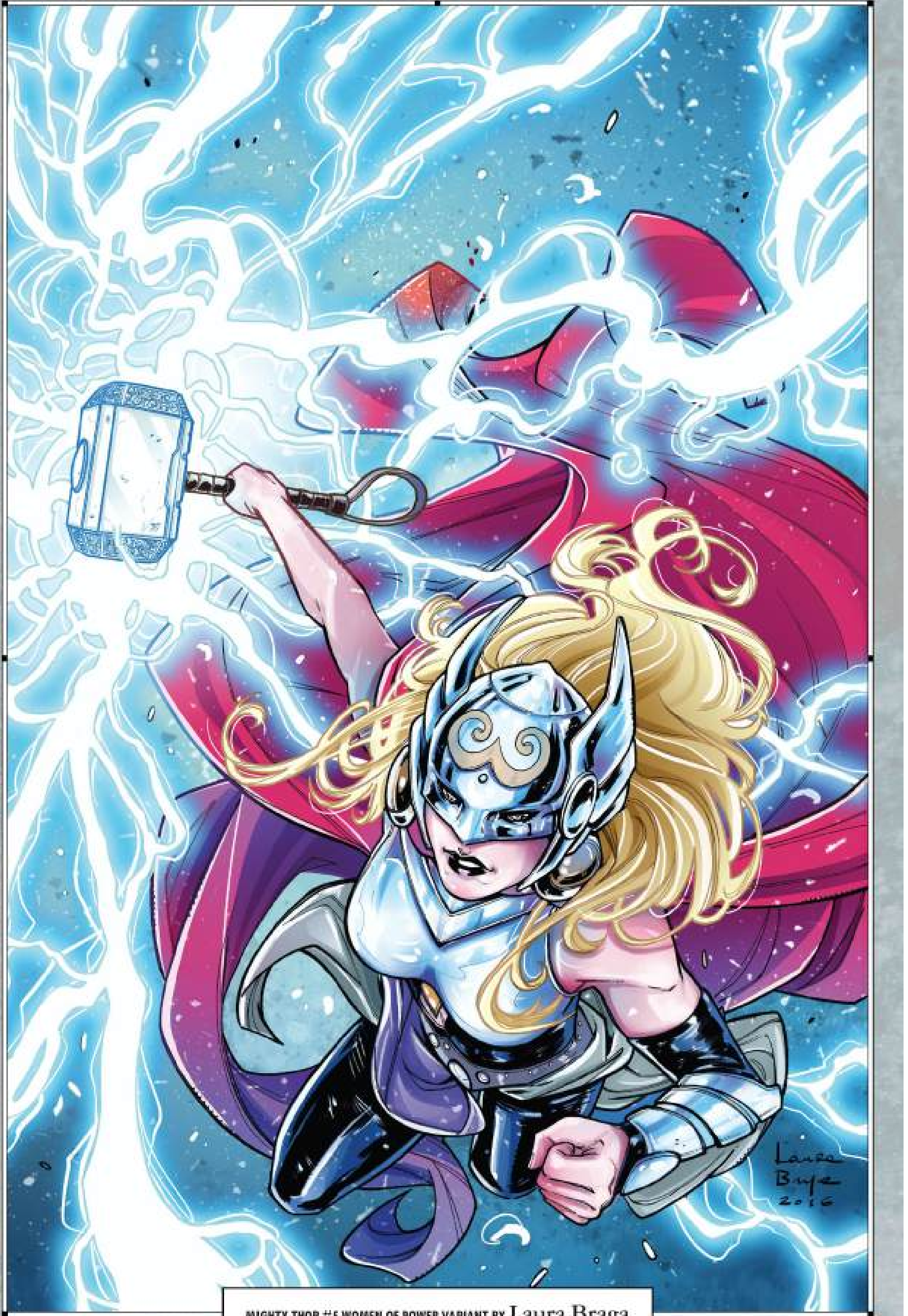
MIGHTY THOR #1 DESIGN VARIANT BY Russell Dauterman


THE MIGHTY THOR
Thunder Guard
gold, shiny
textured metal
Odin
leather w/ gold trim
Freyja
RD 15
ombre effect on skirt - rust to gold

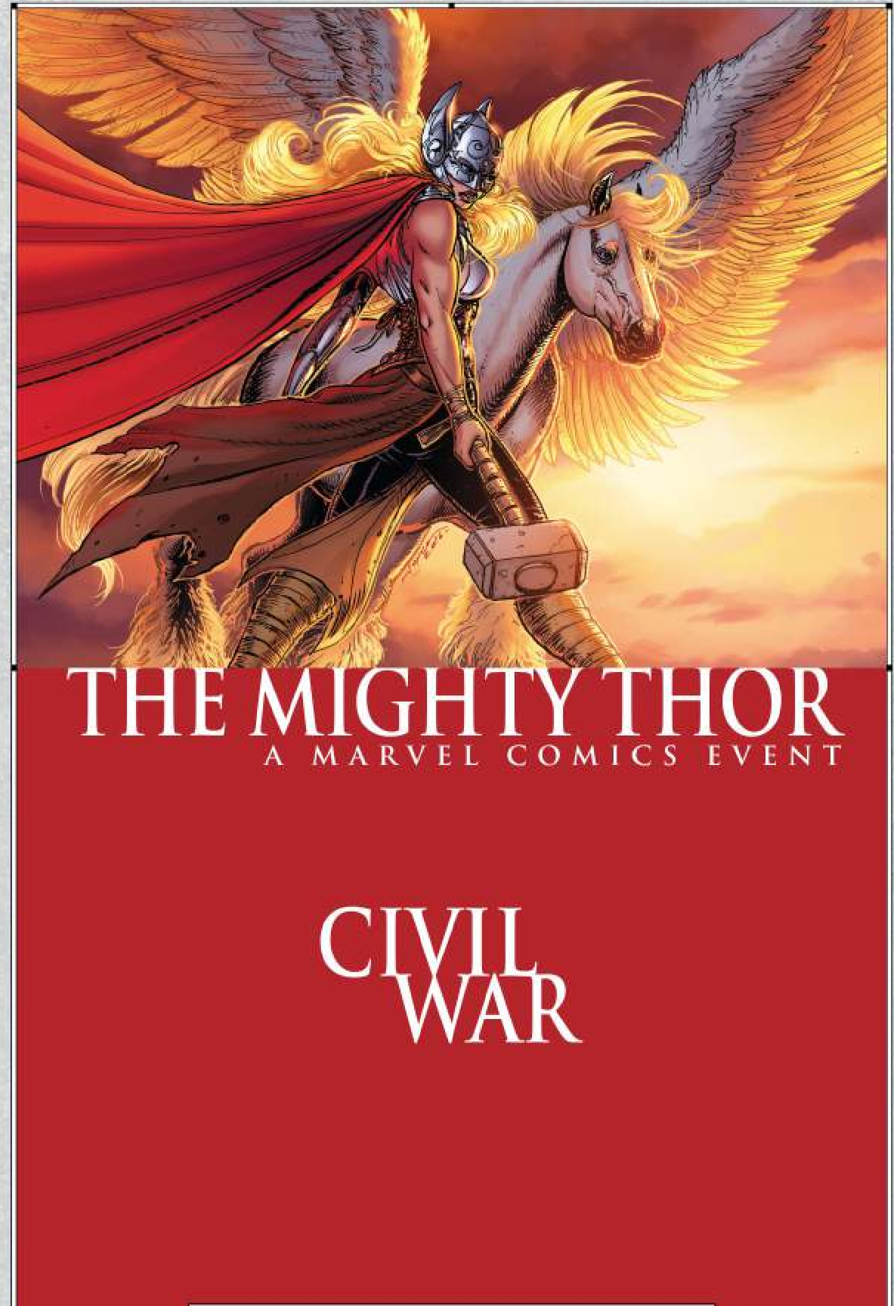
MIGHTY THOR #2 DESIGN VARIANT BY Russell Dauterman


THE MIGHTY
THOR
Hela
"Cape" made of transparent smoke coming out from the underside of her shoulder spikes
- Sickly greenish tint to skin
- Purple lips
- Lots of makeup under eye
Lots of curly hair
metal
strings
lime green magic
Karnilla
RD17
Queen of Cinders
- bronze body suit, mostly covered by flames
↳ spikey bits poke through fire

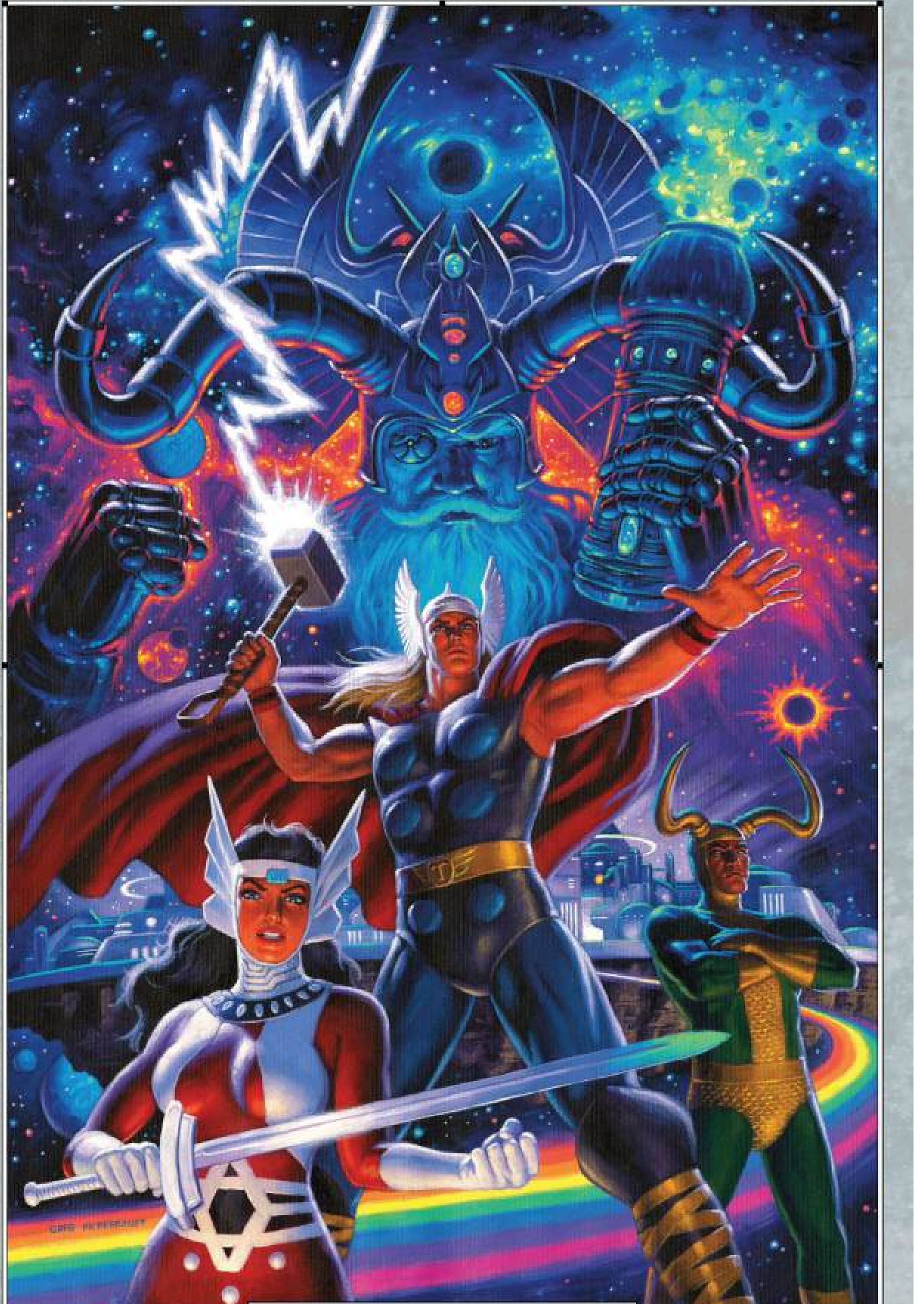
MIGHTY THOR #3 DESIGN VARIANT BY Russell Dauterman


Laura Braga 2016

MIGHTY THOR #5 WOMEN OF POWER VARIANT BY Laura Braga

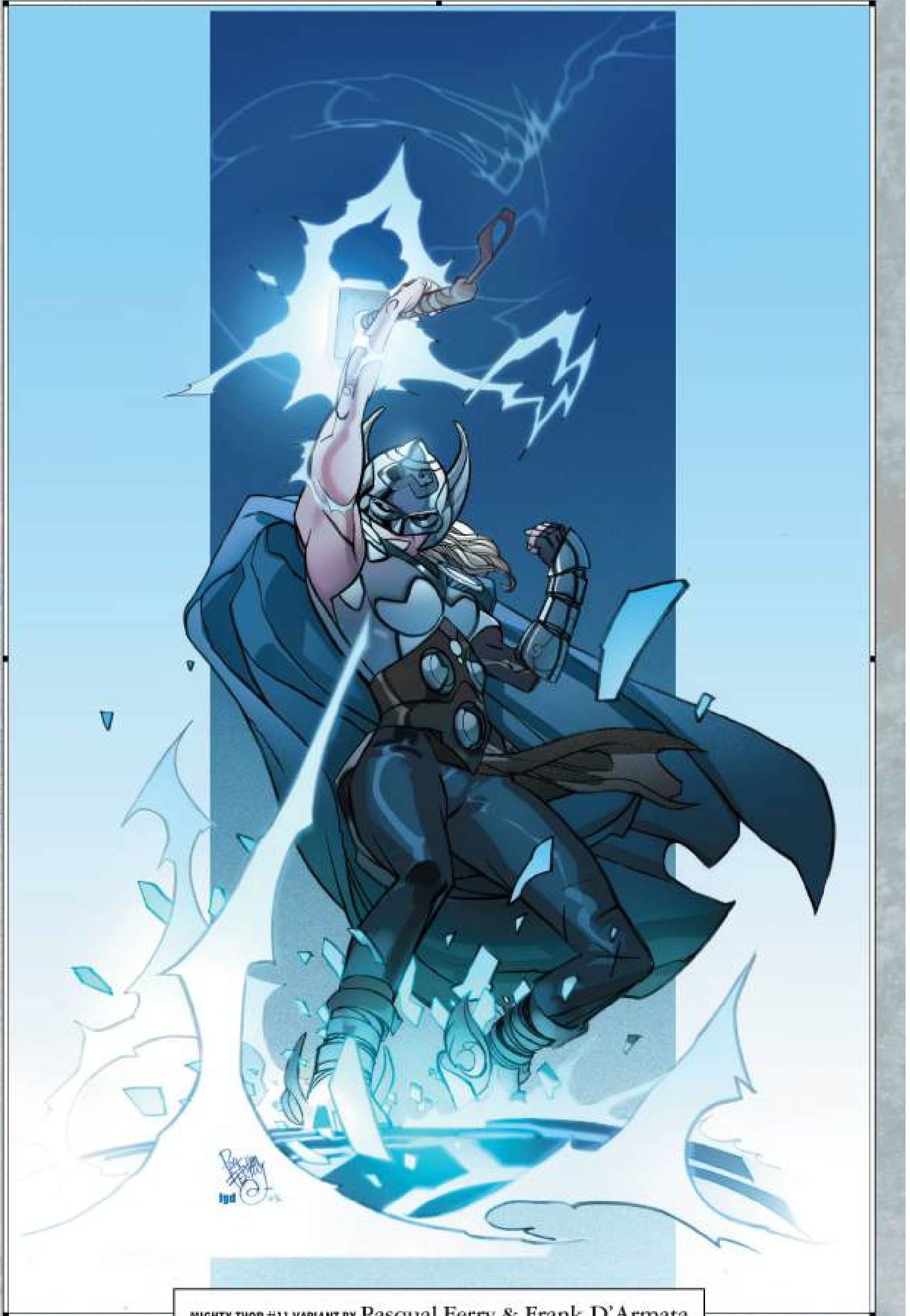

THE MIGHTY THOR
A MARVEL COMICS EVENT
CIVIL WAR

MIGHTY THOR #6 CIVIL WAR VARIANT BY Joyce Chin & Laura Martin

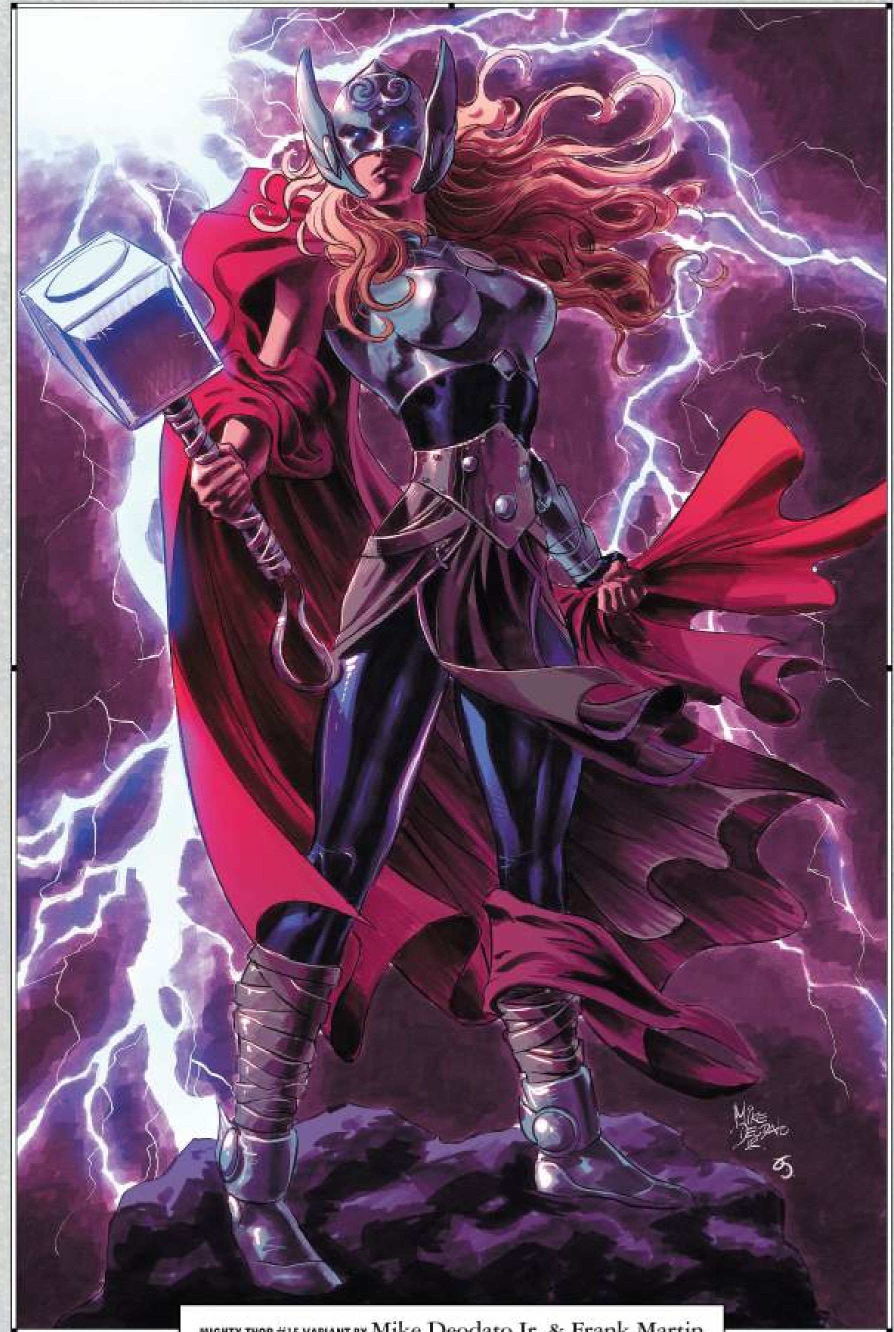


MIGHTY THOR #8 VARIANT BY Greg Hildebrandt

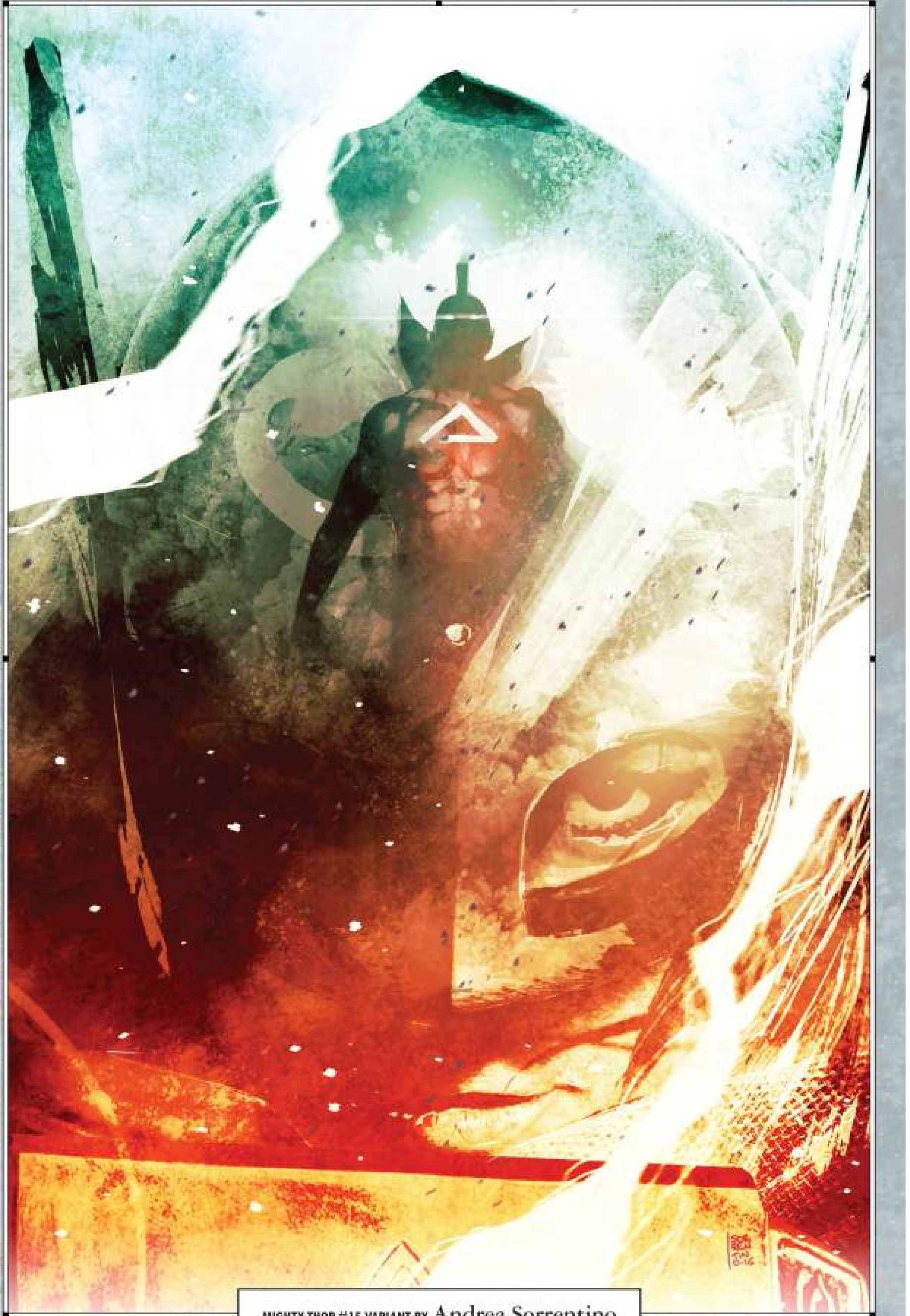
MIGHTY THOR #10 MARVEL TSUM TSUM TAKEOVER VARIANT BY Natacha Bustos



MIGHTY THOR #11 VARIANT BY Pasqual Ferry & Frank D'Armata

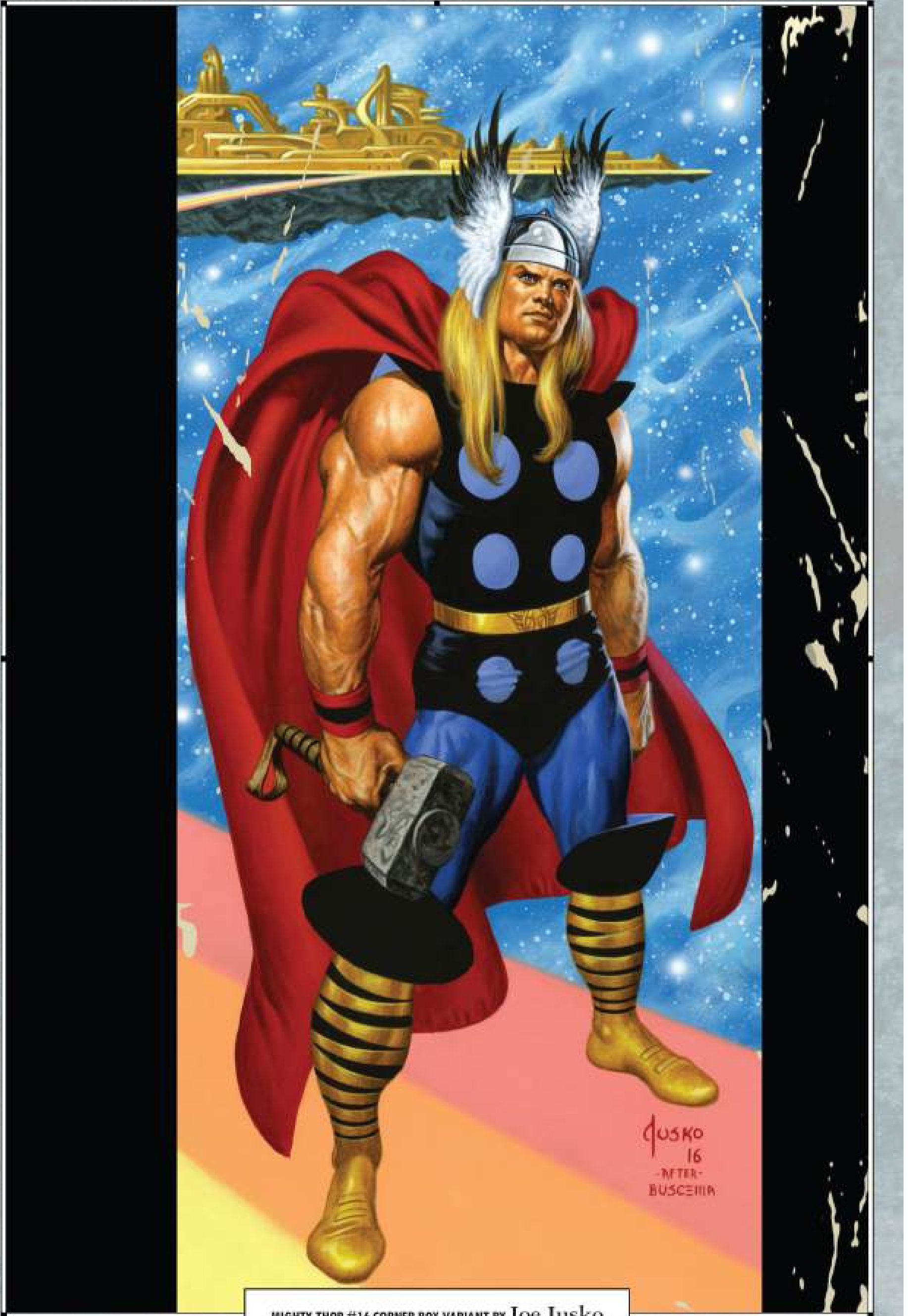


MIGHTY THOR #15 VARIANT BY Mike Deodato Jr. & Frank Martin

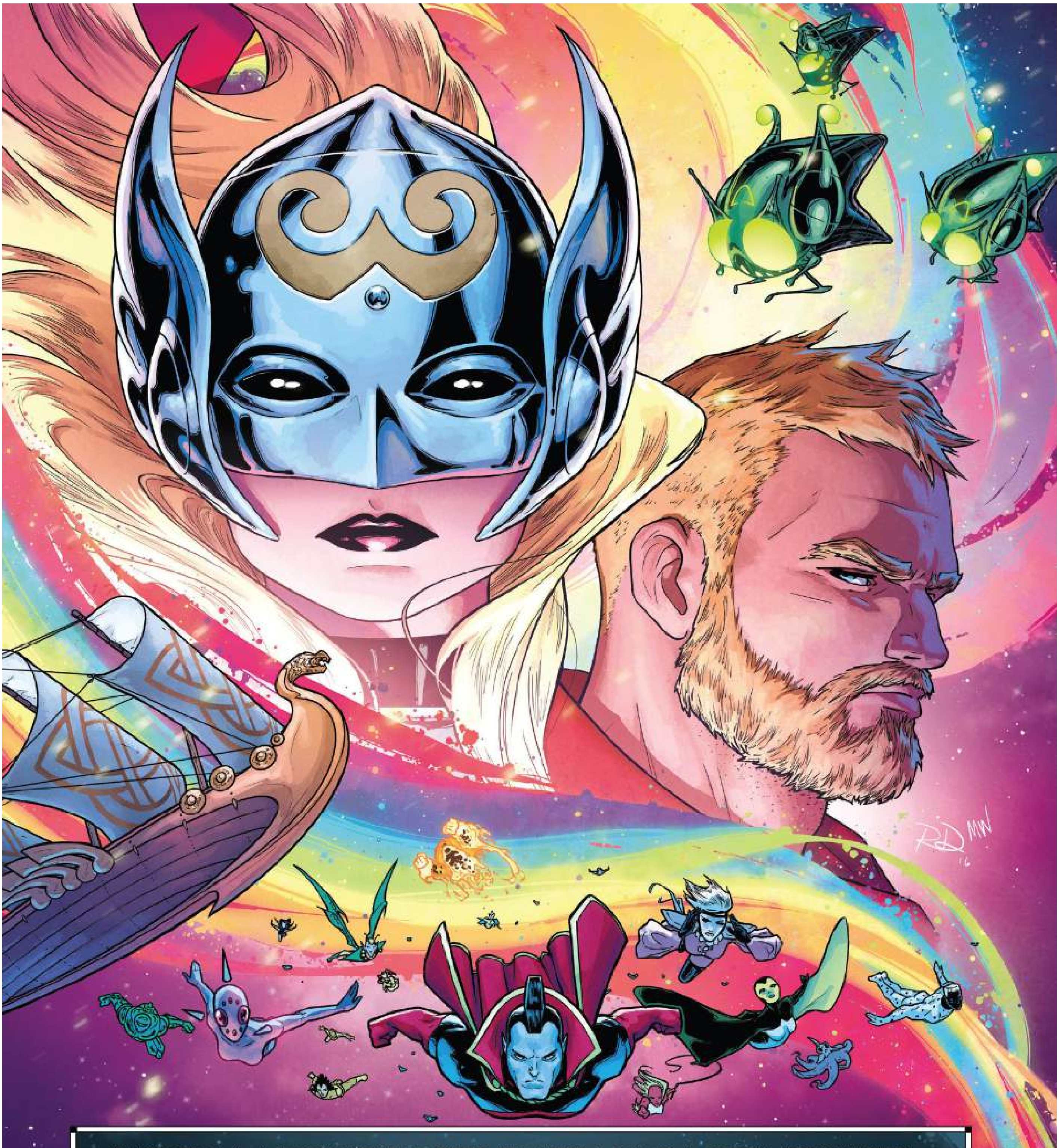


MIGHTY THOR #15 VARIANT BY Andrea Sorrentino

MIGHTY THOR #15 VARIANT BY Ryan Sook


JUSKO
16
-AFTER-
BUSCEMA

MIGHTY THOR #16 CORNER BOX VARIANT BY Joe Jusko



JASON AARON'S LEGENDARY SAGA CONTINUES — WITH A NEW THOR!

When Dr. Jane Foster lifts the mystic hammer Mjolnir, she is transformed into the Goddess of Thunder — the Mighty Thor! Her enemies are many as Asgard continues a descent into chaos and war threatens to spread through the Ten Realms. Yet Jane's greatest battle will be against a far more personal foe: the cancer killing her mortal form. As Loki steps back into Thor's life, the dark elf Malekith continues to fan the flames of war. And the skies will shake in one of the bloodiest battles of all time: Thor vs. Odin! Meanwhile, Roxxon and S.H.I.E.L.D. complicate Jane's life — but can anything prepare her for a war between Asgard and the Shi'ar? Perhaps the returning Odinson will lend a hand as the conflict escalates — and the Phoenix Force rises from the flames!

COLLECTING *MIGHTY THOR (2015) #1-19* — WRITTEN BY JASON AARON; AND ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL DAUTERMAN, RAFA GARRES, FRAZER IRVING, STEVE EPTING AND VALERIO SCHITI.

MARVEL

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